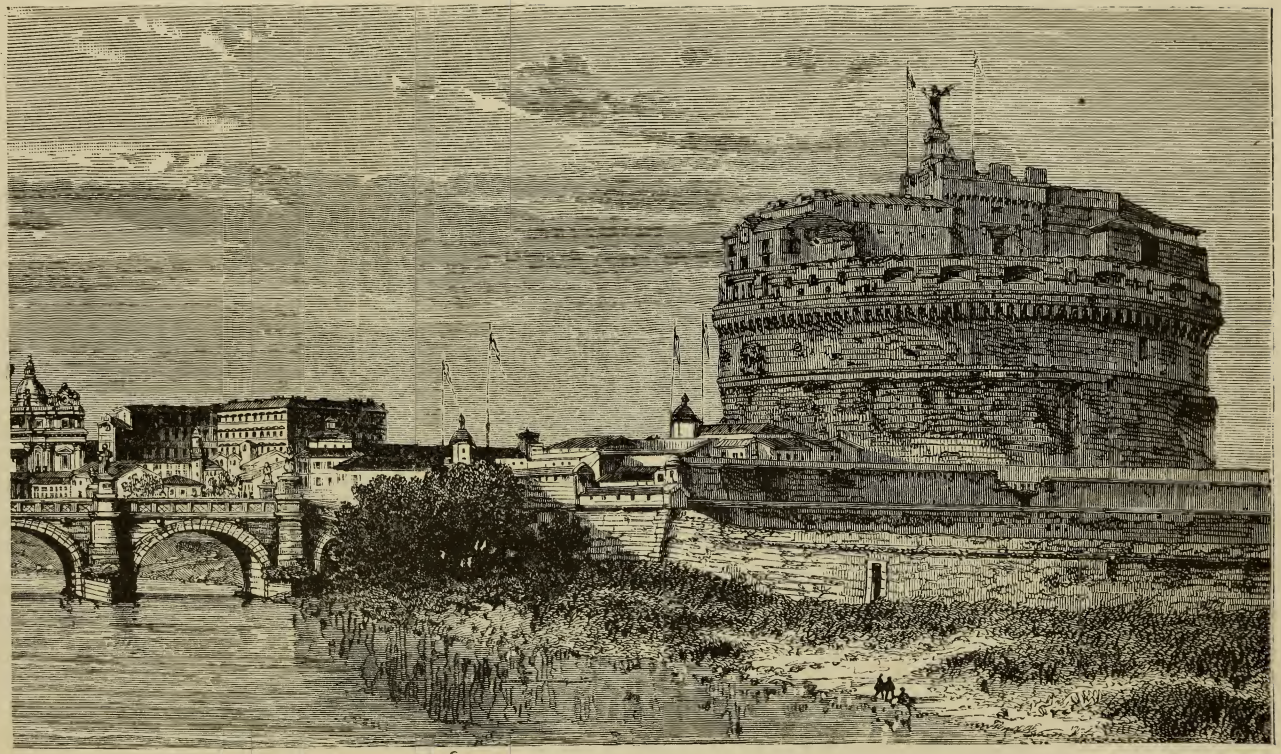
Ulrich Middeldorf

Richard Greenough
Rome 1878.



CASTLE ST. ANGELO. [*Frontispiece.*

CASTLE ST. ANGELO

AND

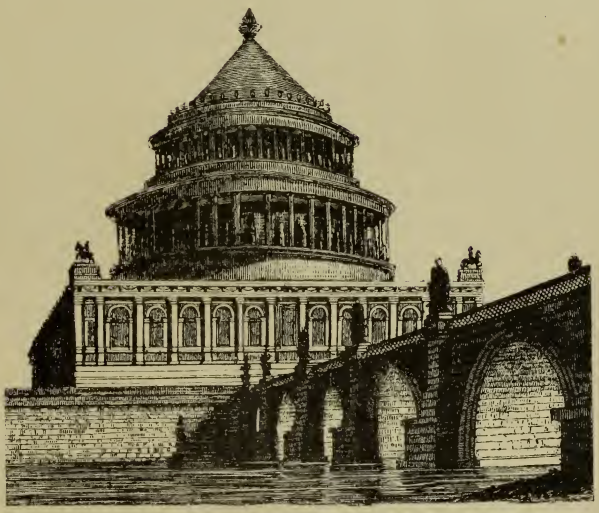
THE EVIL EYE.

Being Additional Chapters to

"ROBA DI ROMA."

BY

WILLIAM W. STORY.



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PREFACE.

THE paper in this volume on "The Castle St. Angelo" originally appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and is now reprinted in its present form by the kind permission of the Editor and Publisher.

The paper on "The Evil Eye" formed originally a chapter in the first editions of "ROBA DI ROMA." When that work was reduced to one volume it was omitted, together with another chapter.

In respect to the latter paper I wish here to state that the books cited in "The Evil Eye" I have personally and at first hand examined, read, and quoted from. The citations were made with no intention to parade erudition, but in order to save my readers the trouble of referring to well-known authors, as well as to indicate, and by extracts to exhibit, the opinions of others who are little known, and whose works it is not always easy to find.

The subject of this essay, unprofitable as it may seem to many, aroused my interest and curiosity, and for several years I hunted it down from library to library. Especially rich in rare old works in which this subject is treated is the interesting Library at Siena, where I spent months of amusing research, and to which I would refer the reader who is curious in the matter. In no case did I omit personally to examine any book treating of it which came to my knowledge, though there are many whose tediousness I have not thought it worth while to bestow upon my readers. In fact, the literature on this subject is so extensive that it would of itself compose a good-sized library. The great difficulty is to restrict oneself within proper bounds, and if I have overstepped the line I claim to have been guilty merely of a lack of judgment.

In reprinting this essay I have transposed parts and thrown the greater part of the references into the notes, so as not to encumber the text. In other respects there is scarcely any material alteration.

Rome, *April*, 1877.

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CASTLE ST. ANGELO.

"Das grösste Werke dieser Art im Abendlande zugleich das Schicksalreichste in seinen Erinnerungen—eine Geschichte in der Geschichte."—Von Reumont, 'Geschichte der Stadt Rom.,' vol. i. p. 471.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the massive remains of Imperial Rome, one of the most imposing is the ancient Mausoleum or Mole of Hadrian, now known as the Castle St. Angelo. It stands on the site where once were the gardens of Domitia,* overlooking the undulating plains of the Campagna in its rear, and stretching out its long covered corridor to the Vatican. Poised on its summit, and dark against the blue Italian sky, towers the bronze figure of the Archangel Michael, as if he had just alighted with outspread wings and floating mantle, and

* So, at least, it would seem from a passage in Capitolinus, where he says of Hadrian, "Reliquias ejus Romam pervexit sancte et reverenter atque in hortis Domitiæ collocavit." But, according to Casaubon, the term "collocare" is to be distinguished from "condere" and "sepelire"—and the meaning of this passage may be, that the ashes of Hadrian were merely temporarily collocated or laid in state in the gardens of Domitia, and afterwards transferred to the Mausoleum. Where precisely these gardens were we are nowhere clearly told by any ancient writer—unless they be the "Hortes Domitii" (not Domitiæ) mentioned by Publius Victor as being in the fifteenth region of the city.

paused there in the act of sheathing his sword. Beneath it flows the Tiber, in whose tawny and troubled waters it has cast its wavering reflection for nearly eighteen centuries. There, standing apart from all other buildings, it lifts its battlemented towers and bastions like a guard or a menace to the closely-built city lying across the river before it, and challenges every passenger who, crossing the ancient Ælian Bridge, passes before it on his way to the great Basilica of St. Peter. The bridge has changed its name as well as the Mausoleum, and is now called the Ponte St. Angelo. The statues of gods and heroes placed there by Hadrian have disappeared, and on their pedestals stand the sculptured saints of Bernini, fantastic in their draperies and grotesque in their attitudes, but picturesque in their general effect. The funeral processions, which in the great days of Rome bore the ashes of her pagan emperors across that bridge to the sounding chambers of the mighty Mausoleum, have vanished, and a motley Christian crowd now passes over these ancient arches, through which the swift river has whirled its turbulent current for so many generations; swift, like the river of time—turbulent, like the history of the place—fleeting, never to return, like the generations that have passed.

On festal days, from the tower and bastions of the Castle float the great painted gonfalons of the Church, and from its battlements whirl out white wreaths of smoke as the black mouths of cannon thunder forth their salvos. Along its ramparts flash the glittering bayonets of soldiers, and the shriek of trumpets and the rattle of drums is heard. The bridge, too, is alive with crowds that are hurrying to St. Peter's. Over its pavement jar the gilded coaches of cardinals, dragged by black stallions with nodding scarlet plumes, and clung to by lackeys in harlequin liveries. There, too, may be seen the more modest equipages of ambassadors and

princes, and nobles not of the Church. Mounted dragoons with gleaming helmets wave their swords at the head of the bridge to warn off the rush of cabs that are forced to take the other route—forced, despite the earnest remonstrances of ladies in black veils, who lean out and implore the dragoons, and of English improvised lord-lieutenants in red uniforms, sometimes mounted on the box with the driver, who threaten and gesticulate in an unknown tongue. But the motley mob of foot-passengers are all free to pass; and picturesque enough they are as they crowd along, mixed quaintly together, monks, soldiers, and beggars of course, for, as the saying runs, the bridge is never free of these. Then there are peasants in bright-coloured costumes; sisters of charity in black, with their stiff white linen head-gear; schools of boys dressed like little sad old men in black coats and tall hats; flocks and trains of charity children; all the lame and mutilated beggars in town limping on crutches; laughing squads of Paini and Trasteverini, the men with their jackets hung over their shoulders, the women bedizened in all their golden jewellery and corals, with a handkerchief over their glistening braids of black hair; priests and *abbés* with their big boat-like hats, tucking up under their arms their silken or worsted mantles; *gamins* rushing through them all like shuttles, or seated on the parapet of the bridge; *limonari* tugging their way along with a booth on their backs, ready to make lemonades for the crowd; cigar-vendors with a box hanging from their necks filled with *scelti* and *dolci*, and shrieking "*Chi vuol cigari dolci?*"—and all good-natured and peaceable. While this is going on, if one but casts one's eyes back down the long vista of history, what a revulsion comes over one! How the ghosts rise and mock at the gaiety!

What a change has come over men and things since first the stones of this great Mausoleum were laid! Could they

speak, how sad, how terrible a history they might reveal of human baseness, tyranny, hypocrisy; of human arrogance and misery; and, let us hope, somewhat too of noble endurance, of heroic patience, of uncorrupted virtue and patriotism! Inside those walls what crimes have been committed, what agonies have been endured! Outside those walls what tumult of seething battle, what clashing of arms and shrieks of pain and fury, what glaring of wild flames, what raging of wilder passions wreaking themselves in murder, rapine, and horrors without a name! In its secret cells popes have been strangled, starved, and sent to a bloody end; philosophers and thinkers have perished, vainly struggling against bigotry and superstition; patriots have fought and died for liberty. On the foul walls of its dungeons artists and poets have scrawled their names, their verses, and their pictures, longing for the light of day; beauty and youth have perished in the dark, vainly praying for help; innocent men have falsely confessed crimes under the torture of the rack. In its frescoed halls emperors and popes have held their courts, and banqueted and trampled on the rights of man; and the ashes of emperors have filled the vases of its sepulchral chamber. The silent statues which gathered once around its colonnades and looked upon the glory and pageant of ancient Rome, saw also the storm and fury of barbarian battle, and the desolation by the Goths, before they were toppled down upon the heads of an infuriated soldiery. These walls, too, have seen the dreary processions of the plague pass under them. They have shaken with the awful heave of the earthquake and the sudden explosion of powder. They have been the silent witnesses of the history of the Church in its blackest moments and at the zenith of its pride and power; and they still stand, a part of the present as of the past. This massive Mausoleum—by turns a tomb and a fortress, a prison and a palace, a chapel and a

treasure-chamber; now threatening the liberty of Rome, now defending its very existence; now the refuge of the Republic, now the hiding-place of the popes; through war and peace, from the Imperial days of Rome, through all the Gothic and medieval epochs down to the present hour,—has never ceased to be a living part of the history of Rome. Fully to write the history of this tomb and fortress would be to write the history of Rome. A humbler task, yet not without interest, would be to string upon it as a thread some of the most striking incidents of which it was the theatre, and slightly to sketch some of the more important personages that there have lived, or acted, or suffered.

The earliest notices of the Mausoleum by the ancient Latin writers are by Spartian and Dion Cassius; but their mention of it is as laconic as a catalogue. All that Spartian says is, in enumerating Hadrian's works, "He made the bridge and sepulchre called by his name next the Tiber."* Dion says, "Hadrian was buried on the bank of the river close by the Ælian Bridge, for there his sepulchre was built. The monument of Augustus was already filled, and no one after was buried in it."†

These brief statements are all these writers deem it necessary to make about this magnificent Mausoleum. Rome was then the world, and doubtless to them it seemed superfluous to describe what was so familiar to every one who came to Rome. There it stood before the eyes of everybody, and there it would stand for ever. There is a sort of stoical reticence and pride in these brief words which is very characteristic of the time and the people; but one cannot help wishing that some garrulous old gentleman, like Pliny,

* "Fecit et sui nominis pontem et sepulchrum juxta Tiberim."

† "Sepultus est Adrianus in ripa fluviæ juxta Pontem Ælium. Illic enim sepulchrum conditum. Jam enim Augusti monumentum repletum erat, ne quisquam amplius in eo sepeliebatur."

had given us an account of it, taking, of course, a little more pains to be exact than Pliny usually did.

Besides this tomb we also know that Hadrian built several others, to his horses and dogs chiefly; for he seems to have had a passion for dogs and horses as well as for the building of sepulchres.* Of one of these, "In Borysthenem Equum," there is a special mention; and though we have no account of the Mausoleum, care was taken to record an epigram written by the Emperor on this favourite horse. The Mausoleum would take care of itself—the epigram might be lost.

Though the Mausoleum was built in the latter part of the second century, it is not until the sixth century, when Procopius wrote his history of the Gothic wars, that we have any description of it. This also is very brief and unsatisfactory; but we should not even have had this, were it not that the Mausoleum had then been turned into a fortress, and become the main key to the defence of Rome against its invaders. Even now we have no account of its architecture, and almost no description of the statues with which it was adorned; while contemporary with this first description is the account of its mutilation.

"Beyond the Aurelian Gate," says Procopius, "a stone's throw from the walls, is the tomb of Hadrian, a wonderful and remarkable work, built of large blocks of Parian marble, superposed and closely fitted together without cement or clamps to bind them. The four sides" (of the basement, he means) "are equal, each about a stone's throw in length, and the height is greater than the walls of the city. On the summit are† admirable statues of men and horses of the same material, and as this tomb formed a defence to the city thrown out beyond the walls, it was joined to them by

* "Equos et canes sic amavit ut eis sepulchra constitueret."

† "Εισι," he says, as if these still remained, though he writes, after many, at least, of the statues were thrown down during the attack of the Goths.

the ancients (*παλαιόι ἄνθρωποι*) by two arms built out to it, so that it seemed to rise out of them like a lofty turret."

To this brief description John of Antioch, the author of a book of antiquities in the eighth century,* cited by Salmasius in his notes to Spartian's 'Life of Hadrian,' adds the fact that the Mausoleum was surmounted by a statue of Hadrian in a car drawn by four horses, and so large that a full-grown man might pass through one of the horses' eyes. And yet, he says, in consequence of the great height of the Mausoleum, the horses, as well as the statue of Hadrian, seen from below, have the effect of being very small. This would seem to indicate that the horses were hollow, and if so, they must have been cast in bronze, and not made of marble, as stated by Procopius, and as were those on the tomb of Mausolus.

Pietro Manlio, who wrote in the middle of the twelfth century (1160), at the time of Alexander III., thus describes it: "There is also the castle which was built in memory of Hadrian, as one may read in the sermon of the Pope S. Leo on the festival of St. Peter, wherein he says that the temple of wonderful size built by the Emperor Hadrian is entirely covered by stones and adorned by various histories. In its circuit it is furnished with brazen gates, with golden peacocks, and a brazen bull, two of which [peacocks] are 'in Cantharo Paridisi.' On the four sides of the temple were four gilt bronze horses in front of each of the brazen gates. In the centre was the porphyry sepulchre now in the Lateran, in which Innocent II. is buried; and the cover of it is in St. Peter's, over the tomb of the prefect." †

* This treatise is in the Codex Palatinus, No. 94, in the Vatican Library.

† The prefect here mentioned is Otto II., and the cover now serves as the baptismal font in St. Peter's.—See Hist. Basil. Antiq. S. Petri Apost. in Vatic., ch. vii. p. 50; and Lord Broughton's Italy, vol. ii. p. 163, where it is quoted.

This description, it will be observed, is taken from a sermon by St. Leo. Whether accurate or not, it seems to have been followed and repeated by all subsequent writers and restorers.

From an anonymous writer in the thirteenth century we learn that the marble with which it was faced, as well as the bronze doors, still existed in his day; and he also speaks of horses and gilded peacocks and a bull as forming a part of it.* We have no other description of it until the middle of the fifteenth century, when we find it represented in *basso relievo* on the bronze doors of St. Peter's, modelled by Antonio Pollajo by order of Pope Eugenius. In 1421, or thereabouts, Oricellarius, who wrote a learned commentary on Pub. Victor's work 'De Regionibus Urbis' in the middle of the fifteenth century, says: "There still exist, fixed to the walls of the Mole, the 'elogia' or inscriptions, which, like genealogical trees, as it were, contain the series of the family of the Antonines, which titles it pleased them here to record exactly, so as to avoid the ambiguity of others who might less properly set down the order of their ages and adoption." Camucci, a century later, in the time of Paul III., tells us that he saw "a portion of the wall covered with marble, on which a large fragment of frieze was to be seen, with heads of oxen and festoons of flowers, with the architrave above, and below a tablet with an inscription to Commodus, and still lower a shorter inscription in large letters to Lucius Aurelius Verus."

There is no other authentic description of ancient or medieval date, though various restorations exist on paper, founded upon these data, and fanciful in their character—as, for instance, those of Piranesi, Labacco, Bartoli, Lauro, Donato, and others; and there still exists on the open cor-

* See Venuti, Collect. Antiq. Rom., vol. ii. p. 200.

ridor at the back of the Castle a painting in fresco, representing the Mausoleum as it was supposed to have been in its original state. All these are purely conjectural, and differ in many respects. Bartoli, whose elevation of the Mausoleum may be seen in Montfaucon's 'Antiquities' (vol. v.), gives only two rows of columns. Lauro and others give three rows. Others give one storey of pillars and an upper storey of pilasters. The basement is square, and at each corner are statues of horses; while the upper portion consists of a low dome surmounted by the pigna.

The pigna was a large bronze pine-cone, now in the gardens of the Vatican, and said to have been unearthed in excavating near the Mausoleum; but it would seem to be more than doubtful whether it ever formed a part of this monument. The main argument in favour of such a hypothesis is the alleged discovery of it close under the Mausoleum. But though this fact has been constantly accepted on the faith of Vacca's statement, there seems on examination to be no evidence sufficient to support it. Vacca's words are: "The bronze pigna which stands in the said *cortile* [of St. Peter's] was found in digging the foundations of the ancient church, 'della Traspontina,' at the base (*radici*) of the Mausoleum of Hadrian. It crowned the said Mausoleum as the device of Hadrian." Now in this statement there is carelessness, inaccuracy, and assumption. In the first place, it is an assumption that the pine-cone was the device of Hadrian. In the next place, it is most probable that he does not mean the "ancient church" of S. M. in Traspontina, which was built by Adrian I. in 772, more than seven centuries before his time; but rather the more modern church of the same name, built by Pius IV. when he fortified the Leonine city in 1565, about thirty years before Vacca wrote. If he did mean the ancient church, his statement must have rested on mere tradition, inasmuch as it is found in no other

writer: or he may have inaccurately used the word *fondare*, to found, instead of *sfondare*, to pull down. However this may be, one fact is clear; neither the ancient nor the modern church was at the base of the Mausoleum; but on the contrary, both the ancient church was, and the modern church is, at a considerable distance from it. The former stood at the head of the portico of St. Peter's, deriving from its situation its original name of Sta. Maria in Portico, or in Capite Porticus, and was pulled down by Leo in order to make way for his new fortifications in the Vatican quarter. Then the new one was built, still further away from the Mausoleum. But though the ancient church at the portico of St. Peter's was at some distance from the Mausoleum of Hadrian, it stood nearly, if not precisely, upon the site of the Mausoleum of Honorius. Paolo Diacono, in the 14th book of his Supplement to Eutropius, speaking of Honorius, says that his body was brought to Rome, and buried in his mausoleum, adjoining the atrium of St. Peter's ("Juxta Beati Petri apostoli atrium in mausoleo sepultum est"). If, then, the pigna crowned the summit of any mausoleum, it would seem far more probable that it belonged to that of Honorius than to that of Hadrian. Nardini, in his 'Roma Antica,' also takes this view: but Marangoni* thinks that it originally contained the ashes of Hadrian, and says it was removed in A.D. 498 by Pope Simmacus to the hall of St. Peter's as an ornament, and thence was carried to the gardens of the Vatican. If Marangoni be right, there is no foundation at all for Vacca's statement.

Others, again, suppose it to be the same with that described by Pietro Manlio, as forming an ornament which originally stood over the statue of Cybele in the Pantheon;

* "Delle cose gentilische e profane transportate ad uso delle Chiese."—Ch. lxix.

while still others are of opinion that it once formed a portion of the pyramid to the Scipios. Mr. Ampere thinks that as the pigna is the extremity of the thyrsus, it is, in view of the mysteries of Bacchus and of his worship, a most fit ornament for a tomb. But this argument seems to be too curiously ingenious and far-fetched to be satisfactory, unless the fact that it did form a portion of the Mausoleum be clearly proved.

But, after all these varieties of opinion and conjecture, two clear and positive statements must be overthrown before Vacca's opinion can be accepted. Procopius, speaking of his own knowledge, says, "On the summit are admirable statues of men and horses;" and in this he is corroborated by the direct testimony of John of Antioch, who says that "the Mausoleum was surmounted by a statue of Hadrian in a car drawn by four horses." If this be so, the pigna was certainly not the crowning ornament of the Mausoleum.

Mr. Ampere also supposes that the peacocks, which were the symbol of Juno, were placed there in honour of the empresses, who were there interred. The peacock, he says, was the symbol of the apotheosis of the empresses, as the eagle was the symbol of the apotheosis of the emperors. This may be; but if so, it is a curious fact that while we know the emperors after Hadrian were buried there, no eagles are spoken of; while, however probable it is that the empresses were also buried there, we have no record of such fact. The first mention we have of these peacocks is by Pietro Manlio in the twelfth century, and his statement is on the authority of a sermon by the Pope St. Leo. If they were still there he could surely have made this statement on his own authority, and it would therefore seem clear that none were there in his day. The anonymous writer of the thirteenth century speaks as of his own knowledge of the bronze doors and the marble facing, but not with the same

certainty as to the peacocks and bull. Two of these peacocks, says Manlio, are in St. Peter's. They were then considered of value, and pains had been taken to preserve them. How was it that the others were left, if there were any others? And where are these peacocks now? If these two in St. Peter's were all that existed, what proof have we that they ever formed a portion of the Mausoleum? If they did, is it not far more probable that among the other statues there was one of Juno, on which these peacocks were the accompaniments?

A tradition has for a long time prevailed that twenty-four of the columns in San Paolo Fuori le Mure were taken from Hadrian's Mole by Constantine; but this seems to have no satisfactory foundation, and rests purely upon a popular belief, given currency to by Pope Clement VII. and his architect Labacco. The columns of verde antico, which now adorn the niches at St. John Lateran, are also said to have once belonged to the second order in the Mausoleum; but this belief rests upon no satisfactory evidence.

As far, then, as we really know anything of the original appearance of this wonderful and renowned building, derived either from report or from the solid remains which war, earthquake, and time have failed to obliterate, it seems to have been founded on its great prototype, that wonder of the world which Artemisia erected to her Carian lord, and the broken fragments of which, after many centuries, have finally found a home among a people who when it was built were outer barbarians. Both suffered terribly from the violence of man and nature; but while the tomb of Mausolus was levelled to the ground, so that the grass covered its site and obliterated even its vestiges, the tomb of Hadrian, resisting all assaults of time, still stands unshaken in its massive masonry. Of the admirable sculpture, however, that once adorned these magnificent mausoleums even less remains of the later Roman work

than of its Carian rival. Nothing, in fact, now exists of all the statues that stood on Hadrian's tomb save the so-called Barberini Faun now in the gallery at Munich; and this noble work, which in breadth of style, spirit of conception, and rendering of character, may challenge comparison with the best works of Greece, only deepens our sense of the loss Art has sustained in the destruction of all the rest. It is also probable that the colossal busts of Hadrian himself and of Pallas, now in the Vatican, came from this Mausoleum, as well as the large sarcophagus of black-and-white granite in the Museo Pio Clementino, the porphyry basin which forms the baptismal font of St. Peter's, and the porphyry sarcophagus in which Innocent II. was buried. The ashes of the emperors are blown to the winds like common dust, and their place is usurped by Papal successors, while the infant of to-day is dipped in the cover of a pagan sarcophagus to be baptised into the Christian Church. "Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't."

The Mausoleum was constructed of brickwork and square blocks of peperino-stone laid with such care and exactness that lightning, battle, and earthquake have failed to shake it from its perfect solidity. Inside and outside it was faced with courses of Parian marble. The basement was a square of about 340 feet each way, and about 75 feet high. Above this rose a circular tower of some 235 feet in diameter and 140 in height, divided into two or three storeys, and ornamented with columns. Between these columns were statues executed by the ablest artists of the period; and as Hadrian was devoted to the arts, and especially to that of sculpture, there can be little doubt that the statues and *bassi relievi* which adorned this splendid structure were among the noblest works in Rome. Above the circular tower was a dome, or at least a curvilinear roof, which must have risen to the height of some 300 feet. This was probably crowned

by a colossal group representing Hadrian in a chariot drawn by four horses, after the plan of the tomb of Mausolus, its Grecian prototype. Rich friezes girdled it around, some storied with figures, some architectural with heads of oxen and festoons of flowers. On each of the four sides of the square basement was a massive door of gilt bronze, and at each of these doors were four horses, also of gilt bronze. Between the doors on the basement were large tablets, on which were inscribed the names and titles of the emperors who were buried within it.

The walls were of immense thickness ; not filled up in the centre with rubbish, but throughout of the most solid workmanship, as may be seen by a breach made for a temporary purpose long after it was built. In the centre were two chambers in the shape of a Greek cross, one above the other, each cased in rich Paonazetto marble, and illuminated by two openings which pierced the thickness of the giant walls. Here the ashes of the emperors were deposited, the post assigned to the porphyry sarcophagus of Hadrian being under the large arch on the southern side.

The magnificent Ælian Bridge, resting on massive arches and adorned with statues, formed the splendid stone avenue by which the Mausoleum was approached. Over this came the funeral processions which bore the ashes of the dead emperors to their last resting-place. Facing the bridge was one of the great golden gates, which, swinging open, let through the train into a long, dark, sloping corridor, arched above, cased in marble at the sides, and paved in black-and-white mosaic. Over this gentle rise the train passed in, its torches flaring, its black-robed *præficæ* chanting the dirge of the dead, and its wailing trumpets echoing and pealing down the hollow vaulted tunnel. Next came the *mimes*, declaiming solemn passages from the tragic poets, and followed by waxen figures representing the ancestors of the dead

emperor, and clad in the robes they had worn in life. Behind them streamed great standards blazoned with the records of the emperor's deeds and triumphs. Last came the funeral couch of ivory, draped with Attalic vestments embroidered with gold, over which a black veil was cast. It was borne on the shoulders of his nearest relations and friends, and followed by the crowd of slaves made free by his will, and wearing the *pileum* in token of the fact. Over the bridge they slowly passed, in at the golden gate, and up the hollow-sounding corridor, till, after making the complete interior circuit of the walls, they entered the vast cavernous chamber, where they laid at last the dead ashes of him who living had ruled the world.

Such was the Mole of Hadrian—imposing and magnificent, the boast of Rome, and vying with, if not surpassing in richness, the splendid tomb of Mausolus. It was one of the great triumphs of Roman architecture and of Roman art—with its dome and its colonnade and its statues—suggested in some measure by its great predecessor, but peculiar in many of its features to Rome.

What shall we then think of the swelling phrases with which Lord Byron in his "Childe Harold" professes to celebrate it? It would seem almost impossible, when he wrote these verses, that he could ever have looked at it even in its defaced and degraded condition, much less that he could ever have troubled himself to inquire what it was in its original form:—

> "Turn to the Mole which Hadrian reared on high,
> Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
> Colossal copyist of deformity,
> Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's
> Enormous model doomed the artist's toils
> To build for giants," &c.

Can it be that he thought the Pyramid of Caius Sestius was the Mausoleum of Hadrian?

It seems to be doubtful whether this mausoleum were completely finished during the lifetime of Hadrian. At all events it is clear that he was not its first occupant. If we may trust a passage in Capitolinus, Ælius Verus, who was only a Cæsar by name, was the first to be deposited here. Speaking of the burial of Lucius Verus, he says, "Illatumque ejus corpus est Adriani sepulcro in quo et Cæsar pater ejus sepultus est."

The second occupant of the mausoleum was Hadrian. According to Spartian, he died at Baiæ, where he had retired, leaving Antoninus to reign at Rome in his stead. Here, weary of life and longing for death, the strong man, who had slain lions with his own hand, turned away from every one, and sought to end his days by the hand of a gladiator. Baring his breast, he pointed out the spot where the blow should be struck; but the gladiator refused to perform that office. At last he died of dropsy at seventy-two years of age,* and, unseen of all, was burned, as Spartian tells us, and buried in the Villa Ciceroniana, at Pozzuoli. Over him Antoninus Pius erected a temple to serve as a sepulchre, and established in his honour games and other sacred ceremonies and offices.

Capitolinus, however, asserts that the ashes of Hadrian were brought to Rome and placed in the sepulchre built by him in Domitia's gardens, and Dion Cassius says he was buried in his Mausoleum near the Ælian bridge. It is not probable that Spartian would have invented the facts he states; and the apparent contradiction is reconciled by the supposition that Hadrian was first buried in the Villa Ciceroniana, where a temple was erected over him, and afterwards, at a later period, removed to Rome and placed in his Mausoleum.

All the fortune of Hadrian, all his honours, all his

* Dion Cassius says he was sixty-two.

achievements, failed to satisfy him. Vacillating and various in character, by turns severe and gay, cruel and clement, mean and liberal, ardent and dilatory, he passed away at last, shaping a little poem, according to Spartian, inferior to many others that he made, and yet which is so sweet and gentle that it still lives in the mouths and hearts of men :—

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis jocos."

When, for the third time, the funeral procession passed through those golden doors, it was to deposit there the ashes of Antoninus Pius—the cheerful and dignified man, the calm and noble philosopher, the generous and clement ruler, who said to himself, "*Malle se unum civem servare quam mille hostes occidere.*" His death was of a piece with his life. He had fallen ill at his Lorian villa, and after ordering the golden statue of Fortune to be transferred to his successor, he gave the countersign, "Equanimity," to the tribune of the guard, turned over as to sleep, and passed calmly out of life at the ripe age of seventy-four years.

When next the Mausoleum doors opened, it was to receive a very different man—Lucius Verus—the fantastic fop and voluptuary, who sprinkled his hair with gold, and was guilty of every sort of luxurious extravagance, taking his siesta at noon on a couch stuffed with rose-leaves and strewn with a coverlet of lilies. But, after all, Lucius Verus, vain and luxurious as he was, was by no means wanting in character and ability. If he invented a pasty which became the favourite dish at the Imperial table, he seems also to have performed with zeal and diligence the duties of prætor; and as a soldier at the head of the Pannonian legions he distinguished himself by energy, courage, and skill. Certainly

the letters of Marcus Aurelius to him breathe a warm affection and esteem; and he lamented deeply his loss, saying, sadly, that in choosing him as his successor he had leaned upon a falling wall. He died of apoplexy at Altinum, in Venetia.

A few years more went by, and the tomb again opened to receive the ashes of the philosopher and gentleman Marcus Aurelius, the noblest, wisest, purest, most virtuous and self-denying man that ever in any age wore the Imperial robes. After a long and almost spotless life he met death quietly and with dignity, not as a calamity, but as a blessing, fearing only to fall below his own high standard of life and duty. Dismissing at last his attendant with these words, "Turn to the rising sun, for I am setting," he covered his head as if for sleep, and alone his spirit went out on the dark road. He died at Vienna in the year 180, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, leaving behind him in his 'Meditations' a work so full of purity of feeling, calm dignity of thought, heroic utterance, and noble philosophy, that it might be a fit handbook for any man's life.

The ashes of Commodus, whose only virtue was his courage, were next laid in this Mausoleum. Base, cruel, polluted in morals and life with every shameless vice, he fell a victim at last to his mistress Marcia. Weary of him, and fearing him as well, she administered poison to him in his own palace; but the poison not operating rapidly, she called in at last one of his gladiators, who strangled him. Such was the hatred borne to him in Rome that the Senate demanded that his body should be refused burial and thrown into the Tiber. Through the exertions of Pertinax it was finally placed with its predecessors in the great Mausoleum, but secretly, and under the cover of night.

Pertinax himself, the affable but illiberal and sordid old man, who succeeded Commodus as Emperor, and reigned

for only two months and twenty-five days, seems not to have been buried here. Stabbed by a pike while in the act of haranguing his soldiers, his head, hewn from his body, was stuck on a spear and carried through the city and the camp, and at last, with the body, placed in a tomb belonging to his wife's family. Under Severus an imaginary funeral was made, and the Emperor himself delivered a funeral oration.

Didius Julianus, his successor, the glutton, miser, and gambler, who bought the empire for 25,000 sesterces to each Prætorian, in like manner was buried in the tomb of his family at the fifth milestone of the Via Labicana, after his short reign of two months and four days.

The Mausoleum again opened in A.D. 211 to receive the ashes of Septimius Severus, who died at York, after reigning seventeen years. Tall, with a long beard and white curling hair, reverend in his aspect, severe by nature, and implacable to crimes, devoted to philosophy and study, a great admirer of Marcus Aurelius, he won the admiration of the world, tired out by the crimes and beastliness of Commodus. His remains were brought to Rome with reverence, a costly funeral was then made in his honour, his ashes were placed in an urn, which, according to Spartian, was of gold, to Dion of porphyry, and to Herodian of alabaster, and he was then enrolled among the gods. "Omnia fui et nihil expedit" was his account of himself, and "Laboremus" was his last countersign.

After Severus no emperor was buried in this Mausoleum. His successors found their last resting-place in the tombs of their families; and the first great act being ended, the curtain of obscurity descends upon the Imperial tomb.

CHAPTER II.

FOR centuries after the burial of Severus we have no glimpse of the Mausoleum in history. Then the curtain lifts, and it is no longer a tomb but a fortress. At what period it began to be put to this use it is impossible to say. Procopius in the sixth century first breaks the silence, and describes it as rising like a tower out of the walls of the city, to which it had been joined by the ancient Romans so as to make a portion of the fortifications of the city. Donato supposes this change to have taken place before the time of Justinian, and during the first Gothic war, when Alaric moved on Rome (409, 410), and Honorius fortified it for defence against the invaders. Nardini is of the same opinion. Fea, however, thinks it was fortified first by Theodoric, who also restored the walls, about the year 500, and that it thence received the name of the Prison or House of Theodoric, by which it was generally known as late as the tenth century. But this fact does not conflict with the notion that it was previously made into a fortress, since it could not have served as a prison or house unless it had been already fortified, or unless Theodoric himself fortified it for this express purpose. As there is no account of his having done this, the probabilities are that when he made use of it as a prison it was already a fortress. Gibbon asserts that it was for the first time converted to the uses of a citadel by Belisarius in the beginning

of the sixth century, but this is manifestly a slip. It was probably first fortified when it was united to the walls by the ancients, but precisely when this change was made we have no clear knowledge. Possibly it was first put to this use as early as the year 270, when Aurelian extended the walls, enclosing within them the Campus Martius. The Mausoleum being thus comprehended within them, would naturally become a sort of citadel from its strength and position. Procopius would scarcely have said that it was fortified by the *ancients*, if it had only been fortified within his own or even a previous century. The phrase certainly would indicate that it had long been a fortress. At all events it is plain that when the Goths under Vitiges attacked the Romans under Belisarius in the year 537, it was already a fortress, and was assaulted and defended with great spirit by both sides. It seems to have been comparatively uninjured at this time, and adorned at least by many, if not all, of its statues, marbles, and bronzes. The Goths attacked the Aurelian Gate and the Mausoleum on the side where they seemed weakest; and not being provided with machines, they at first made their approach with great caution. Crouching under their shields, and partially covered by the portico of the ancient Church of St. Peter, they crept as near as possible to the Mole, and when concealment was no more possible, suddenly rushing out in mass they attacked it on all its exposed sides at once, and despite the showers of arrows and the stones of the balistæ poured down by the Romans, forced and pressed them so fiercely that for a moment, strong as was the position of the soldiers of Belisarius, they lost heart and stood transfixed with fear, abandoning the defence. Profiting by this pause, the assailants rushed to the walls and planted against them their scaling-ladders, up which they began to swarm, when the spirit of the Romans returned. In fury and shame they

looked about them for some means of overwhelming their enemies. Nothing was at hand but the noble statues looking calmly down upon them from their pedestals, and seizing upon these, they wrenched them from their places, and toppled them down upon the heads of the foes who were crowded beneath and swarming up the walls. Confusion ensued among the ranks of the Goths, and the encouraged Romans, plying their torments with renewed vigour, finally drove them off in complete and disastrous rout. The citadel was saved, but those noble statues, the pride of Rome and the glory of the Mausoleum, lay broken to fragments at its base. The loss was irreparable to art, and no one even thought of attempting to repair it. Where the statues fell they were allowed to remain. None even of the fragments were ever replaced, or even rescued from the spot where they lay, until, centuries after, when the ditch was cleared in the time of Urban VIII., the Barberini Faun, now at Munich, was accidentally discovered and unearthed—the sole representative of all that noble company that once adorned the massive Mole.

But a short period of rest ensued. Again, in the year 549, Rome was attacked by the Goths under Totila. The resistance which they met was vigorous; but the gates of St. Paul were finally opened to them by traitors, who sold themselves for barbarian gold, and the enemy poured into the city. Paulus, one of the Roman leaders, a Cilician soldier trained under Belisarius, would not yield; but falling back with 400 horse, he retreated into the Mausoleum, and occupied the bridge leading to St. Peter's. Here Totila besieged this little band. For a time they defended themselves with vigour, but at last famine stared them in the face. Nothing remained for them to eat but the flesh of their horses. They then called a council to decide what they should do. The result was a determination no longer

to remain on the defence, but, sallying forth, to buy thei death as dearly as possible by the slaughter of their enemies. This decision having been come to, they embraced and kissed each other, as if to take final leave before death. A was ready, and the hour approached for the sally, when a message was received from Totila, to whom their resolution had in some way been made known, offering them their lives and a free pass to go to Byzantium, on condition that they should give up their horses, lay down their arms, and bind themselves by oath not to wage war against the Goths. Or, if these terms were not satisfactory, Totila offered to take them into his own service as they were. His offer was accepted, and, with the exception of the two leaders, all seem to have taken service with him.

Soon after this, in 552, finding his army greatly diminished in numbers, Totila withdrew into the Mausoleum and a small portion of the city surrounding it, and there he stored all his valuables and strongly fortified himself, adding a wall on one side to increase its strength. Issuing thence, he attacked the eunuch Narses, by whom he was routed and slain. Narses himself, the first of the exarchs of Ravenna, then took possession of the Mausoleum in the name of Justinian, and transmitted it to the exarchs who succeeded him in the administration of Roman affairs under the Greek emperors.

In 590 Gregory the Great was elected Pope. Rome was now at its lowest ebb of suffering and disgrace. It was scarcely inhabited. The millions of its ancient populations had shrunk to thousands. Large portions within the walls of the city had many years before been sown with grain by Diogenes,* and desolation and decay were within her streets. She was no longer the seat of empire. Her glory and her wealth were gone. Earthquakes had shaken down her temples; great inundations had ravaged her plains; and in

* Procopius, De Bell. Goth., lib. iii. c. 36.

the rear of these rose famine and pestilence, which threatened to sweep away the remnant of the people. Vainly the pious implored the mercy of Heaven. Out of one procession that had gathered for this object no less than eighty persons died within an hour. It was in the midst of these horrors and calamities that, as Gregory the Great was passing before the Mausoleum of Hadrian at the head of a penitential procession, he looked up and beheld hovering over it the figure of the Archangel Michael, who paused and sheathed his flaming sword, while three angels were heard to chant the antiphony "Regina Cœli."* This vision Gregory at once interpreted to be a token from heaven that the pestilence should cease; and to the chant of the angels he responded with the hymn "Ora pro nobis Deum. Alleluja."

After this vision the plague began to diminish, and soon ceased, and in celebration of it a chapel was afterwards built on the top of the Mausoleum by Boniface IX.,† which was dedicated to St. Michael, and received the name of St. Angelo "inter nubes," or "inter cœlos." It was from this event that it derived the name by which it is now known—the Castle of St. Angelo.

Charlemagne marched to Rome in 774, and, arriving on Holy Saturday, passed over the Bridge of St. Angelo, and proceeded on foot to the Vatican. The Pope, Adrian, re-

* "Regina cœli lætare—quia quem meruisti portare—resurrexit. Alleluja." This anthem has been since adopted by the Church in its vesper office. There are two Madonnas in Rome—one at the Aracœli, and the other at the Sta. Maria Maggiore—each of which claims to have been the Madonna carried by Gregory on the occasion of this vision; and on St. Mark's festival, when the parochial clergy make a procession to St. Peter's, the Franciscans of Aracœli and the canons of Sta. Maria Maggiore always chant this anthem as they pass over the bridge.

† Baronius states that this church was built by Boniface IX.; but others, as Grimaldi and Donato, insist that the church built by Boniface was that of St. Angelo in Pescaria. But this opinion seems scarcely tenable.—See Nardini, Roma Antica, vol. iii. p. 367.

ceived him at the entrance of St. Peter's, and the Emperor ascended the steps on his knees until he reached the Pope and received his blessing. He then departed from the city, after confirming his father Pepin's donation to the Papal See.

In 755 the Lombards appeared before Rome, led by Astolphus, and invested it in three divisions. One of these besieged the Castle St. Angelo, and Rome had never been harder pressed. The repairs which Gregory had made on the walls alone preserved the city from capture; but the suburbs and the Campagna were terribly desolated and ravaged.

In 846 the Saracens invaded Italy; and Leo IV., a Roman by birth, and a man of extraordinary courage and vigour, undertook the fortification of Rome, and enclosed with a wall that portion of it surrounding the Vatican, which has ever since been called after him the Leonine City. These walls commenced at the Castle St. Angelo, enclosed St. Peter's, and extended into the river below the gate of Sto. Spirito. They were of tufa and brick, forty feet high, nineteen feet thick, and defended with forty-one towers. They had three gates—a small one near the Castle St. Angelo, named Posterula St. Angelo; a large one called at first the Porta S. Peregrini, and afterwards Porta Viridaria; and a third corresponding to the Porta S. Spirito. He also fortified anew the Castle itself, which was the key of the whole, and drew an iron chain across the Tiber. On these works he spent four years; and when they were completed, a solemn procession was made on the 27th of June, 852, in which the Pope and all the clergy, barefooted and in sackcloth, marched round the walls, sprinkling them with holy water, invoking the blessing of the holy angels and apostles, and praying that this new Rome might be ever preserved pure, prosperous, and impregnable. The ceremony concluded with high

mass at St. Peter's, and a distribution of gold and silver presents and rich stuffs among the nobles. This then became the Papal city; and the Castle St. Angelo, which was the key of the entire fortification, was henceforth not only to brave the brunt of war, but to become the prison of State, and to be the theatre of secret and terrible crimes.

We next find the Castle in the possession of the celebrated Theodora, though how she became possessed of it does not clearly appear. She was a woman of illustrious birth; and by means of her personal charms, her great wealth, and her powerful position, she seems to have exercised an influence over Rome scarcely inferior to that of a queen. Of her parentage we only know that her father's name was Glycerius, but beyond his name nothing is known about him. She was, according to a contemporary chronicler, the wife of Theophylactus, the leader of the noble party that espoused the cause of King Berengarius, and consul, senator, and patrician of Rome. Out of the darkness of history suddenly appears this remarkable woman, and as suddenly disappears in the darkness, flashing across the scene for a moment. Whence she came and how she obtained the power she exerted is unknown. Her very identity is confused with that of her daughter, and her character is equally doubtful and disputed. On the one hand she is called by Eugenius Vulgarius a "holy god-beloved, revered matron;" while Luitprandus stigmatises her as a base and impudent courtezan. She had two daughters, Marozia and Theodora, both notorious in their life; and whether her character had suffered from being confounded with that of her daughter who bore her name it is impossible clearly to determine, while the fact that the daughter Theodora was married to another Theophylactus confuses the matter still more. The weight of evidence inclines certainly to the character given her by Luitprandus. As to her

wealth and power there seems to be no question. She held many fortified castles, and several of the massive tombs and arches of the ancient Romans, turned into fortresses, were garrisoned by her soldiers; but her most powerful stronghold was the Castle St. Angelo, where she lived and held her court, controlling the affairs not only of the State but also of the Church. During this period the rivalry of popes and parties created constant feuds between the various noble houses of Rome, and the latter part of the ninth century is a history of faction and dissension. Towards the close of the year 896, Stephen VI., then Pope, convoked a council to condemn his predecessor Formosus, and dishonour his memory. He caused the body to be disinterred, dressed in pontifical robes and ornaments, and seated in the pontifical chair. An advocate was assigned to the corpse to answer for it. Stephen then publicly addressed to it this question, "Why did you, Bishop of Porto, carry your ambition so far as to usurp the seat of Rome?" and neither the corpse nor its advocate replying, Stephen condemned it formally, despoiled it of its costly robes, cut off the head and the three fingers of the right hand used in consecration, and ordered the remains to be cast into the Tiber. He soon paid the penalty, however, for this disgraceful act. After a few months' reign he was seized, driven from the pontifical chair, thrown into an obscure prison, and there strangled.

Sergius III., his successor, was elected in 898; but he was forced to flee into Tuscany to save his life, and there he remained seven years, during which time the violence of the dissensions occasioned by the condemnation of Formosus was fomented by Theodora. At last, however, Sergius returned to Rome. Here he seems to have been greatly attracted by the beauty of Marozia, the daughter of Theodora, who had inherited alike her mother's charms and her looseness of morals. She was in the bloom of her youth

and beauty, and had either just married or was about to marry Alberic, Marquis of Camerino, a wealthy and powerful personage, to whom she gave her hand about the year 906. This, however, did not prevent her from having a *liaison* with Pope Sergius, which may have been purely platonic in its character, but which Luitprandus does not hesitate to call a "nefarious adultery," and asserts that John XI. was the fruit of it. There appears, however, to be no sufficient ground for this statement, and it is generally supposed that John XI. was the legitimate offspring of Marozia and Alberic her husband.*

Of Theophylactus, the husband of Theodora her mother, we hear but little. He seems soon to have disappeared, and many were the lovers who followed the husband. Among them she chiefly favoured Albert, Count of Etruria, surnamed the Rich, whom she admitted to a share of her bed and her fortress. Captivated afterwards by a young ecclesiastic named John, she procured him to be made successively Bishop of Bologna and Archbishop of Ravenna; but shortly after his departure to attend to the affairs of his archbishopric, and in order to bring him back to Rome, she by her power and persuasion prevailed in obtaining for him the nomination of Pope. He then returned, and, assuming the title of John X., lived at her side, though not without scandal. The affairs of the Church, however, seem to have been adminstered by him with fairness and justice, and he made war not without glory against the Saracens.

When Theodora was first attached to John, she had already passed the flower of her youth; and soon after he became Pope she passes out of history, and probably died,

* Muratori combats the statement of Luitprandus; and Leone Marsicano, who lived in the following century, declares that John XI. was the son of Alberic, but he mistakes in the same sentence that he succeeded Agapetus. L'Anonymo Salertano also says he was Alberic's son.

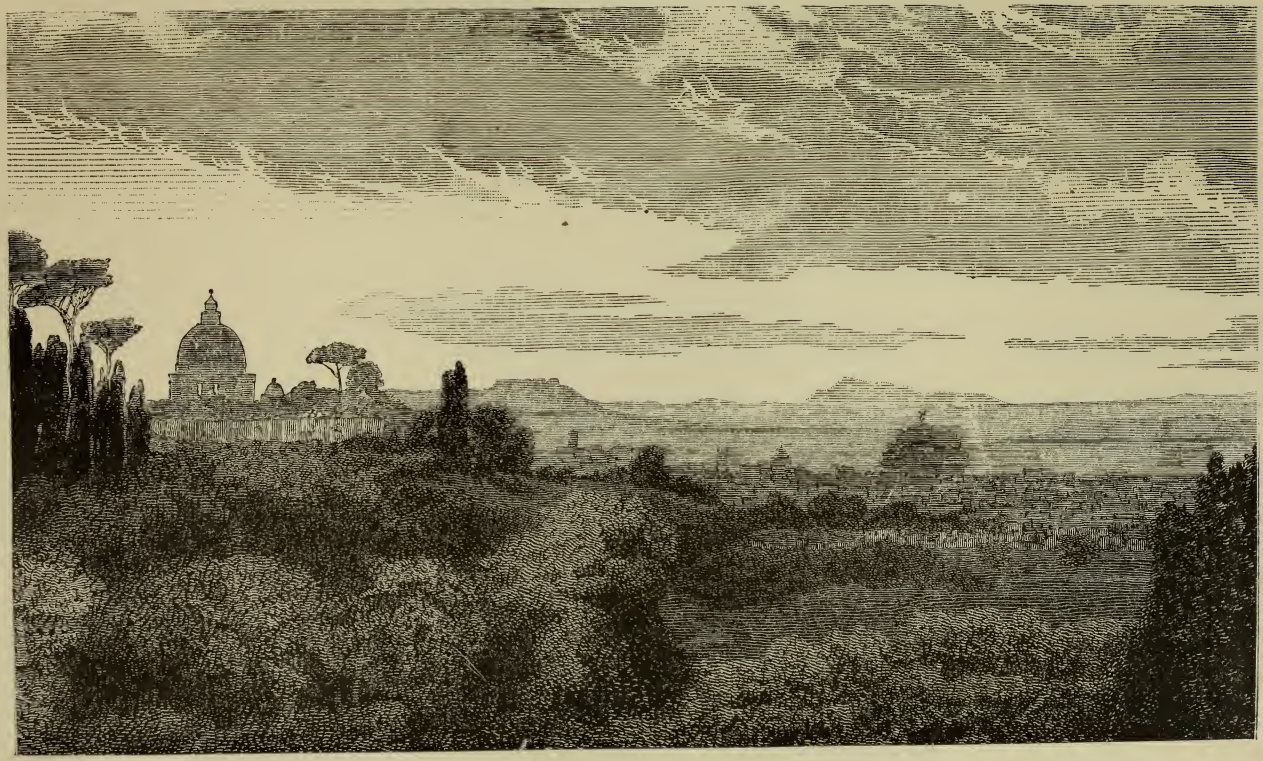
leaving to him the possession of the Castle St. Angelo. Marozia in the meantime had been married to Alberic, and was as ambitious as her mother. To John she bore no love, and after Theodora's death she began strenuously to intrigue against him. The Pope then expelled Alberic from Rome; but he and Marozia returned, attacked him, and drove him from the Castle St. Angelo, which she took possession of, and still more strongly fortified. Alberic was soon after killed in a sedition in the year 925, and she then gave her hand in marriage to Guido, Duke of Tuscany. They carried matters with a high hand. Before the very eyes of the Pope they assassinated his brother Peter, and him they dragged to prison in the Castle, where they kept him till he died in 928—of suffocation, according to Luitprandus. Two popes, Leo VI. and Stephen VII., they then successively placed in the chair of St. Peter, over whom they exercised almost absolute control. In the year 931 the second husband of Marozia died; but Marozia, though widowed, still ruled the city of Rome. Her son, John XI., she succeeded in placing in the papal chair in the same year; but fearing her other son, Alberic, who had now grown to manhood, and feeling herself inadequate, despite her rank of Patricia et Senatrix, to rule alone, she married Hugo of Provence, King of Italy, to strengthen her hand. In 932 he came to Rome with a considerable force, and, leaving his troops outside the city, was received by the people with great state and festivity, and his marriage with Marozia was celebrated with pomp in the Castle St. Angelo.

Alberic, the son, looked, however, with little favour on his step-father, and an incident soon occurred which brought them to open enmity. While pouring out some water in a basin for Hugo to wash his hands, either by accident or design he spilt some of it on the King, who in an impulse of passion struck him on the face. The high-spirited Alberic,

furious at this insult, rushed out into the streets, called the people together, and by his passionate appeals to them to rebel against the tyranny of a woman and a stranger, so roused them that they armed at once, and under his leadership stormed and took the Castle. Hugo attempted no defence, but, letting himself down the walls by a rope, escaped and fled from the city. Marozia, who remained behind, was then seized by Alberic and imprisoned; and the Pope, John XI., his brother, was sent to the Lateran in strict surveillance, if not imprisonment. Marozia seems then to have been placed in a convent, where she remained until her death.

John XI. died in 936, and Alberic named as his successors Leo VII., Stephen VIII., Martin III., and Agapet II., all of whom he kept in complete subservience. For twenty-two years he held absolute sway, despite all the efforts of his enemies to overthrow him. A formidable conspiracy was at one time formed against him, in which his sisters took part, as well as many princes and persons of authority in the Church; but it was discovered and crushed, and he continued to hold his seat and maintain his power to his death in 954. Such was his authority, even at the last, that he prevailed in exacting from the Church a pledge that his son and successor, Octavian, should be made Pope on the death of Agapet, the then occupant of the Papal chair; and this pledge was strictly kept in the following year, when Octavian, then only eighteen years of age, was created Pope under the title of John XII., being the first of the popes who changed his name and title upon election.

John XII. enjoys the unenviable notoriety of having been one of the most infamous popes who ever disgraced the chair of St. Peter. In 962, finding the tyranny of Berengarius insupportable, he sent two legates to Otho to implore his assistance. Otho acceded to his request and came to Rome,



ROME FROM THE VILLA CORSINI. [*Page* 30.

where he was crowned by the Pope, who made oath on the body of St. Peter never to renounce obedience to him, and never to ally himself to Berengarius or his son Adelbert. Otho, on his part, confirmed to the Pope the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, and added thereto a portion of the kingdom of Italy, establishing at the same time the formula for the election of popes, and reserving to himself and his successors the sovereignty and jurisdiction of Rome in case of any question. The original of this Act was written in letters of gold and deposited in the Castle St. Angelo. Otho then left Rome. In the subsequent year, however, John broke the pledges he had thus solemnly given, and made common cause with Adelbert against Otho. The Emperor then sent to demand the reason of this violation of faith, and received for answer by the Romans that John had joined Adelbert simply because they were fitted by nature and character to be friends, being equally corrupt and abominable in their lives. Otho then marched on Rome, and besieged the Pope in the Castle St. Angelo, which he finally took by storm. John fled, and had the good fortune to escape being captured. A council was now assembled by the Emperor, and John was cited to appear and defend himself against the grave charges made against him, but he absolutely refused. At the session of the council the vices and crimes of which he was accused by the cardinals are sufficient to cover any one with infamy. The Emperor, in a letter which he wrote to John, enumerated the accusations made in the council against him, and declared that "the bishops, cardinals, priests, deacons, and all the people," had related of him acts so shameful as to make every one blush. "You have been accused," he says, "of being guilty of homicide, perjury, sacrilege, and incest with two sisters, your near relations. You have drunk to the health of the devil. Playing at dice, you have implored the assistance of

Jupiter, Venus, and various demons." John, in his answer, refused to acknowledge the authority of the council, and threatened excommunication to all its members if they should attempt to nominate a new pontiff. Despite his protest and his threats, however, he was degraded from his dignity, and Leo VIII. was elected and placed in his chair. John refused to be bound by this act, and waited his opportunity.

The Emperor having sent away from the city many of his soldiers, in order to relieve the Romans from the expense of their maintenance, John excited the people to revolt, and, aided by a number of nobles attached to Alberic and his family, attempted to overthrow the Emperor and Pope. But the attempt failed, and Otho seized and condemned to death some of the conspirators. Shortly after this, the Emperor having left the city and retired to Spoleto, John returned in force, seized the Castle, where he fortified himself, drove out Leo, and revenged himself on his enemies by the most cruel reprisals. By his order, John, a cardinal deacon, was seized and his right hand cut off; and other leading personages of the Church he mutilated of their noses, of their tongues, and of their two fore-fingers. But his vices soon brought him to a violent end. Surprised one night outside the gates in a rendezvous with a married woman, in the darkness he received a blow on the temples—attributed by Luitprandus to the devil ("a diabolo percussus"), but aimed probably by the husband—of which he died within eight days, on the 14th May, 964. The Romans of his party then substituted a new Pope under the title of Benedict V.; but Otho entered the city immediately after with his anti-pope Leo, and Benedict on his knees surrendered to him the tiara.

On the death of Leo, in 965, John XIII., the son of a bishop, was elected by the order of Otho. By his haughty assumptions the new Pope soon brought upon himself the

hatred of the nobility, and he was finally seized by Roffredo, the Prefect of Rome, and imprisoned in the Castle St. Angelo. A few months later he made his escape with the assistance of his friend Conte Pandolfo, who found means shortly after to make away with Roffredo. The Emperor then returned, and summary was his vengeance. He hung twelve of those who had assisted in the arrest of the Pope, disinterred the body of Roffredo, dragged the corpses through the mud of the city, and cast them into the drains. The Prefect Peter he abandoned to the mercy of the Pope, by whose order his beard was cut off, and he was hung by the hair to the statue of Marcus Aurelius, then stripped, mounted backward on an ass, and driven ignominiously through the streets, pursued by the rabble.

John was succeeded by Benedict VI., in 972, and wretched enough was his fate. He was seized by Boniface Franconi, son of Ferraccio, who, after imprisoning him in the Castle St. Angelo, and then strangling, or, according to some accounts, starving him to death, assumed the tiara himself under the name of Boniface VII. His usurpation, however, lasted but two months, during which time he pillaged the churches, and, laden with their treasures, then fled to Constantinople.

The Imperial party now raised Benedict VII., who was of the family of Alberic, in 975, to the Papacy; and on his death in 983 his successor was placed on the throne by the Romans under the title of John XIV. But scarcely had he reigned eight months when Boniface VII. returned, reclaimed the Papal tiara, seized upon John, and threw him into the dungeons of St. Angelo, where he perished by strangling or famine. For eleven months the Church groaned under the rule of Boniface, when he perished abhorred by all. Such was the hatred of the Romans to him, that after his death they wreaked their vengeance on his corpse, which

they dragged through the streets, subjecting it to every species of insult and ignominy; and finally, naked and covered with wounds, hung it to the brazen horse of Marcus Aurelius, then supposed to be the statue of Constantine.

There is no period in the history of the popes more stained with crime than that of the three Othos. The records of these days are so bad as to have been thought scarcely credible; but after abating much for exaggeration, sufficient remains to show that the condition of the Church at this age was shameful. Fortunately for the popes, the chronicles of the time are comparatively brief, and hints are often given instead of detailed facts. Such were the number and nature of the crimes, both in and out of the Church, that the patience of the Romans was at last exhausted, and they looked for some leader who should purge Church and State, rule the factions that ruined Rome, and restore liberty and peace to the oppressed people.

This leader they found in Crescentius. Of noble birth and directly descended from Alberic and Theodora, he was endowed with remarkable ability, and fired with an ardent ambition to revive the power and glory of the ancient days of Republican Rome. Animated with somewhat of the same spirit that inspired Rienzi at a later period, he was a far abler man, and without the restless vanity and love of pomp which ruined the last of the Tribunes. During the minority of Otho III. he was placed at the head of the government as Consul in 980, and took advantage of the general state of anarchy in Rome and in Germany to re-establish a republic, which should not be only a form but a power. The people seconded his efforts, glad to have a firm hand to guide them. Disgusted with the crimes of the popes, his first effort was to deprive them of their civil authority and subject them to rule. It was in the early days of his consulate that Boniface was slain and dragged through

the streets by the enraged populace; and his successor, John XV., on his refusal to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, he drove into exile, only suffering him to return to Rome on his submission.

For a series of years, under the government of Crescentius, Rome enjoyed a peace and order to which it had long been a stranger; but this was not to last long. On the death of John in 996, Otho, who had now attained his majority, placed a kinsman of his own in the Papal chair, under the title of Gregory V. Crescentius, irritated not only by this arbitrary assumption of power, but by the manner in which it was exercised, refused to recognise the authority of the Pope and the Emperor, and, retiring into the Castle of St. Angelo, there fortified himself against them, adding new outworks and fortifications to it. At first Gregory was passive; but, strong in the support of the Emperor, he began soon to assert greater powers, and to require a submission on the part of the people greater, in the opinion of Crescentius, than was consistent with the rights and liberties of the Romans. Upon the persistence of Gregory, Crescentius put an end to his usurpations by driving him from the city, and placing in his seat a Greek prelate, who assumed the tiara under the name of John XVI. At the same time he made requisition on the Emperor of Constantinople for support. The aid was granted; but before the Greek auxiliaries could arrive, the Emperor, furious at the interference of Crescentius, marched upon Rome and seized the Pope, John, whom, despite the earnest supplications of St. Nilus, he cruelly mutilated and tortured to death. His tongue and eyes were torn out, his nose was cut off, and, clad in the tattered vestments of his order, he was carried, seated backward on an ass, through the streets. This done, the Emperor at once attacked Crescentius in the Castle of St. Angelo. The Castle, how-

ever, was so strongly fortified that it defied the assaults of the whole Imperial army, with the Emperor at its head; and it was from this siege, as well as from the fortifications and outworks added by the Consul, that it obtained the name it afterwards kept for centuries, of the "Rock or Tower of Crescentius." Foiled in his attempts to take it by storm and siege, the Emperor then had recourse to a treacherous stratagem. There was a German in his suite, named Tammus, a most familiar friend, according to Fleury, who was accustomed to eat out of the same plate with him, and wear his very dresses. This man he sent to Crescentius, empowering him to offer on oath, in his own name and in that of the Pope, an honourable capitulation, with immunity to the Consul, and all his followers. The offer was accepted; but no sooner was Crescentius in his power than he cut off his head, threw it down from the top of the tower, suspended his body by the feet outside the walls, and hung upon the battlements of the Castle twelve of his followers.

Stephania, wife of Crescentius, a beautiful and high-spirited woman, was treated with great indignity, and, according to some accounts, abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers. Deeply as this outrage rankled in her bosom, she had the courage and the skill to conceal her sense of injury, and withdrawing into solitude, made no attempt to revenge the murder of her husband or the insults to herself. None the less, however, she nursed a secret deadly purpose in her heart.

Otho, meantime, overcome with remorse for this base and treacherous act, made a pilgrimage to Monte Gargano, there to expiate his crime by prayer and penitence. On his return to Rome he was ill in body as well as mind, and under the pretence of being skilled in medicine, Stephania presented herself, obtained audience of him, and offered her services to assist in his cure. All seemed to

have been forgotten, if not forgiven, on her part. So profound was her hypocrisy that it seems to have imposed not only on the Emperor but on all by whom he was surrounded. Dazzled by her charms, and his suspicions laid at rest, she gained not only his confidence but his passionate admiration, and became his mistress. In delaying her revenge she seems to have been actuated by a double motive—that of ambition as well as vengeance. Apparently her design was first, at least, to prevail upon him to marry her, and give her the rank of empress, and failing in this, or perhaps, at all events, to make away with him. Whether, in fact, she only sought to gratify her ambition at the expense of the fame and memory of her husband, or whether all was feigned in order to further her plan of revenge, is difficult to say. However this may be, he refused to marry her, and she poisoned him—according to one account, by a pair of perfumed gloves; according to another, by a potion; and according to a third, by causing him to be wrapped up in a poisoned stag's hide under pretence that it would cure him of his disease, but which proved not less fatally venomous than the robe of Nessus. Thus perished, at twenty-two years of age, the third of the Othos, three years after the death of Crescentius, in the year 1002.

The German historians have generally sought to discredit all stories to the disadvantage of Otho III., and to elevate him into a hero. There is certainly much to interest us in the circumstances of his history and in his early fate, but little to excite our admiration, or justify the extreme praise which has been lavished upon him. He had been educated by St. Bernard and the famous Gerbert (afterwards Sylvester II.), and from them he had received a considerable culture. But his life was graced by no great deeds, and the priestly influence exerted upon him from his earliest youth had deeply infected his mind with superstition, and, to a certain

extent, unfitted him for the duties of his station. In character he was at once vehement and vacillating, melancholy and excitable—by turns the victim of violent fits of passion, during which he was guilty of gross cruelties and crimes, and of equally violent fits of remorse and devotion, during which he strove to expiate his offences by long pilgrimages, penances, fasts, and superstitious rites. In his public life he showed little sagacity or knowledge of men, and in his private life his standard of morals was low. His proclivities were more to the priesthood than the empire, and at one time he proposed to St. Bernard to assume the vows of a monk. Wedded as he was to the Church, he was naturally surrounded by a suite of priestly flatterers, some of whom in their records of his life naturally sought to suppress what was discreditable in one so devoted to the interests of the Church, and to extol his virtues to the skies. Yet the facts that are known do not support their extreme encomiums, and there are not wanting passages and phrases even among these writers which, by a side-light, illuminate the facts they seek to conceal by silence. The story of his death is variously related, some of the contemporary chroniclers directly asserting that he was poisoned by Stephania, whom he had made his mistress, and some omitting all mention of this fact. But the great weight of evidence is on the side of those who assert that he thus met his death, and it is plain even from the narratives of the others that his death was sudden, and very peculiar in its circumstances. Indeed, upon a careful examination of the Chronicle of Ditmarus, upon which those who reject the story principally rely, it is plain that if Otho III. did not die by poison administered by Stephania, he probably died of a fouler and more corrupting poison.*

* Some late historians affect to treat the story of Otho and Stephania as purely legendary—chiefly because it is not narrated by Ditmarus and Arnul-

phus, who were contemporary chroniclers. But though Ditmarus, who is a warm eulogist of Otho, omits all mention of his connection with Stephania, or of his having been poisoned by her, he drops a sinister phrase as to his death, which he says was "nece immatura," plainly showing that it was not a natural one. Besides this he gives a horrible account of his death, "pustellis interiora prementibus, et interdum paulatim erumpentibus," which looks decidedly suspicious. If, as these words imply, Otho died a violent death, he may have sought, by a pious fraud, to conceal the fact, so as not to dishonour the Emperor who had been so devoted an advocate and friend of the Church. Arnulphus also says nothing of the cause of Otho's death; but he states that Stephania was given up by Otho to the brutality of the German soldiery. Arnulphus, however, could personally have known nothing of the facts of Otho's death, as he was absent from Rome at the time. Adelboldus, Bishop of Utrecht, who has chronicled the history of this period, also gives us an elaborate panegyric of Otho, but with no account of the manner of his death.

On the other hand, however, Adhemarus, a contemporary chronicler, says distinctly that Otho died by poison "in Partibus Beneventi;" and the learned Henry de Luze (Ostiensis), while correcting Adhemarus as to the place where he died, does not controvert the other statement, but admits his connection with Stephania "qua libidinose abutebatur." Landulphus, again, also a contemporary, narrates at length the whole story of Stephania and Otho, from her introduction to him as a physician down to his death, which, he says, she effected by wrapping him up in a stag's hide previously poisoned by her. Rupertus, the Abbot of Tuit, in his life of Heribert, also confirms the story, saying that Otho fell into the snares of a wicked woman, namely, of Stephania, the wife of Crescentius, whom for her great beauty he made his mistress, not lending heed to St. Heribert, who frequently admonished him against her; and so, while sleeping in his bed, he was killed by her with poison. The same story, with variations as to the mode of poisoning, is told in other Chronicles, written at a later date, and of less value on that account —as by Theodore Engelhusen, Ludovico, Cavitelli, and others. Baronius also relates the same story, though he declines to decide upon its authenticity. It is difficult, on such testimony, entirely to reject the whole thing, and to treat it as a mere fable.

The evidence as to Otho's having broken his faith with Crescentius is quite as strong; if not stronger. Landulphus, Ostiensis, Arnulphus, and the Chronicler of Cassino, all agree that Otho, by oath or pledge of safety, induced Crescentius to surrender, and then summarily hanged him and his followers. Ditmarus, on the contrary, the eulogist of Otho, states that the Castle was taken at last, after much fighting, by means of tall machines which enabled the assailants to enter it, and that Otho then immediately ordered the head of Crescentius to be struck off, and his body hung up by the feet. Chronographus Saxo also supports Ditmarus.

CHAPTER III.

THE influence of the family of Alberic and Theodora gave to the Papacy three successive popes — Benedict VIII., in 1012; John XIX., his brother, in 1024; and Benedict IX., the nephew of both, in 1033. Benedict IX. is said to have been only ten years of age when, by force of sword and purse, he was elected. But though there is some doubt as to his age, there is none as to the crimes with which his life was stained. We have this judgment on no less authority than that of Pope Victor III., who, fifty years afterwards, occupied the Papal throne. "I have horror to write," says Victor, "what was the life of Benedict, and how shameful, corrupt, and execrable it was. After he had sufficiently long tormented the Romans by his rapine, murders, and abominations, the citizens, no longer able to tolerate his wickedness, rose and drove him from the Pontifical seat." In his stead Sylvester III. was chosen, simoniacally; but he had only reigned three months when Benedict returned and expelled him, "resuming the tiara he had lost, but without changing his ancient manners." He again sold the Papacy for a large sum to an archpriest named John, who took the name of Gregory VI., while Benedict retired into his castle. When Henry III. arrived in Italy there were three Popes; Benedict IX., at St. John Lateran; Gregory VI., at Sta. Maria Maggiore;

and Sylvester, at St. Peter's. All were declared illegitimate, and the Emperor added another, who was elected, and assumed the name of Clement II. The history of the Castle St. Angelo is connected with all the crimes and vices of this saddest period of ecclesiastical history, and there is little satisfaction in recounting them—"*non ragionam di lor.*"

Alexander II. was elected Pope in 1061; but Henry IV. placed Cadaloo on the throne as anti-pope, under the title of Honorius II. Honorius came to Rome the succeeding year, and endeavoured by force of arms to possess himself of this dignity of place, occupying by arms the Leonine City and the Vatican. But the Romans, under the command of Goffredo, Duke of Tuscany, attacked him, and nearly succeeded in making him prisoner. He was, however, rescued by Cencius, the son of the Roman prefect, and conducted in safety to the Castle St. Angelo, then commanded by Cencius. There he was strictly besieged; and after two years of imprisonment, in constant fear of his life, he finally obtained his freedom by paying 300 pounds of silver.

The contest of the Church with the imperial party was not only not determined by the death of Alexander II., but greatly exasperated under his successor, the celebrated Hildebrand, who assumed the Papal chair in 1073, under the title of Gregory VII. He had scarcely been seated on the throne two years when a conspiracy was formed against him in Rome, the author and chief of which was the same Cencius who had already sustained the Pope Cadaloo against Alexander II. Cencius, who held the Castle St. Angelo, had built a high tower on the bridge before it, from which he imposed an exorbitant toll by force on all who passed. The Pontiff, after vainly remonstrating with him against this conduct, finally excommunicated him. Irritated by this, Cencius allied himself with the Emperor, and agreed to make the Pope prisoner

and bring him to Henry. It was on the night of Christmas, 1075, that he undertook to carry out his project. While Gregory was celebrating high mass, according to custom, at Sta. Maria Maggiore, Cencius and his armed followers burst into the church with their swords drawn, and commenced cutting and wounding the people on all sides. The Pontiff, wounded in the head, was then dragged from the altar, despoiled of his ornaments, and hurried away to prison in his aube and stole. The populace, alarmed at this violence, rushed to arms, and gathering at the tower, where Gregory was imprisoned, fiercely assaulted it. Cencius, seeing the dangerous position in which he had placed himself, and fearing the violence of the people, fell on his knees before the Pope, begging for pardon. This the Pope granted, on condition that he should go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in expiation of his acts; and then, approaching the window, he made signs to the people raging beneath, with the object of pacifying them. But misinterpreting his design, and supposing he summoned their aid, they broke into the tower, where they found him bleeding and wounded. After conveying him to a place of safety, they then returned and destroyed the tower. Cencius, in the meantime, had made his escape and fled from the town, ravaging, as he went, the Campagna and the lands of the Church.

This, however, was but the beginning of other and more serious and protracted contests with Henry. The Emperor and the Pope were both determined men, and equally jealous of power, but the advantage of age and experience was greatly on the side of the Pope. Henry had just passed his minority, and was only twenty-three years old, while Hildebrand was sixty. One of the first acts of the Pope was to convoke a council to suppress the simony and incontinency of the clergy. This created great irritation in the Church, and occasioned a temporary schism in the Church of Milan. The

Countess Matilda—who, in addition to the heritage of the ancient marquisate of Tuscany, had acquired, by the death of Godfrey of Lorraine and his wife Beatrice in 1070, the largest feoff of Italy—espoused the cause of Gregory, and consecrated all her enthusiasm, wealth, and influence, to the building up of the papal power. Henry, on the contrary, defied the Pope, and arrayed his strength against the Church. While they were thus drawn up against each other, Gregory summoned the Emperor to come to Rome on an appointed day, to answer certain charges against him, threatening him with excommunication in case he failed to obey. Henry, enraged at this citation, convoked a council at Worms, addressed violent letters to the Pope, and ended by formally deposing him, on the accusation of Cardinal Hugues le Blanc. To this Gregory retorted by a deposition of the Emperor, and anathema against him and his followers. Another council was then convened at Pavia by the Archbishop of Ravenna, and Gregory, in turn, was excommunicated. Upon this a considerable and powerful party assembled near Mayence and threatened to proceed against Henry unless he should come to Augsburg and submit to the judgment of the Pope. Alarmed at the opposition he had raised, Henry decided to submit, and accordingly came on to meet the Pope, who on his side also advanced; but, through the persuasions of Matilda, and doubtful himself of the intentions and good faith of the Emperor, he stopped on his way at the fortress of Canossa, one of her strongholds in Lombardy. Here he awaited Henry, growing more imperious as Henry yielded. At last the Emperor acceded to the severe conditions of the Pope, and came to Canossa. The castle was surrounded by a triple wall, and he was admitted within the second enclosure, his suite being ordered to remain outside in the first. There he divested himself of his royal robes, retaining upon his person nothing to indicate

his rank; and in the bitter cold of winter, standing with his naked feet in the snow, he awaited the orders of Gregory. For three days the haughty Pope kept him there fasting from morning to night; but on the fourth he was admitted, and, kneeling down, in the presence of all the Court, he kissed the feet of the Pope, and made formal oath of submission for the future. But even this was not sufficient. Absolution was only granted him conditionally. He was ordered to appear before a diet of the princes of Germany, and prove his innocence. In case he succeeded in so doing, he was to be allowed to retain his kingdom, otherwise he was to be deposed, and submit to the rigour of the ecclesiastical law. Henry was forced to accept the humiliation at the time; but the conduct of the Pope had outraged even those of his own party, and the Lombard lords indignantly insisted that he should break with the Pope, or that they would break with him. He desired nothing better, so enraged was he with the cruel treatment to which he had been subjected; and fifteen days later he again defied the Pope. The excommunication was renewed, and Henry, in his turn, again deposed Gregory in assembly of the lords and bishops at Brixen; and the Archbishop of Ravenna, the enemy of Gregory, was elected Pope in 1081, under the title of Clement III. Accompanied by this anti-Pope, Henry now marched upon Rome, defeated the troops of Matilda and Gregory, seized on the city, where he received the imperial crown, and drove Gregory to take refuge in the Castle St. Angelo. There Gregory defended himself successfully, and negotiations were vainly carried on. He would not agree to any terms which Henry was disposed to accept; and finally, rather than yield, he called upon Robert Guiscard to assist him with his Normans. Fatal was that call to Rome. The tall, flaxen-haired, ambidexter Norman, with his broad shoulders,

ruddy complexion, and powerful form, brought terrible disaster on the city. On his approach Henry retired, and from the battlements of the Castle St. Angelo the Pope saw the devastation of the city by the troops he had himself called in. Houses were sacked, the streets were thronged with a wild and tumultuous soldiery, who committed the most barbarous acts of murder and rapine. The city was set on fire in various places, and many were the buildings which thus were destroyed. Nor was Guiscard content with merely robbing the Romans—he even reduced many of them to slavery. At last, however, he withdrew, carrying with him the Pope, and both followed by the execrations of the people. Gregory never again entered Rome, but retired to Salerno, where he died, saying, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile."

On the death of Gregory VII., Victor III. was elected Pope. But conflicts still continued, the anti-Pope Clement III. still holding possession of the Pantheon and other strongholds, while Victor occupied the Castle St. Angelo and the Leonine City. On the festival of St. Peter the two factions came into collision, each being determined to celebrate it as high Pontiff in St. Peter's; but when the troops of the anti-Pope and his party came to the bridge, they were assailed by the troops of Victor, who, issuing from the Castle, drove them back by force, and thus enabled him to celebrate mass undisturbed at St. Peter's.

Victor and his troops were, however, soon driven out of the Castle by Ferruccio, who took possession of it for the anti-Pope Clement, by whom it was held for seven years and defended against all attack; but in 1098 it was surrendered to the papal party under Urban II. for a large sum of money, being the last of the Roman fortresses which yielded to him—and here were celebrated the Christmas festivals of this year.

The Crusaders again in 1096 assaulted it, but it withstood

all their attacks, and they were forced to abandon it. In 1099 Paschal II. became Pope; and serious controversies having arisen between him and Henry V., hostages were given by the Pope, and solemn pledges of peace were made. Among the terms of agreement was one that no attack should be made from the bridge and Castle of St. Angelo. Nevertheless, during the Easter holidays, while the Pope and clergy, barefoot and in procession, were making the tour of the tombs of the martyrs, they were assaulted at the bridge with volleys of stones and darts, and dispersed in confusion.

At a later period, the Emperor, being indignant at the withdrawal of certain concessions formally made by the Pope, attacked him while he was saying mass at St. Peter's; slew in the *mêlée* a number of men and boys who preceded him with palms and flowers; and seizing the Pope himself, as well as all the clergy accompanying him, threw them into prison. The Romans, resenting this outrage, assembled, attacked the body-guard of the Emperor, slew a number of them, and drove the remainder out of the city. Not satisfied with this, the next morning they issued from the gates, renewed the attack, and again routed the Germans. In this engagement, the Emperor himself was wounded in the face, and narrowly escaped with his life. He was only saved by the gallant self-sacrifice of Otto, Count of Milan, who, in the utmost need of the Emperor, set him upon his own horse, and lost in consequence his life. At last the Romans drew off, and, laden with booty, entered the city, bearing with them the corpse of Otto, which in their rage they cut into small pieces and scattered about the streets to be eaten by the dogs. After their retreat, the Germans rallied, pursued them into the city, and overtaking them near the Bridge St. Angelo, furiously attacked them. A fierce struggle then ensued. Thousands of persons were slain; and the Tiber, as Baronius tells us, ran red with

blood, and was filled with corpses. As the Germans began to retire, a sally was made from the Castle with fresh troops, which again turned the fortunes of this bloody day. After this, Henry withdrew from Rome, carrying with him the Pope as his prisoner, and shut him up in the fortress of Tribucco, where, after an imprisonment of forty days, he made his submission, and was set at liberty.

His successor, Gelasius II., who came to the papal throne in 1118, suffered even greater violence. Immediately after his election he was seized by Cencio Frangipani, who with an armed force broke into the assembly of the Cardinals ("more draconis immanissimi sibilans," says Pandulphus), trampled them under foot, and seizing the Pope by the throat, threw him down and dragged him by his hair along the ground, buffeting him and wounding him with his spurs, and finally carrying him to his house, where he secured him with an iron chain; and all the while, as Pandulphus says, the good Jesus lay sleeping ("Jesu bono interim dormiente"). Finally, however, he was set free; but being again assaulted, he was forced to flee from Rome.

During the reign of Gelasius and his immediate successors, the Castle was the scene of various struggles, now passing into the possession of one party and now of the other. Anaclet, the anti-Pope, took it by force from Innocent II., and he, returning in 1137, endeavoured in vain to regain possession of it, though subsequently he became once more its master. The fortifications were at this period greatly strengthened, so as to enable the Popes to withstand the constant and violent attacks of the contending factions of the day; and, supported by the powerful family of the Pierleoni, who guarded it in their interests, they held it until the year 1153, when Eugenius III. died. Already several powerful families of Rome, among whom were the Frangipani and the Pierleoni, had begun to fortify them-

selves in the ancient monuments and tombs; and taking different sides—sometimes in favour of the Pope, sometimes of the anti-Pope, sometimes of the Senate—disturbed the city by their continual conflicts.

Towards the end of the reign of Innocent II., in about 1139, Arnoldo di Brescia made his appearance, and began with great power to preach against the vices and crimes of the clergy, and to denounce their profligacy, ambition, and tyranny. This remarkable man, who had studied under Abelard, was gifted with an eloquence equal to his learning. The purity of his life was breathed upon by no scandal; his principles were above seduction; and his influence was so great that the Church brought against him all its weight to crush him. Condemned by the Council of Lateran, he was forced to quit Italy and seek refuge in Constance. While there, St. Bernard, writing to the Bishop of Constance, said of him: "His conversation is honey, his doctrines poison; he has the head of a dove, but the tail of a scorpion." And in another letter he urged upon the Bishop that the best thing to be done with a man of such powers, in open revolt against the clergy, was quietly to put him out of the way. "Auferre malum ex vobis" are his words. Arnoldo, however, escaped from this persecution, and at the end of five or six years reappeared in Rome; and here, surrounded by his disciples and friends, he publicly preached, and strove to rouse the spirit of the Romans by grand invocations to liberty and justice. Under his influence and through his labours the Senate was re-established, and in place of Prefect of the city, a new office was created under the title of Patrician, to which Giordano, son of Pier Leone, was elected.

On the death of Innocent II., Celestine II. was chosen Pope, and after a short reign he was succeeded by Lucius II. Lucius made friends of the Frangipani, who, with Roger of Sicily, opposed the new Patrician, and the streets of Rome

were the scenes of constant battle and tumult. The Senate attacked the towers of the Frangipani and their adherents, and demolished them; but feeling itself too weak to withstand its enemies alone, a deputation was sent to Conrad III. of Germany, praying for his friendship and assistance. They sought to conciliate him by the humblest language. In one address they say: "The Pope and the Sicilians are united in an impious league to oppose our liberty and your coronation; but our zeal and courage have hitherto defeated the attempts of their powerful and factious adherents, especially the Frangipani. We have taken by assault their houses and turrets; some of these are occupied by our troops, and some are levelled to the ground. The Milvian bridge, which they had taken, is restored and fortified for your safe passage; and your army may enter the city without being annoyed from the Castle St. Angelo." The address ended with a prayer to Conrad that he would fix his residence in Rome and rule over them. Their supplication was vain: Conrad refused to assist them, and they were left to fight for themselves.

Lucius, trusting to the strength of his allies, now publicly attacked the Senate; and surrounded by priests, in his pontifical robes, and at the head of his armed troops, he marched to the Capitol to expel them from the city. But as the procession approached the Capitol, the people rose and assailed it with stones and every missile they could lay their hands upon. In this affray the Pope himself was so severely injured that he died of his wounds a few days after.

Eugenius III., who was a friend of St. Bernard, and opposed to all the liberties of the people, was then elected. At first he refused to enter the city, and though afterwards prevailed upon to change this resolution, he remained but a short time, and abandoned it in fear of his life. It was then that Arnoldo di Brescia returned to Rome, preaching the

re-establishment of the old forms of liberty, and the exclusion of the Popes from the civil government.

In 1153 Eugenius died, and was succeeded by Anastasius IV.; and a year after, Nicholas Breakspeare, the only Englishman who ever sat in the chair of St. Peter, became Pope under the name of Adrian IV. Seizing upon the disaffection of the people as a pretext, he placed the city under interdict. The Romans, fickle as ever, began to murmur against the Senate. It was near Holy Week, and the masses, which at this period they had been accustomed to celebrate, could not be performed while the churches were closed. This, to their superstitious eyes, was intolerable. They threatened revolution unless the religious ceremonies were observed. The Senate was forced to yield, and Arnoldo withdrew from the city to the house of a friend, in order to open a way of conciliation between the Pope and the Senate. At this conjuncture Frederic appeared with his army at the gates of Rome. Both parties sought his friendship and support; but unfortunately for the Senate he accepted the overtures of the Pope, who in return offered him the Imperial crown. One of the first acts of Frederic was to seize the friend of Arnoldo who had given him shelter when he left the city; and he, yielding to threats, surrendered Arnoldo into the hands of the Prefect of Rome, a devoted partisan of the Pope, by whom he was immediately conveyed to the prisons in the Castle St. Angelo. Before the people could rally from their surprise and fear, Arnoldo was brought forth into the square in front of the Castle and hung. His body was then burnt to ashes and scattered over the Tiber.*

* Sismondi says he was hung in the Piazza del Popolo, but the authorities he cites do not bear him out on this statement. Otto Frisingius says: "A prefecto urbis ligno adactus, ac rogo in pulvere redacto, ne a stolida plebe corpus ejus veneratione haberetur, in Tyberim sparsus." Neither Cardinal l'Arragona nor Guntherus support Sismondi.

"Aspensus cruci, flammaque solutus cremante
In cineres, Tyberim, tuas est sparsus in undas
Ne stolidæ plebis, quem fecerat, improbus error
Martyris ossa novo ceneresve foveret honori."*

The Senate, meantime, had sent out a deputation to meet Frederic on his way to Rome, requiring him to take oath to respect the ancient customs and privileges of the city, to preserve the citizens from assault, and to pay 5000 crowns of silver for his coronation by the Roman people. To this the answer of the Emperor was, that it was his office to command, and not to obey and accept conditions; and after a severe lecture on the degeneracy of the Romans, he dismissed them. Sending forward a body of horse, he then occupied the Leonine City and the Bridge of St. Angelo, which was barricaded, and the following day the Emperor and Pope made their entrance through the golden gate, their splendid procession glittering in the sun, and marching through the deserted streets to St. Peter's, where the ceremony of the coronation was performed.

Meantime the Senate had convened at the Capitol. On hearing that their offer had been rejected, they gathered their forces, precipitated themselves into the Leonine City, pouring over the Bridge of St. Angelo in solid masses, forcing their way up to the very doors of St. Peter, and massacring the soldiers of the Emperor not only on their way, but even in the church itself. Frederic, who had retired, no sooner heard of this attack than he advanced with his arms into the Leonine City, and there, in front of the Castle St. Angelo and on the Bridge, a portion of his forces engaged in a fierce contest with one body of the Romans, while two other bodies encountered each other with equal fury near a Piscinum, which has since disappeared, in the Trastevere. The battle raged with varying success; and

* Gunther. Ligurin. lib. iii.

notwithstanding the fierceness of the attack, so obstinate was the defence, that the Romans withstood during the whole day the onset of the best German troops. But at last they were forced to yield, after losing 1000 men killed and drowned in the Tiber, a great number of wounded, and 200 prisoners.

In October 1209, Otho IV. entered Rome and was crowned with much pomp by Innocent III. All promised well, but the expected largess of the Imperial party did not come; and in addition to this disappointment, the arrogant and violent conduct of the German troops at last roused the ire of the Romans. The cries of rejoicing which had resounded through the city were suddenly changed to those of tumult and affray. The Romans fell upon the Germans, and vainly did Ezzelino da Romano endeavour to defend them from the fury of their assailants. Many a baron and soldier perished that day, over a thousand horses were killed, and the Emperor was forced to abandon the city.

During the thirteenth century, which was a period of faction and fighting, the city had greatly suffered. Its ancient monuments and tombs had been turned into fortresses. Towers of defence and attack were built anywhere. The streets seethed with perpetual tumult. The people were terribly oppressed by the nobles, who, issuing from their strongholds, pillaged their houses and shops, seized upon any persons whom they might meet, exacting large ransoms for their restitution, braved the authority of the Senate, and laughed to scorn the ineffectual rage of the people. There was no regard for art, no care for the ancient buildings, no consideration for the old historic landmarks. Temples and statues were toppled down and burnt for lime, and the most wretched habitations were planted against the noblest structures of antiquity. Within the city, so depopulated had it become, whole districts were lying wasted and in ruin.

Vegetable gardens and vineyards were planted even round the Pantheon, the Minerva, and the Porta del Popolo. The houses were falling to decay, and the people were looked upon as fit only to be plundered. Peace had abandoned Rome, and desolation wandered in its streets. Every noble had his tomb, or his tower, or his fortress. The Senate barricaded itself. The Pope was not safe out of his Castle. On the island of the Tiber the Frangipani had planted their towers. The Orsini occupied the Trastevere quarter round the Vatican, holding the Castle St. Angelo, the Theatre of Pompey, and the Campo de Fíorí. The Savelli were gathered in the district where now stands the Cancelleria. The families of the Marzana and the Statii were in the Circus Flaminius. The Pierleoni held the Theatre of Marcellus and the quarter of the Ghetto. The Colonne occupied the district extending from the Piazza del Popolo to the Quirinal, and were also fortified in the Mausoleum of Augustus. Near the Pantheon were the Sinnebaldi and Crescenzi. At the Lateran were the Annibaldi. The Senate held the Capitol. The Gaetani were on the Monti by Sta. Maria Maggiore. The Frangipani held the Colosseum, the Septizonium, the Arches of Titus, Constantine, and Janus, and the Circus Maximus. On the slopes of the Quirinal were the Pandolfi, the Capocci, and the Conti, where still stand the remains of the Torre de Conti and the Torre delle Milizie.

Such was the power of the nobles that it completely overawed Senate and people; and their cruelty and lawlessness became at last so intolerable, that the Romans again made an attempt to strengthen themselves by calling in the aid of Brancaleone, whom they made Senator in 1252, confiding to him absolute power. Brancaleone was not a man to be played with. He accepted the post with a firm determination to assure quiet to the city, and make the authority of the

Senate felt. His administration was just; and so long as his authority as Senator was respected, and the public peace kept, no one had cause to complain of him. But any infraction of these he visited with quick and stern reprisals. Fortress after fortress of recalcitrant nobles he attacked, and in some cases hung from their windows nobles and princes who had dared to set him and the law at defiance. The Pope, backed though he was by powerful auxiliaries and friends, trembled before him; and when Brancaleone summoned the Pontiff to return to the city of which he was the pastor, and "wander no more at large like a vagabond and a proscribed person, abandoning Rome to run after money," he humbly obeyed the summons.

Meantime, despite the internal struggles in Rome, the papal power was steadily augmented abroad, and may be said to have reached its culmination during this century. Innocent III., who succeeded Celestine III. in 1198, and died in July, 1216, raised it to a sovereignty beyond the utmost pretensions of his predecessors. Gregory VII. had indeed claimed in his contest with Henry an equal authority, but he had been finally forced to succumb, and had died in exile. Innocent, however, succeeded in maintaining the authority he claimed, and emperors, kings, and princes bowed before him. His pretensions were unbounded. He claimed as Pope that he was "vicegerent of God upon earth," to whom "was entrusted government, not only of the whole Church, but of the whole world;" whose rights rested on "divine ordinance," and from whom all kings and princes held their power only by his permission. His weapons were excommunication and interdict; and against them, in the then state of Europe, swords and spears were unavailing. Between the rival claimants for the empire, Philip of Suabia and Otho of Saxony, he embraced the part of the latter; and Otho, who took the oath of allegiance to

Innocent, was crowned by him in Rome despite the opposition of the nobles. Even Philip Augustus of France was forced to yield to his authority; and John of England, after a vain struggle, also succumbed. Spain, Bavaria, Sicily, successively bowed before him. Never before was the papal power at such a height. But fortune is fickle, and the wheel soon began to turn. Between Gregory IX. (who, after Honorius III., succeeded to Innocent III.) and Frederick II. a fierce struggle took place in 1227; and after a contest of three years the Emperor prevailed, and the entering wedge was inserted which was finally to overthrow the papal supremacy in Europe. Still, it maintained itself in power during the century, though not at the height it had reached under Innocent III.

In 1294 Boniface VIII. came to the papal chair. The ambition and arrogance of this Pope knew no bounds. He was cruel, avaricious, and tyrannical, and by means of his lavish indulgences he provoked the reaction which finally led to the Reformation. Between him and Philip, surnamed the Fair, ensued a serious contest. But Philip was more than his match; and at last the Pope was driven to Rome a prisoner, and surrounded with enemies. Too proud to yield, he stood at bay and vainly menaced. The historians of the day draw a melancholy picture of him in his extremity—a fallen man sitting and gnawing the top of his staff in despair, and finally, in an access of fury, dashing his brains out against the wall, in 1303.

Benedict IX., his successor, reigned only eight months. Unequal to the task of supporting the pretensions of the Holy See against France, he vainly made concessions, and perished at last, as it is said, by poison. The power of the Popes now rapidly declined. Clement V., who succeeded him in 1305, obtained possession of the papal chair by servile pledges to sustain the interest of France; and under

him the papal authority declined, and the papal Court was removed to Avignon. Here the Pope became the dependant of France, and the Court stagnated in luxury and debauchery.

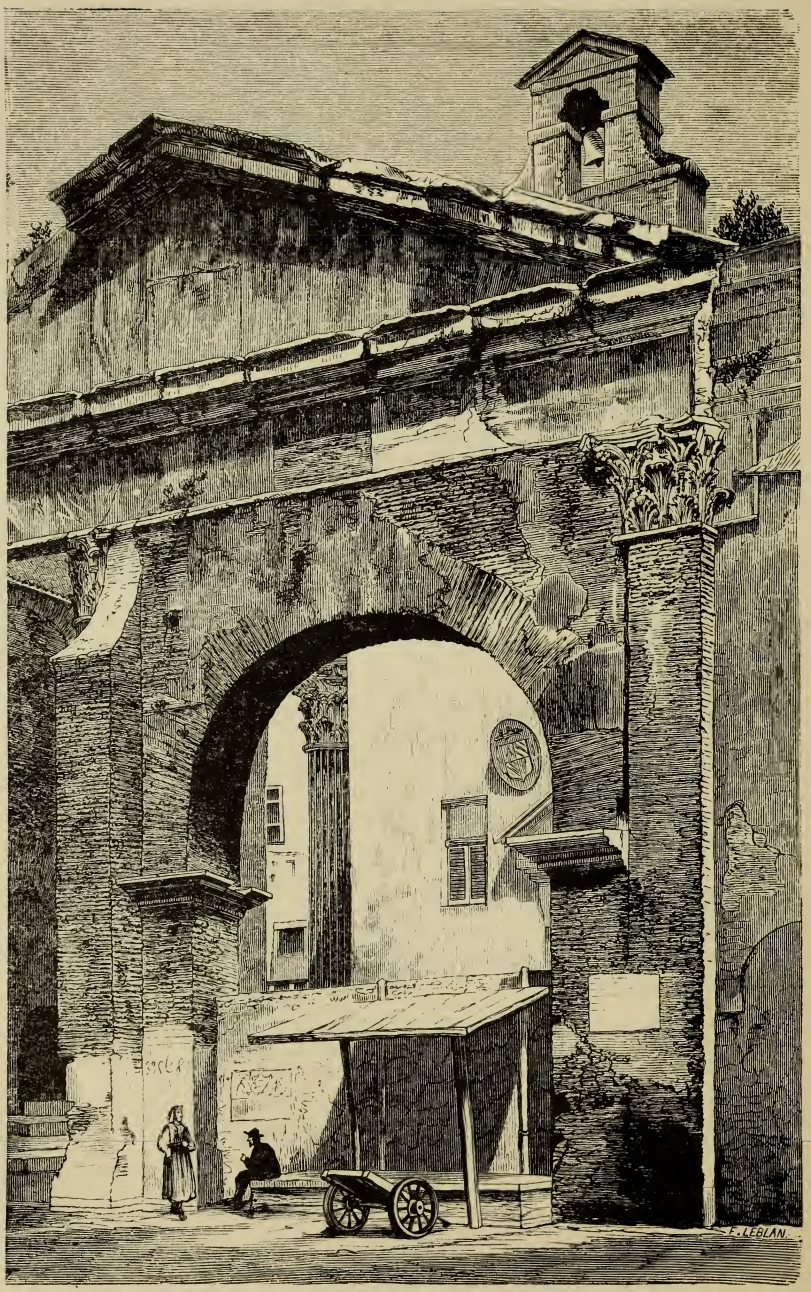
In 1310 Henry VII. received the Iron Crown at Milan, and, two years after, a general revolt of the people took place. Henry seized his chancellor Turnani, the chief of the revolt, and put him to death; and at the head of his troops marched on to Rome, reducing on his way Cremona, Lodi, Brescia, and all the fortresses which opposed him. The city he found fortified against him. Robert, King of Naples, had sent forward a considerable body of soldiers under the command of his brother John, and, in conjunction with the Orsini, they took possession of the Capitol, the Torre delle Milizie, the Church and Palace of St. Peter's, all the Trastevere quarter, and the Castle St. Angelo. The Annibaldi held the Colosseum and the Aventine. The Frangipani were at the Palatine, and the Savelli occupied the Theatre of Marcellus; while the Colonne and Sciarra, who sustained the party of the Emperor, held Monte Mario, the Lateran, the Porta del Popolo, the Mausoleum of Augustus, and Sta. Maria Rotonda. As the Emperor approached the city, he found himself first opposed by John, who had fortified himself strongly at Ponte Molle; but attacking at once the bridge, he took it by storm, and, driving the defending party before him, entered the city. A pause now ensued for a few days, and then the contest was renewed, and raged furiously for five days. Churchmen, laymen, nobles, and soldiers fought there in the *mêlée* hand to hand. On the 15th of May the towers of the Orsini, near the Minerva, and San Eustachio, were taken after a fierce struggle, and the forces of the King of Naples fell back in rout and confusion, pursued by the enemy. The bells of the Capitol rang for storm. Palaces were taken and set fire to, the streets were

encumbered with corpses, and the adherents of the King were hotly pursued by the Imperial troops. When they reached the Bridge of St. Angelo, however, they rallied, and again made a stand. Prince John, issuing from the Castle, reinforced them, and after a long and terrible fight the fortunes of the day again changed, and the Imperial party was driven back with great slaughter. Peter of Savoy, the Senator's brother, Bishop Theobald of Liege, Count Egidius of Warnsberg, Count Robert of Flanders, and many other persons of note, perished that day; and the tombs of some of those who then fell may still be seen in the churches of Sta. Sabina and the Aracoeli. Still later, an attempt was made by the Imperialists to storm the Castle St. Angelo, but it resisted every effort; and the Emperor was forced at last to accept his coronation in St. John Lateran, which was already in his possession, on the 20th of June, 1312. Immediately after this ceremony he retired to Tivoli, and then to Tuscany, abandoning all further attempts upon Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

THE history of the fourteenth century, during the absence of the Popes at Avignon (from 1306 to 1377), is one of constant struggle between various factions and families, and between the partisans of Church and State. The Colonne and Orsini devastated Rome with their quarrels and contests, and the dissensions of Guelphs and Ghibellines created chaos throughout Italy. No sooner was a peace patched up between the contending parties than it was broken. At the time of the nomination of Benedict XII. in 1334, these two great houses had just been reconciled; but the election of the Pope was the signal for renewed hostilities, and still more bloodshed. Anarchy then reigned over Rome and all the surrounding country. The Campagna and provinces were ravaged by robbers, free-booters, and scattered bands of soldiers, whose will was law, and industry and commerce almost ceased to exist. In 1337, Jacopo Savelli attacked the Castle St. Angelo, then in possession of Giovanni Colonna, and vainly endeavoured to reduce it by machines; and scarce a month or a week passed without some outbreak or other.

There was still, however, some vestige of popular government in the assembly of thirteen magistrates, who were at the head of their respective wards, and were named Caporioni. But the Pope had long ago usurped the nomination



PORTICO OF OCTAVIA. *Page 59.*

of Senator, after Brancaleone's death, and conferred this title always upon some one of the powerful nobles, who, far from exercising his authority to keep the peace and execute the laws, employed it solely to break them for his own aggrandisement. After the Pope went to Avignon, there was nothing in Rome which could justly be called a government.

It was now that Cola di Rienzi rose and began to preach the "good estate" and to attack the nobles, rousing the enthusiasm of the people by his eloquent appeals to their patriotism, and his vehement denunciations of their oppressors. His well-known story is a romance and a tragedy, which abler pens have written in detail, and which here can only be glanced at. He first appears as a youthful deputy to Avignon to pray for the return of the Pope to Rome; and though Petrarca was his colleague and friend who accompanied him on his mission, Rienzi seems to have been the spokesman. On his return we find him in the Forum, standing on some ancient fragment, and with strong and brave words calling upon his countrymen to awake from their apathy, shake off the tyrannous yoke of the nobles, rescue their country from the servitude into which it had fallen, and revindicate its ancient glory. The people listened. The nobles sneered and smiled. But Cola smiled not. He was enthusiastic and in earnest, and he carried the people with him.

Next we see him coming forth on the morning of the 20th of May, 1347, from the Church of St. Giovanni, to which he had, by sound of trumpet, convoked the people to pray for the triumph of the "good estate." His head is uncovered, the Bishop of Orvieto is at his side; and surrounded by a crowd of youths, who share in his enthusiasm, and fill the air with shouts of joy, he marches down the steps of the church under the portico of Octavia. Gonfalons and allegorical standards of justice, liberty, and peace, float before

him, borne by friends of the good cause. A hundred armed men escort him, and crowds of adherents follow in his train. The procession slowly advances through the streets until it reaches the foot of the Capitol, and there, pausing before the old basalt lions, he reads to them the constitution of the "good estate." The people accept it with cheers, and he is named Tribune by acclamation.

He had seized the opportunity, when Stefano Colonna was absent, to draw the curtain of this great revolutionary drama; and when this haughty noble returned, he affected to despise the Tribune and his government. He soon learned his mistake. One of the new Tribune's first acts was to send an order to Stefano Colonna to leave the city. The prince, furious at this presumption, tore the order to pieces, and threatened to throw Rienzi from the windows of the Capitol. Then sounded the great bell of the Capitol, summoning the people to arms. They answered the appeal, and Colonna and the other most powerful nobles were forced to seek safety by instant flight.

Then began his remarkable career as Tribune. During its first days his rule was distinguished by justice, energy, and decision of purpose. Peace was again secured, authority established, law resumed, and liberty seemed about to be restored. But Rienzi's head was turned by his success. He assumed the pomp of a sovereign. He distributed titles, surrounded himself with ceremonies, and multiplied feasts and processions. Flattered by the submission of most of the Italian States to his authority, his presumption and vanity increased as his prudence declined. Not satisfied with the plainness and simplicity which became him as the head of a republic, a theatrical spirit possessed him, and an insatiable love of show. He desired to be ennobled, and to have the title of Knight, as well as Tribune. To celebrate his installation as Knight, a splendid series of ceremonies

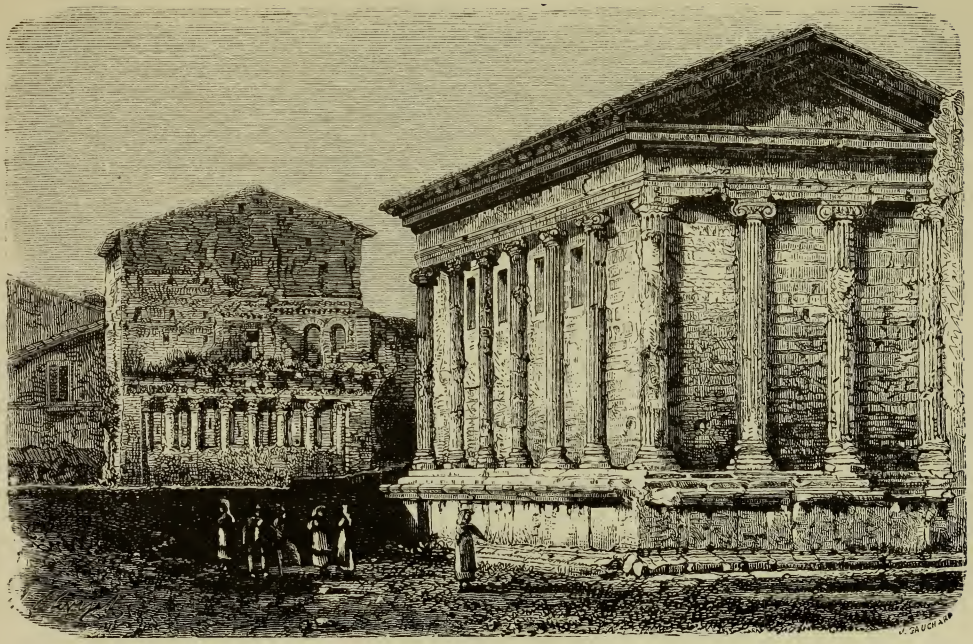
was arranged, to which all the ambassadors, nobles, and strangers of distinction were invited. Towards evening he went to the Baptismal Chapel of the Lateran. The porphyry vase in which, according to tradition, Constantine had bathed, was filled with rose-water for him, and he bathed in it. He was then clothed in a white garment and slept in the church. In the morning, clad in scarlet, he showed himself on the Loggia to the people, and, accompanied by many nobles and gentlemen, he was endued by the Syndic of the city with sword, girdle, and golden spurs, and afterwards heard mass in the chapel. He then made an address, in which he cited the Pope, and Lewis of Bavaria, and Charles of Bohemia, to give reason for any claims they had on Rome; and pointing his sword to three points of the compass, he exclaimed, "This is mine, and this mine, and this is mine." The day ended with a magnificent banquet, at which was exhibited the utmost luxury and expense; and from the nostrils of the Bronze Horse of Constantine wine flowed constantly for the people.

Folly had quite got the better of him now, and his vanity was leading him swiftly to ruin. At a banquet held shortly after, at which he was dressed in a regal cloak fringed with gold and rich embroideries, Stefano Colonna, lifting up the hem, said, "Are you not Tribune? and should you not rather wear the modest dress of your equals than these pompous ornaments?" This reproach, so far from producing its proper effect on him, inspired him with a notion that the nobles intended to play him false. Shortly afterwards he issued a proclamation that he had discovered a conspiracy against the people and himself, and declared that he would cut off the heads of all those concerned in it. The conspirators were seized and brought forward, and among them were seen the chief of the princely families of Rome. Solemn preparations were made for their execution, when

Rienzi, suddenly and without reason, not only pardoned them all, but conferred upon them some of the most important charges and offices of the state.

No sooner were these nobles and princes free out of Rome than they began seriously to conspire to overthrow Rienzi and his government. They assembled their soldiers, and, after devastating the country, threatened to march upon Rome itself. The Tribune, who was no soldier, attempted to intimidate his enemies by threats; but finding that the people grew clamorous for action, he at last took up arms, and made a show of advancing against them. But after a few days, during which he did nothing except to destroy still more of the Campagna, he returned to Rome, clothed himself in the Imperial robes, and received a legate from the Pope.

These idle flourishes did not check the revolt, and the Colonne advanced to the very gates of Rome. Still Rienzi did not move to attack them, but only rang the bells of the Capitol, and recounted his dreams of good augury. The Colonne, finding the gates shut and hearing the bells ring, supposed the Romans were prepared to resist, and determined to withdraw for a space. They were in three divisions, and each defiled before the gate; as the third passed, at the head of which was young Giovanni Colonna, the gate opened, and he, supposing his friends had command of it, spurred his horse and rode into the city. His followers, however, remained behind, not daring to enter, and on he went alone. Finding himself, however, unsupported, he turned his horse to fly, when he was thrown to the ground, and the people rushing upon him killed him on the spot. His father Stefano, hearing the noise, now rushed in, hoping to save his son; but he also lost his life in the attempt, and his companions then took flight, pursued by the Romans. Many of the Colonna troop were slain; among others, Agapito Colonna, who was found hiding in a vineyard.



HOUSE OF RIENZI. *Page* 62.

The Tribune celebrated this victory with great vainglory. He returned in triumph to the Capitol, harangued the people, boasted loudly and without decency of what he had done, occupied himself with idle shows and ceremonies, and so conducted himself as finally to disgust his own followers. His power soon began to crumble away under him; and when, shortly afterwards, he endeavoured to prevail upon the people to rise and drive out the Count of Minorbino, who had set his authority at defiance, he found that his day was past. They listened passively to his eloquent words, and when he cried to them, "after having governed you for seven months, I now renounce my authority," no voice was raised to dissuade him. He then ordered the trumpets of silver to sound, and, clothed in all his pomp, he marched through Rome, accompanied by his small band of soldiers, and on the 15th October, 1347, intrenched himself in the Castle St. Angelo. Still the influence of his name and his power was so great, that it was not till three days after that the nobles ventured to return to Rome, and then they found that Cola's power had vanished. It faded away like a carnival pageant, as that gay procession entered the Castle St. Angelo. There he remained until the beginning of March, and then fled, and found his way to Civita Vecchia, where he stayed with a nephew of his for a short time. But his nephew having been arrested, he again returned to Rome secretly, and was concealed in Castle St. Angelo by one of the Orsini who was friendly to him and his party. The other branch of the Orsini endeavoured to induce his friends to deliver him up by offering large bribes. But they did not prevail; and Cola soon after fled to Naples, fearing lest he should be betrayed into the hands of the Cardinals.

Rome now fell into a state of anarchy and confusion even worse than when he assumed the reins of power. Revolutions occurred. Brigandage was renewed. Cerroni,

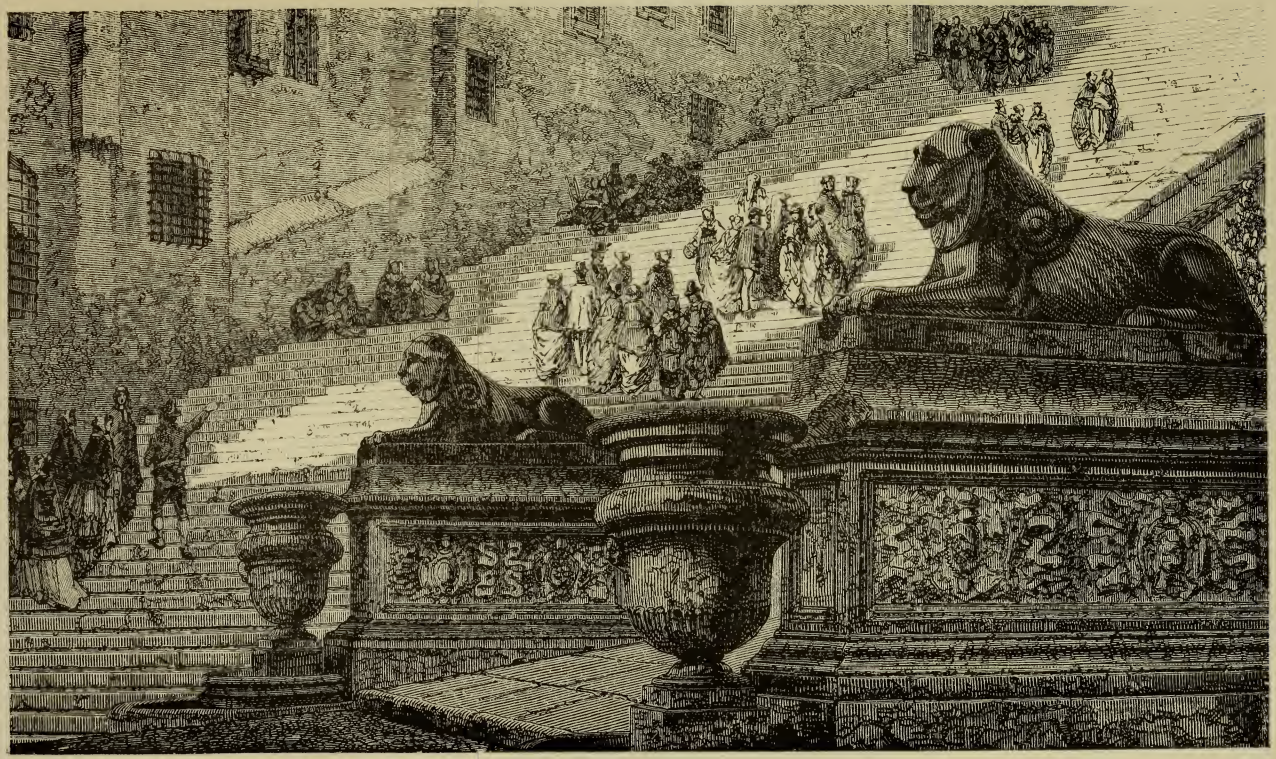
who had been installed as Prefect, was forced to fly, and the administration of the government was then put into the hands of Bertoldo Orsini and Stefano Colonna. But provisions growing dear, Orsini was stoned, and Colonna only escaped with his life by leaping out of a window in disguise. Francesco Baroncelli was then chosen as leader. He was as resolute as Cerroni had been weak. But the people would not tolerate his rule, and he soon fell. In 1353 Rienzi returned with Cardinal Albornos, the legate of the Pope. He was received with enthusiasm, and again installed in power. But he was embarrassed in all his actions by the Cardinal, who sought only to make use of him, while he himself exercised all the power. The title of Senator of Rome was conferred on him, and the people forgave him; for the dire experiences of Rome since his departure and his sad exile had obliterated the remembrance of his vanity and folly. But Rienzi had lost the secret of his power in losing his enthusiasm. He soon became entangled in his position; his expedition against Colonna in Palestrina failed; his punishment of Montreal and Pandolfucci brought him ill-will, and all things went badly with him. At last, in October 1353, a sedition broke out, and the mob rushed to the Capitol with cries of "Death to the traitor Rienzi!" In this extremity he was abandoned by his guards, attendants, and friends: only three of them all remained faithful. But under the pressure of imminent danger, the spirit and courage of Rienzi rose, and he showed his better self again. He closed the doors of the palace: the mob set fire to it. He appeared on the balcony clothed in his armour as knight, and, with the standard of the people in his hand, demanded to be heard. But the populace refused to listen to him, and drowned his voice in clamorous cries. There he stood in dumb show praying to be heard, while the populace raged below and pelted him with stones

and other missiles. Pierced at last through the hand by an arrow, he withdrew, overcome by despair. Letting himself down by sheets from the windows to the terrace of the Cancelliere below, he again made a desperate effort to obtain a hearing, but in vain. Then came the great question as to whether he should rush in among his enemies and brave certain death, or seek escape by flight.

Long he wavered; but at last he decided to fly. Tearing off his robes, he put on the miserable dress of the porter, rushed down the flaming stairs and through the burning chambers, where falling rafters and ceilings threatened death at every step, threaded the fiery passages in safety, and at last reached the third floor, breathed the fresh air, and felt that he had still a chance for life. At this very moment his arm was seized, and a voice said, "Where are you going?" He saw that all was lost. But, at bay, he did nothing mean. Again there was a flash of heroic courage, not unworthy of him. He threw off his disguise, and, disdaining all subterfuges, said, "I am the Tribune!" He was then led out through the door into the crowd: at the sight of him it drew back and was silent. Firmly he walked as if among friends instead of enemies to the base of the basalt lions, where he had made his first great call upon the people.

Standing there, undaunted by its tumultuous cries, he stood for an hour with folded arms, and looked around upon the raging crowd. At last, profiting by a lull of silence, he lifted his voice to address them, when suddenly an artisan at his side, fearing perhaps the result of his eloquence, and perhaps prompted by revenge, plunged his pike in his breast, and he fell. The wild mob rushed upon his corpse; they mutilated it; they cut off his head and dragged it through the streets; and at last, having wreaked

their passion on his senseless remains, they carried them to the Mausoleum of Augustus, the fortress of the Colonne, and there, aided by the whole Jewish tribe, burnt them to ashes. By a strange chance, the last Tribune of the people was burnt and buried at the tomb of the ancient Emperors. In the Mausoleum of Hadrian he had trembled, a prisoner; in the Mausoleum of Augustus his ashes at last found rest.



BASALT LIONS AT THE FOOT OF THE CAPITOL. [*Page* 66.

CHAPTER V.

FOR twenty-three years after Rienzi's death, the seat of the Papal Court remained at Avignon; and during this period, Rome and the States of the Church were harried to death by contending factions. The legates, representatives of the Pope, were treated with contempt, despoiled of their houses and goods, plunged into prison, and even assassinated. At last Gregory XI. returned in January, 1377. The keys of the Castle St. Angelo were sent to him at Corneto; the papal Court was re-established in Rome; but he survived only about a year, and died in March, 1378. Then came the election of a new Pope, which was held in the Castle St. Angelo. While the conclave was sitting, a crowd gathered round the place, crying out, "Romano lo volemo"—we will have a Roman for Pope. Yet, notwithstanding this clamour, Cardinal Prignani, Archbishop of Bari, and a Neapolitan by birth, was finally chosen, under the title of Urban VI. When Cardinal Orsini presented himself at the window to announce that a new Pope had been elected, the mob below cried out, "His name, his name!" "Go to St. Peter's and you will learn," answered the Cardinal. The people, misunderstanding his answer, supposed him to announce the election of Cardinal Tebaldeschi, who was arch-priest of St. Peter's, and a Roman by birth. This news was received with great joy and acclamation, and the crowd loudly called for

Tebaldeschi, in order that they might prostrate themselves before him as Pope. The Cardinals, alarmed at this demonstration of public feeling, besought Tebaldeschi to assume the papal insignia for the moment, in order to calm the excitement. He yielded to their persuasion, and the crowd rushed to embrace him, and kiss his foot and hand. But the poor old Cardinal, who was crippled by gout, suffered so terribly under this demonstration, that he broke down at last, and cried out piteously, "I am not the Pope." The people, enraged with the deception which had been practised on them, broke into still fiercer cries, rushed to arms, and gathering round the conclave, threatened them with death unless a Roman was elected. But the conclave was strong in its position, and finally the people were pacified, and accepted Urban VI. Such, however, was the fear of the Cardinals, that they were with difficulty persuaded to proceed to the Vatican and perform the ceremonies necessary for the installation of the new Pope. This, however, finally was done, and the Castle was placed in the charge of Pietro Guntellino, a Frenchman, and garrisoned by a Gallic guard, the French Cardinals remaining also within its walls for safety. On the 20th of September they withdrew to Fondi, and in conjunction with other schismatics they afterwards elected an anti-Pope under the title of Clement VII. Guntellino, who took part with them, on being summoned by Urban to surrender the Castle, refused to do so without the order of his compatriots, the French Cardinals at Avignon. Meantime the papal and anti-papal party assaulted each other first with citations, censures, and angry words, and then with armed force. The anti-papal party, having with them the Breton and Gascon soldiery, and the Savoyards of the Count of Mountjoy, the anti-Pope's nephew, marched upon the city, overcame the undisciplined party of the Pope, reinforced the Castle St. Angelo, and fortified

themselves in the Vatican, ravaging the Campagna on their way. The papal party now besieged the Castle, attacking it with machines and artillery, but for a year's space it held out. Finally, on the 28th of April, 1379, the anti-papal party were utterly routed by Alberico, Count of Palliano and Galeazzo, at the head of the papal, Italian, and imperial forces. Terrible was the bloodshed of this great battle, at which, according to Baronius, 5000 of the anti-papal army fell. But the Castle still refused to surrender, and the French Castellano vigorously defended it, pouring darts and bombs upon the attacking forces, and setting fire to the houses in the neighbourhood. At last, however, he was forced by famine to capitulate; and the Castle, "non sine divino miraculo," says Urban VI., came into the possession of the papal party. The damage done to it during this siege must have been very great. In some parts it had been utterly demolished, and of all its marbles not a trace now remained. On receiving it again, the Pope made a solemn procession, with prayers, from Sta. Maria Trasteverina, in which all the people joined, and proceeded barefooted to St. Peter's and to the Castle to take formal possession.*

Many a sad sight the Castle saw during the reign of Urban VI. He was a man of a very violent and vindictive character, and the prisons of St. Angelo were seldom empty. On one occasion, suspecting some of the Cardinals by whom he was surrounded of treachery, he here put them to the torture to extract confession; and while they were stretched on the rack, he recited composedly his breviary in the adjoining chamber, totally unmoved by the shrieks of anguish drawn from his suffering victims.

After the surrender of the Castle to Urban, such was the rage of the people against it for the injury it had caused

* Such had been the depopulation of Rome by all these wars and tumults that it now numbered only 17,000 inhabitants.

them during the siege, that they passed a public decree ordering it to be utterly destroyed and razed to the earth, so that it should no longer be a refuge for the enemies of the people, or a fortress from which to assail them. In consequence of this decree, an attempt was made to demolish it. It was stripped of everything by which it was adorned, and its outer casing was torn off; but the solid interior of peperino defied all their efforts, and the attempt was given up. Theodorico da Niem, in his account of the schism at Rome during this period, gives us an account of the Castle. After speaking of the subterranean passages, broad enough to admit two horsemen or five foot-passengers marching abreast, and covered with beautiful marbles, which he himself saw, he goes on to say, that after the Romans had taken possession of the Castle, they tore down from it the beautifully squared blocks of whitest marble with which it was cased, and also the walls of paonazzo marble, which they used to make the piazze in the city; but he adds that they found it impossible entirely to destroy the Castle. Poggius, who saw it a few years after, also tells us that though the title of it was still standing over the door, the Romans had greatly defaced it, and would indeed utterly have destroyed it, had they been able to pull it to pieces.

Boniface IX., who came to the papal chair in 1389, finding the Castle absolutely necessary in order to command the tumultuous Romans, began to repair and fortify it anew. In so doing he followed the advice of Natale and Petruccio Sacco, the Signori of Rome, who, on surrendering to him "*lo stato di Roma*," said: "*Se tu vuoi mantenere lo stato di Roma acconcia Castello Sant' Angelo*"—if you wish to maintain the government of Rome, re-fortify St. Angelo. The Pope did so—issuing an edict "*ne quis ex Hadriana mole, quæ magna ex parte dejecta erat, marmora saxa, etc., evelleret*" —that no one should take any more stones or marbles from

the mole of Hadrian, already in great part destroyed. The marble to which he refers probably was that still existing in the interior of the Castle, as it would seem that all the outer casing was gone. After acting on the advice of Natale and Petruccio, "the reward he gave them," says Infessura, "was to cut off their heads; and the Pope then said,— 'These men gave me up the government that I should restore the Castle, and now I have restored it they wish to take it from me;' and from that time forward he preserved peace in the State."

Boniface had been more of a soldier than of a priest, and had succeeded in reducing the city of Rome to obedience and order. He had fortified it like a camp, and by severest measures repressed any attempt at rebellion against his authority. No sooner, however, was he dead, than, even before his successor was chosen, violent dissensions began to break out. The ambassadors of the anti-Pope, fearing for their lives, sought protection from the Cardinals; and it was formally promised that they should be safe in their persons so long as they chose to remain in Rome. But affairs were now so unsettled that despite the fair words of the Cardinals, the ambassadors were oppressed with doubts and fears, and finally made an attempt to get out of the city one evening. But the attempt was not successful. As they were passing Ponte St. Angelo they were arrested by the Castellano, with all their equipages, beasts, and money, and carried into the Castle, where they were imprisoned. The Cardinals interfered in their behalf, but in vain. The Castellano refused to give them up. At last, however, after much discussion, he agreed to allow them to depart, upon their paying 5000 golden florins, 2 beasts, and a mule. The ransom was accordingly paid, and they were suffered to go.

This was but the prelude to other and more serious events.

Battle again began in the streets, the Savelli and Colonne taking part with the people, and the Orsini with the Cardinals. The Aracoeli was taken by storm, the streets were barricaded, and many persons lost their lives. The first endeavour of Innocent VII., who was chosen in 1404, was to allay these dissensions and secure peace. Ladislaus had already come to Rome to take advantage of any turn of affairs. The knowledge that he, in combination with the Colonna and other nobles, sought to usurp the seigniory of the city, and the fear of what might happen if they succeeded, did much to conciliate the people with the Pope for a time. But troubles and discord soon intervened as usual. The Pope issued strenuous decrees against the Colonne, who were in open enmity with him; but this powerful family only laughed him to scorn. The Prefect in command of the Castle at this time was Antonello Tomacello, nephew of the late Pope Boniface. Corrupted by the gold offered by Ladislaus, he joined the party of the King and the Colonne and Peretti; and taking the occasion of the absence of the Pope, he openly rebelled against him, and surrendered the Castle into the hands of his enemies. But on the return of the Pope, the papal army, under the command of Paolo Orsini and Muscarda, besieged the Castle. The siege was vain, the Castle holding out against all the attacks of the papal troops; but at last matters were settled. The Castle was restored to the Pope upon certain terms and conditions, and peace again was patched up.

It lasted, however, but a very short time; and stormy days soon succeeded, of which Leonardo Aretino gives us a vivid picture. The Castle St. Angelo was then held on behalf of the Pope by Luigi da Migliorotti, his nephew; and the people demanded that the Milvian Bridge should be confided to them in charge. The Colonne and Savelli supported them in their demand; and upon the refusal of the

Pope, they endeavoured to wrench it from him by a sudden night attack. The fight was determined on both sides; but towards daybreak the papal cavalry overcame their assailants, driving them back into the city. It was a *fête* day. The people were idly strolling about the streets, and many of them heated with wine. Seeing their friends flocking back into the city routed, and many of them bleeding and wounded, and learning the history of their defeat, they flew to arms, spread their banners, and advanced to attack the Pope in his palace. "Our soldiers," says Aretino, "on their side also prepared for combat. They made ready their arms, closed up and strengthened their ranks, exhorted each other, and put the Castle St. Angelo in a state of defence. The attack of the people was suspended during the darkness, and all night the two parties remained under arms. The following day there was a talk of re-establishing peace, and with this view several Roman citizens came to the Pope. As they were returning at the close of the conference, they were attacked by Migliorotti, the nephew of the Pope, who, issuing from the Castle, with a company of soldiers, assailed them at Hadrian's Mole. Eleven were taken and the rest escaped by flight. The prisoners, conducted to Migliorotti, were then cruelly massacred by his order. Among them were two nobles, whom the Roman people had chosen to govern the republic, and the others were distinguished citizens, some of whom had manifested a partiality for the Church.

"When the noise of this event spread through Rome, all rushed to arms. The streets were filled with soldiers, and the city resounded with clamours and imprecations. I myself ran very great danger this day; for, believing hostilities to be suspended, I had passed the river and entered the town. Hearing the tumult, I desired to withdraw, but I found the Bridge of Hadrian occupied by a troop of armed

men, who were the relations and friends of those who had been massacred, and who were preparing to revenge themselves. As soon as I recognised them, I turned my horse and fled. Having reached a cross-street, I dismounted, covered myself with my servant's cloak, and mingled again with the crowd. I passed, without being recognised, through the midst of armed men, and approached our own party. The first object which met my eyes was the heap of corpses of those who had been massacred. They lay in the middle of the street, covered with blood and pierced with large wounds. I stopped, oppressed with horror, and ran my eyes over their faces. Among them I recognised, with tears, the bodies of some of my friends. I went immediately to the Pope, whom I found plunged in the most cruel affliction. He had no part in this massacre. He was a mild and pacific man, and nothing was more repugnant to his goodness and character than the shedding of human blood. He deplored his fortune, lifting his eyes to heaven, as if to take God to witness that he was innocent."*

Against the people Migliorotti was unable to protect the Pope, and he fled the same night to Viterbo. On the 20th of August, King Ladislaus entered with 3000 horse, and the Castle St. Angelo immediately broke with the Romans, and commenced bombarding Rome. The Romans set themselves to work to barricade the bridge, and the people beyond it allowed them to do this. After a severe contest there, during which several houses were set on fire, the Romans made a pact with the leaders, Conte di Troja, Giovanni Colonna, and Conte Gentile de Montesano, securing them by the promise of a bribe ; and thus they were allowed to barricade the bridge. But after they had walled up the barricade, they refused to pay over the bribe, and the Castle continued to bombard the Romans. Finally, after much

* Leonardo Aretino, Comment. T. 19, p. 922.

fighting and bloodshed, both parties alternately chasing each other out—now the Orsini and now the Colonne prevailing—a deputation was sent by the Romans to recall the Pope, promising obedience to him if he would return. He did accordingly return on the 13th of March, 1406. One of the stipulations made and promised by the ambassadors was, that Castle St. Angelo should be delivered up to him. Those who were in possession of it, however, absolutely refused to surrender it either to the Pope or the people, and the consequence was that siege was again laid to it; and finally it again came into the Pope's possession.

In June, 1407, Gianni Colonna entered Rome with 400 cavalry and 400 infantry, and a battle ensued between him and the Romans who were allied with the Orsini. But the Romans routed him, killing a large number of his followers, and making many prisoners, among whom were Gianni and Niccolo Colonna. Ladislaus, who was in the city, and had joined in the plot with Colonna, was unable to render him much assistance, and the attempt was thus entirely foiled. But the Pope, in great fear, betook himself to the Castle at night, and there shut himself up.

Later in the same year, Ladislaus, uniting his forces with those of the Savelli and Colonne, attacked the Romans under the command of Paolo Orsini. A battle ensued, in which Ladislaus was defeated. But during the night Paolo went secretly into the camp of the King, and treacherously agreed to open the gates and surrender the city. The Romans, thus betrayed, were forced to yield; and on the 14th of April, 1408, the King entered the city in great triumph, and the Capitol and nearly all the fortresses were delivered up to him.

Again, in 1413, Ladislaus, violating the treaty he had made with John XXIII., broke suddenly into Rome. The Pope, struck with terror, fled before him, on the swiftest

horse that he could find, and the Castle was betrayed by the Castellano for a large bribe. But no sooner had the traitor betaken himself to Naples than he was seized and slain by order of Ladislaus, and robbed of the money he had thus disgracefully acquired. The Castle remained in possession of the Neapolitan family until 1419, when it was again restored by Joanna of Naples to Martin V., who was a Colonna.

Meanwhile, in June, 1417, while there was a vacancy in the papal chair, Braccio da Montone marched from Perugia, and attacked and took Rome. He also assaulted the Castle St. Angelo, directing against it his strongest machines of siege, and bombarding it severely. But the Castle held out against his utmost efforts; and on the 28th of August Sforza arrived from Naples, sent by the Queen to succour its defenders. Then ensued a battle in which Giovanni Colonna was killed, having gallantly interposed his own body to save his brother Ludovico from a blow aimed at him by one of Orsini's followers. The result of the battle was disastrous to Braccio, who was routed and driven from the city. But, though defeated, he was a terror to Rome for seven years; and when, finally, on June 2, 1424, he was slain, great was the rejoicing among the Romans. The city blazed with illuminations and fireworks, and the whole mass of the Romans came out at night on horseback, each with a torch in his hand, to escort Giordano Colonna, the brother of the Pope, and congratulate him on the death of his enemy.

In 1431, Eugenius IV. was elected, and the Castle, which then was in possession of "Lo Principe," was restored to the Pope. But shortly afterwards, a dissension having taken place between him and Stefano Colonna, Colonna induced the Prince to unite with him and wrest the government from the Pope. The city was attacked by their troops. The people were called to arms. All Rome was

in confusion. There was fighting in the streets, and particularly in the Piazza Colonna, at San Marco and at Porta Accia, and many men were killed. The Castle was still held by the Pope; but a conspiracy having been discovered, or at least suspected, to wrest it from him, drive him from the city, kill the Castellano, and give up the Castle to the Colonne, several persons of importance were arrested, among whom were the Archbishop of Benevento, son of Antonio Colonna, and his brother Frate Masi. The latter confessed, under pressure, and was then hanged and quartered in the Campo dei Fiori.

Martin V., on his death, left the treasures which he had accumulated to his nephews of the Colonna house. But Eugenius IV., on his succession, made a peremptory demand that they should be restored to him as Pope, alleging that they had been fraudulently carried off by Prospero Colonna; Antonio, Prince of Salerno; and Eduardo, Count of Celano. These princes, outraged by the insulting demands and pretensions of Eugenius, rose, and, under the lead of the Prince of Salerno, laid waste the country. The Pope, enraged at their conduct, made savage reprisals. He seized Otho, the treasurer of his predecessor, and put him to the torture; imprisoned more than 200 citizens of the Colonna party; erased the name and arms of Martin V., and insulted in every possible way his memory. On the 22nd of October, 1432, the Pope reaped the fruit of his vengeance. He was poisoned by one of his attendants, who was instigated to this act by the Colonne; and though he did not lose his life, he was permanently lamed by it on one side, so that he could not lift his right arm. Three years afterwards, in May, the government of Rome was taken from him, and seven Signori were chosen to protect the liberties of the people, under the title of Governatori della Republica. One of their first acts was to apprehend the nephew and

chamberlain of the Pope and imprison them in the Capitol. The Pope then, in great alarm, sought safety in flight. Disguising himself as a friar, he, with one companion, a real friar, took a boat in the Trastevere quarter, slipped down the river with the current, and made his escape to Florence. Scarcely had he gone, when the Castle began to thunder against the Romans, and to bombard the city. The Bridge of St. Angelo was barricaded, and Paolo da Forlì, with five adjutants, put in command of it. Other barricades were made in the Piazza Castello, and at Sta. Maria Traspontina, and all the city was under arms. The Castle was assaulted, but without success. The Romans, however, still continued to besiege it. At last a feint was made by its defenders: some soldiers appeared on the battlements, and cried "*Viva il popolo!*" while Baldassare di Nino, then in the Castle, cried out, "*Venite e pigliate il castello.*" The Romans were completely taken in the snare. Rushing forward, they poured into the Castle; but, as they entered, they were all made prisoners. And among these prisoners were two of the Governatori. At the same moment the Castle opened fire upon the Romans below, and drove them back with great slaughter.

Still another and equally successful scheme was tried by the defenders of the Castle. A soldier was privately let out through the lower gate, who cautiously advanced, pretending to make his escape. On reaching the Romans, he began to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated by the Castellano, and offered, for a certain sum, to return and kill him, and hang him up at the window as a sign that he was dead, and then open the door to them. Again the Romans fell into the snare. They allowed the soldier to re-enter the Castle. After a certain delay, a figure representing the Castellano was seen to hang against the window, and the door was cautiously opened by the soldier,

who cried to them to come in. In they rushed, and all again were made prisoners.

The Romans, at last weary of this constant fighting, restored the sovereignty of the city to the Pope, who again returned to Rome, and was received with great festivity and rejoicing. But he was not well assured of his safety. Many were his enemies; and he feared constantly lest he might be betrayed. His suspicion soon fell upon Giovanni Vitelleschi, who, though Cardinal, was the general-in-chief of the papal army; and an attempt was made to arrest him on the Bridge of St. Angelo. The Cardinal defended himself vigorously; but in the struggle he was so seriously wounded that he died only four days after, in the Castle.

Nothing could exceed the turbulence of all these years. There is scarcely a pause of a few weeks in the fighting. When the clash of arms ceases for a moment, there comes a dismal record of eclipses and earthquakes, and great rains, tempests, and inundations. Executions of prisoners by hanging and decapitation are so frequent that one can scarcely walk through the streets of Rome without seeing exposed some fragment of a corpse, or some head, hand, or foot nailed against a wall. When these fail, there follow threatening comets that shake the people with fear; and, in the wake of these, come the dreadful scourges of famine and pestilence. The annals of the time are monotonous in their records of war and horrors of every kind. Liberty seems but a name. "Licence they mean, when they cry liberty," was never truer than at this period; nor is there much to choose between Pope, prince, and people. Treason runs riot everywhere; and all parties, as they get the upper hand, are equally faithless and cruel.

CHAPTER VI.

ROME was now in a state of complete desolation —fire and war, famine and pestilence, tempest and inundation, had ruined and depopulated it. The once splendid and crowded city had shrunken to a village with a handful of inhabitants. The herdsman drove his flock on the Capitol, which had now become the Monte Caprino, the Hill of Goats; or pastured his cattle in the Forum, which had degenerated into the Campo Vaccino, the Field of Cows. There was no pavement anywhere. Cattle and beasts of every kind roamed at will through the dismal and deserted streets. From San Silvestro to the Porta del Popolo, all was either marsh, haunted by flocks of wild duck and overgrown with rustling canes, or garden given over to the rearing of vegetables. The ancient tombs alone were alive, for they were fortresses for the oppression of the people. The stars alone lighted the streets.

Such was the condition of Rome when Nicholas V. succeeded Eugenius IV. in 1447. As soon as he was elected, he set his hand to the restoration and embellishment of the city. He cleared out the old and ruined houses, and built new ones; opened the Piazza de S. Celso; erected the Church of S. Teodoro, and the palaces of the Conservatori and of Sta. Maria Novella; founded the Vatican library; and devoted himself with energy and goodwill to repair the ravages of the preceding years. But he did not overlook

the dangers of war and the necessities of defence. He restored the city walls and gates, erected towers for their defence, and completely fortified Castle St. Angelo, enlarging the tower begun by Boniface VIII., planting two new towers on the bridge, and four new ones on the Castle, strengthening it with solid bastions, and adding various rooms to the interior. His reign was short, but it was devoted rather to the arts of peace than of war.

During the interregnum before his election, each of the Roman nobles had sought to impose his rights upon the Roman people; while, in opposition to their claims, the Roman people, convening a council at Aracoeli, asserted their privilege to govern themselves. Then it was that Stefano Porcari, a noble Roman, but a friend of the people, urged upon them to establish their liberty, exhorting them to profit by the occasion, and reclaim their rights with energy. But the life had gone out of the people. They would not listen to him. At a later period, on the occasion of a tumult, he again urged similar counsels, and again failed. He was then exiled. But returning to Rome, and animated by the same spirit, he concerted with his nephew, Battista Sciarra, and together they formed a conspiracy to restore the Republic and the liberty of Rome, in conjunction with a number of able men who shared their views. The Government, however, got wind of it, and the Senator Giacomo dei Cavagnoli, accompanied by a band of soldiers, went to Porcari's house to arrest him. They found the doors closed and barred with iron. Porcari was not there; but the house was filled with conspirators, who refused to yield. Thereupon a fierce attack was commenced in front, in which the assailants got the best of it. A portion of the defenders, led by Battista Sciarra, then endeavoured to escape by the back-door. Backed by the wall, they here made a stout de fence, and finally all escaped but one, who, in fighting,

unfortunately cut the string of his trunk-hose, which falling down entangled his legs so that he was taken. The rest of the conspirators in the house were made prisoners, as well as Porcari himself, who was found hidden in a chest in his sister's house. On the 9th of January 1453, Porcari was hanged on the Castle St. Angelo, from the tower on the right; and "I, myself," says Infessura, "saw him dressed in black, in a giubetto and black stockings. His body was then thrown into the Tiber, or, as some think, was buried in Sta. Maria Traspontina. On the same day nine others were hanged at the Capitol, confession and communion being denied to them; and among these was Angelo di Mascio and his young son Chiumento, who prayed that they would draw down his cap over his eyes, so that he might not see his father hanged before him."

In 1455, Alfonso Borgia, the first of his family who came to the Papal chair, was made Pope under the name of Callixtus III. He confided the Castle to the custody of Catalani, who refused to surrender it; and the Sacred College then bought it for several thousand scudi. But they do not seem to have held it long, for on the death of Pius II. (Piccolomini) in 1464, his nephew, Antonio, Duke of Amalfi, held possession of it; and the cardinals were so intimidated that they did not dare to hold their conclave in the Vatican. Paul II., his successor, obtained possession of it, and was the first Pontiff who intrusted it to the custody and governorship of prelates and ecclesiastics. To Paul II. succeeded Sixtus IV., who, when he came to the throne, took possession of the Castle without opposition. The appearance of the Castle at this period is clearly shown in the drawing by Sangallo, the architect, made about 1465, in which it bears little resemblance to what it is now. The upper part is crowned by the high square towers and turreted additions made by Nicholas V. The whole fortress

is girdled by a cincture of bastions and massive round towers, and, flanking the extremity of the bridge, rise two square-built bulwarks, which have now entirely disappeared.

In a curious and interesting painting by Vittore Carpaccio, in the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice, the Pope Ciriaco is represented as coming forth with his train of cardinals from Castle St. Angelo to receive Saint Orsola (daughter of King Mauro) and her virgins, accompanied by the son of the King of England, who was betrothed to her. It is one of a series of remarkable pictures by this artist, rich in colour, and full of character and expression. The special interest, however, it has in this connection is, that in the background it gives a careful representation of the Castle St. Angelo as it was at this period. Above the circle of the ancient tomb rises a high machicolated square tower occupying almost its entire diameter, and again above this is a second and smaller tower, also machicolated, on the top of which is the figure of the winged angel,—the whole surrounded by massive walls, with round towers at each corner. Along the bastions soldiers are blowing trumpets, and flags are flying from the towers. Behind the Castle is seen a tall spiral column, on the summit of which stands a naked figure, with a spear and shield, and near it is an octagonal church, surmounted by a narrow dome, both of which, if they ever had an existence out of the mind of the artist, have since utterly disappeared. Ships are also seen lying beyond in the Tiber, from which, apparently, the train of St. Orsola and her bridegroom have just landed. It is marching from them in procession to the broad terrace in front, where the noble couple are kneeling to receive the benediction of the Pope, who stands in the foreground under his baldacchino, his robes held up behind by his acolytes, and his train of cardinals and bishops, in white mitres,

stretching behind him, the last of them just issuing from a tall turreted gateway in the walls.

Sixtus IV. intrusted the Castle to Girolamo Riario, his so-called nephew, though by many he is supposed to have been his son by an incestuous connection. The Pope and Riario pursued the Colonne with relentless fury, and during the whole of his reign Rome was in a disastrous state. There were constant massacres in the streets; the families of all who were suspected of being partisans of the Colonne were persecuted and attacked, and the houses of many were burned. Among others, the palace of Luigi Colonna was assaulted and set on fire; and Colonna, hard pressed, at last surrendered on faith of a promise of safety given by Virginio Orsini. But the Pope no sooner had him in his hands than he put him at once to the torture, which was so atrocious that it was impossible he could have survived it more than a few hours; but an end was put to his suffering by decapitation.

Sixtus IV. was as vicious as he was cruel, and under his Papacy the College of Cardinals was debased by the appointment of men without piety or decency of character. Among them were Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI., who afterwards so stained the history of the Church by their crimes and debaucheries. Another, to whom he gave the cardinal's hat and the bishopric of Parma, was a young man, who had formerly been valet to Riario. The Pope, taken by his beauty, advanced him in honours and benefices, and before creating him cardinal made him, as Infessura tells us, "Cubicularius Castellani sancti Angeli." Sixtus himself was treacherous and debauched. His word was not to be trusted in anything, says Infessura; and he adds—"It is well known to us how many men perished in war and battle during his life; and how many women and virgins, during the war against the Florentines, driven by the pangs of

hunger, were forced to yield up their honour and virtue." Among other anecdotes illustrating his cruelty, he relates that during the latter part of his life, two of his soldiers having challenged two others *à outrance* (*a steccato chiuso*, as it was called), the Pope insisted on being present at both combats; ordered them to take place before his very doors in the Piazza S. Pietro; and prohibited the combatants from beginning until he should make his appearance at his window. When all was ready, he appeared, gave them his benediction, made the sign of the cross, and ordered them to set to. In one of these duels, one of the combatants was killed on the spot; and in the other, both were so severely wounded that they could fight no longer, and they were borne away half dead. He delighted to look on such encounters, says Infessura. His appearance conformed to his character. He was black, ill-formed, and had a swollen throat. So despised and hated was he, that even his apologist, Jacopo Volterrano, does not attempt to disguise his vices.

On the death of Sixtus, the Castle was left in the hands of Riario, who refused at first to surrender it. But during the interregnum he was persuaded by the cardinals to give it up, on the payment by them of 4000 ducats; and it was then put in charge of one of their bishops, to be held by him for the benefit of the future Pope, when he should be elected, and meantime to be under the control of the cardinals. The wife of Riario still remained there, however; and in defiance of all promises, 150 armed men were introduced into it on the last days of the obsequies of Sixtus, to hold it against the new Pope. Matters, however, were finally settled without bloodshed, and the Countess Riario left the Castle, carrying with her the 150 soldiers.

On the 29th of August, 1484, the new Pope (Giovanni Battista Cibo) was elected, and took the title of Innocent VIII.

Nothing could be less indicative of his true character than his name. His life was scandalous. He had seven illegitimate children by different women, all of whom he had the impudence publicly to acknowledge and honour. He was weak of purpose, indolent, venal, and given to debauchery; but he was neither cruel nor ambitious. During his life, though he did little wrong himself to the people, he did nothing to shield them and protect them from wrongs, and was content to be let alone, and to leave others alone. Even more, he seems formally to have abandoned to the people of Rome many most important powers, rights, and privileges, among which were all the offices and benefices of the city, priories, abbeys, &c., "to be held by them solely, and against the claims of all persons." *

The condition of Rome continued to be dreadful. There were daily tumults; the soldiers now entering the city by night, and carrying off with violence the most respectable maidens and young married women,—taking the latter from the side of their husbands in bed—at which the Pope only smiled and winked; now pouring in and attacking Castle St. Angelo, plundering it, killing the defenders, and carrying off bodies of labourers employed upon it; now soldiers issuing from the Castle to battle, and returning with prisoners taken in fight, or prisoners seized on suspicion, and tortured then and there. There is no crime with which the annals of the time do not abound. The record is of

* The passage is curious, as showing the formal surrender by Pope and cardinals to the Roman people of rights now utterly denied. "I myself have seen," says Infessura (p. 1191), in the palace of the Conservators of Rome, "certa capitula, &c., inter quæ erat verbum hujus tenoris vel substantiæ. Prometto et juro, ego, Innocentius Papa octavus in præsentia omnium Dominorum Cardinalium, me daturum et concessurum civibus Romanis omnia officia et Beneficia urbis, prioratus abbatias et alia, et nos consentire neque auctoritatem præstare alicui alteri personæ, ut præmissa officia vel Beneficia alteri contribuantur, nisi solum et duntaxat ipsis civibus Romanis idoneis."

perpetual violence, murder, rape, battle. "The whole city," says Infessura, "is filled with villains, who, after committing homicide, betake themselves for refuge to the houses of the cardinals, and do not issue therefrom; and the homicides of which they are guilty are considered as nothing (*pro nihil æstimantur*)." On the Tor di Nona, close by the Castle, bodies of persons are constantly found suspended, of whom nobody knows, or cares to know, the names. Executions within the Castle are of constant occurrence, and they occasion neither surprise nor remark. "*In urbe continuo vulnera, occisiones, rapinæ et alia similia impune fiebant.*" Every now and then an arm, a hand, a foot, a head, a leg, or some part of a corpse, is nailed up on the wall of the Castle, to *affiche* an execution performed; but this is so common that nobody pays attention to it, unless, indeed, it relate to a person of importance, or of some one engaged in a popular crime,—as was the case of Macrino di Castagno, who agreed with Bajazet to poison his brother Zemi in Rome, and, having been discovered, was executed, quartered, and nailed outside the wall.

Any one who committed an ordinary crime, such as murder, rape, or parricide, had only to pay and go free; and one case is related by Infessura, at which he was present, where a man was brought before the vice-chamberlain accused of having killed his two daughters and a servant, and the vice-chamberlain set him free, saying, "*Deus non vult mortem peccatoris, sed magis ut solvat et vivat*"—that is, that he should pay and go free. If this seem exaggerated, the simple statistics show that it is not; for it is recorded that no less than 220 Roman citizens were assassinated between the death of Innocent, on the 25th of July, and the coronation of Alexander VI., his successor, on the 26th of August. The condition and character of the priests may also be imagined from the edict issued by the Pope,

prohibiting them from keeping shambles, inns, gaming-houses, bawdy-houses, and from accepting money to play the part of panders and agents of courtesans.*

Finally, death came to Innocent in 1492. During his last illness, the Jewish physician by whom he was attended recommended a transfusion of blood; and the blood of three young boys of ten years of age was accordingly transfused into the veins of the debauched old Pope, all three dying in the process.

But things had not even now come to their worst. On August 11, 1492, Rodrigo Borgia, nephew of Callixtus III., was elected Pope, and rendered his name infamous to all generations as Alexander VI. He had two strong rivals for the Papal chair,—Ascanio Sforza, son of Francesco Sforza, the famous Duke of Milan; and Juliano della Rovere, a nephew of Sixtus IV. But powerful as was their influence, it yielded to that of Borgia. His wealth was immense, and he bribed the whole college of cardinals, with the exception of five, who refused to sell their votes; and even Ascanio sold himself at last to his rival, finding that there was no chance of his own election. The scandalous life of Alexander is only too well known. He was weak, irresolute, cowardly in character, and destitute of morals and decency; and the condition of Rome, far from improving under his guidance, sank, if possible, into more complete degradation. There was no safety anywhere from assassination and debauchery, and the State was tormented by constant war. Over the battlements of the Castle are seen the faces of prisoners led forth to be beheaded or quartered, and its prisons and halls of examination echo to the shrieks of those who are there tortured, strangled, or poisoned. It is the scene of treachery and wickedness within; and without it the clamour of battle rages at intervals.

* Constitutio apud Raynaldum, Ann. Eccl. 1488, f. 21, p. 392.

The contemporary accounts of the condition of the Papal Court at this period show a baseness and corruption not to be exceeded in the worst period of the Roman Empire. One contemporary writer, in a letter to Sylvius di Labillis in 1502, gives a description of its shameful crimes and abominations, which can scarcely be transferred to these pages, so disgusting a record does it show. "There is nothing so wicked or so criminal," he says, "as not to be publicly done at Rome, and in the house of the Pope. The Scythians are surpassed in their robberies, the Carthaginians in their perfidies, the Neros and Caligulas in their savageries and cruelties. It would be impossible to relate all the murders, rapines, lusts, and incests here committed, or to repeat the numbers of those who have been killed, or wounded, or thrown alive into the Tiber, or slain by poison."

In political affairs Alexander had no policy but vacillation and treachery. First he called in the aid of Charles VIII. to strengthen his power in Italy; then he formed a league against him; and then, as the King approached the gates of Rome, he again changed his purpose, and sought to negotiate with him. Ascanio Sforza and Prospero Colonna were accordingly sent to Rome by Charles, to confer with the Pope on some terms of conciliation. But while the conferences were going on, Alexander again changed face, and, strengthened by the presence of the Neapolitan army, he treacherously seized upon Prospero and Ascanio, and threw them into the prisons of the Castle St. Angelo. As the French advanced, carrying all before them, the Pope again fell into a state of complete irresolution, vacillating between two plans: one, to defend Rome with the aid of Naples; the other, to betray his allies and receive Charles. Finally, he determined upon the latter course when the King began to approach the city; and as Charles entered at one gate, the Duke of Calabria and his soldiers fled by another. The

entry of the King, on the 31st of October 1494, was of the most pompous and splendid character; and Paolo Giovio, who was present on the occasion, gives us an elaborate account of it. At three o'clock in the afternoon the advanced-guard entered the Porta del Popolo, but it was not until nine o'clock that the rear-guard passed in by the light of torches. The flower of the French nobility was there, in silken mantles, gilt helmets, and flashing necklaces of gold and precious stones. First came the close ranks of Swiss and Germans, marching by battalions, with their lances, short swords, and halberds. Then came 5000 Gascons, armed with the cross-bow. Then 2500 cuirassiers, with their tall lances gleaming in the sun, and accompanied by pages in rich costumes. After these came 1000 light-horse, with long bows, glittering helmets, and breastplates, their arms embroidered on their mantles in silver, and followed by 200 French chevaliers clad in purple and gold, and mounted on magnificently-caparisoned horses. Finally, the rear was brought up with 36 bronze cannon, 8 feet long, and culverines.

Meantime the Pope, trembling for his life, fled to the Castle St. Angelo with the Cardinals Orsini and Caraffa, and there shut himself up. The party of the cardinals opposed to him, at the head of which were Ascanio Sforza and Juliano della Rovere, then waited upon the King, and strenuously urged him to dethrone the Pope, who scandalised the office he held by his shameful vices and crimes. But the King could not be persuaded to do this. He summoned the Pope, however, to surrender the Castle, as a gage of his good faith in performing his promises. But Alexander, doubting what the King might do if he was once in his power, refused to give up the Castle; and, twice, the cannon of the French were brought up from the palace of St. Mark's, where the King had his residence, and planted against it,

with a threat to attack it if it was not surrendered. The people, in the mean time, excited by these events, and expecting Rome to be put to sack, broke into tumult and battle between themselves in the streets, and many persons were slain. At last, however, the Pope yielded, and conditions of peace were agreed upon on January 11, 1495. The King went to the Vatican and kissed the Pope's hands; and Zemi or Gem, the son of Mahomet II., who had long been held a captive by the Pope, was let out of prison in Castle St. Angelo, and surrendered to the King. But though Alexander released Zemi, he took care that his freedom should not avail him. The Pope had some time before been solicited by Mahomet to make away with his brother by poison, in which Alexander was an adept, or in any other way, promising as a reward for this treacherous murder a large sum of money, the precious relic of the tunic of Christ, and a promise never to take arms against the Christians. Before the Pope consigned Zemi to the King, he caused to be administered to him a white powder mixed with sugar, agreeable to the taste, not sudden in its effect, but entailing in the end certain death without convulsions. This poison Alexander was perfectly familiar with, having, it was said, repeatedly employed it when he had occasion quietly to get rid of certain cardinals and persons of importance who were in his way; and it was the same to which he afterwards fell a victim by mistake. The effect on Zemi was all that was expected. He died at Naples on the 26th of February, having gone thither with the French army.

In a similar way, after the taking of Sinigaglia by Cæsare Borgia, the Pope's son, Cardinal Orsini having gone to the Pope to congratulate him on the success of his arms, the Pope ordered him to be arrested and transported to the Castle St. Angelo, and there he was quietly disposed of by poison. On the same day that this crime was committed,

Cæsare Borgia cruelly murdered several persons of rank and importance who had unfortunately fallen into his hands.

Shortly after this, on the 29th of October, 1497, a flash of lightning struck into one of the magazines of the Castle, where powder had been stored, and it instantly exploded, shattering to fragments the upper part of the fortress, blowing into the air the great marble angel on the top, and flinging pieces of it to a considerable distance, into the Borgo, and on to the church of S. Celso. Sixty persons were wounded by this explosion, but no one was killed.

It became again necessary, therefore, to repair the Castle; and to this work Alexander put his hand with readiness, knowing how much it had stood him in stead during his negotiations with Charles. He completely restored, if he did not entirely rebuild, the rotunda of the keep, upon its ancient masonry; and on the summit he erected a square tower, which still remains, though much hidden. Besides these restorations, he completed the long passage, about 3000 feet in length, leading to the Vatican, which had been begun many years before by John XXIII. in 1411, and left unfinished. He also strengthened the fortifications of the Castle in other ways, adding bulwarks of travertine between it and the bridge, cutting ditches, and making it stronger than before the explosion.

Much as the State suffered under the Pope, it suffered still more under the yoke of his son, Cæsare Borgia, the famous Duke of Valentino. Brave, handsome, powerful of person, an amusing companion, a capable leader, one of the first swordsmen of his day, determined in character and full of resources, he was also cruel, treacherous, vicious, hypocritical, and totally unprincipled. The crimes he committed, the friends he betrayed, the women he sacrificed to his passions, the murders he did by steel and poison, form a terrible catalogue. He was as immoral as his father, but he

was not, like him, a coward, and he was a far abler man. His power was great, and he used it infamously; but there was something attractive about him, which nobody seemed to be able to resist. It was the fascination of a demon. If the portrait of him in the Borghese Gallery at Rome be authentic, his evil traits of character were concealed under a calm and quiet mask. His face was as a sheathed sword. At last, however, his treachery recoiled upon himself and on the Pope, and they were both caught in a snare laid for another. It happened in this way.

The Pope and the Duke went by agreement to take supper at a Vigna near the Vatican, belonging to Cardinal Adriano of Spoleto, with the intention, while partaking of the hospitality of the Cardinal, to poison him. The Duke having prepared several bottles of poisoned wine, put them into the hands of an attendant, with orders to carry them to the Vigna, but to allow nobody to drink any of them until he came, or without his order. The attendant accordingly took them to the place, and there awaited his master. The Pope arrived before the appointed time, and, being overcome by heat and thirst, asked for some wine. The attendant, supposing that the wine intrusted to his keeping by the Duke was of exquisite quality, and intended solely for the special use of the Pope and the Duke, immediately gave some of it to the Pope. He drank freely, and while in the act of so doing, the Duke himself arrived, and without asking any questions, he also drank it without suspicion. The poison soon began to produce its effect. The Pope, overcome by it, was hurriedly carried to the Vatican, and there died. The Duke also was prostrated by it, but either through the strength of his constitution, or because he had taken less, he recovered after a severe illness.

Great was the rejoicing of the people at the death of the

Pope, and equally great the rage of the Duke. He who had prepared everything, as he declared to Macchiavelli, to secure the reins of power to himself, and to govern the election of the new Pope by force of arms, now, at this critical moment, found himself disabled from all action and confined to his bed. His enemies took advantage of his illness, and made league against him while he lay tortured and impotent in his chamber. But as soon as he could rise he attempted to carry out his plans. He besieged the Vatican with 12,000 men, and endeavoured to impose on the Sacred College the nomination of his friend, Cardinal de Rohan. The cardinals then withdrew, and, assembling again at Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva, were there besieged by Micheletto Careglia, a captain of Valentino. At last the Duke, who in the mean time had formed a reconciliation with the Colonne, and restored to them their fortresses at Nettuno, Gennezzano, and Rocca di Papa, was persuaded by them to withdraw to Nepi, and the conclave then elected Pius III. (Piccolomini). Twenty-five days after his election the Pope died, as it was said, of poison.

The Duke of Valentino meantime had received a safe-conduct, and returned to Rome with his army. Here, despite all his wishes, he found himself obliged to lend his aid to the election of Julius II. But fortune did not smile on him. Rome was filled with tumult, and he was fiercely attacked by the Orsini, who sought to revenge themselves for the murder of their relations and the destruction of their palaces. So hard was he pressed at last, that he was forced to seek the protection of the Pope. Julius, grateful for the aid afforded by the Duke in his election, gave him shelter in the Castle St. Angelo. But soon after he had left it he was arrested by the Pope, and conducted back to it as a prisoner. There he was kept for nearly a year, and, though treated with external consideration, only obtained at last his free-

dom on surrendering all his fortresses. But though he gained his freedom, the star of his fortune had paled. He was a victim soon after of the same treachery that he had practised on others, and was thrown into the fortress of Medina del Campo by Gonsalvo di Cordova, in whose hands he had put himself as a friend. Valentino was finally killed in a brawl, on the 12th of March 1507.

In 1517 a conspiracy was discovered, or suspected, at least, against the life of Leo X., though apparently without much reason. Cardinal Alfonso Petrucci, as it would seem, offended with the Pope for his ingratitude towards his father, Pandolfo Petrucci, who had so faithfully served him, was accused of having spoken openly of vengeance, and of using threats against the life of Leo. He was also accused of having endeavoured to induce the surgeon of the Pope, Battista di Vercelli, to poison an ulcer which he was daily obliged to dress. However this may be, there were not sufficient grounds for a criminal process; and had there been, Petrucci was not in Rome. The Pope pretended to believe none of these accusations, and, affecting kindness to the Cardinal, recalled him to Rome by a letter full of affectionate protestations and promises, and transmitted with it a safe-conduct, giving his word to the Spanish ambassador that he should incur no danger by returning. Petrucci accepted the invitation and returned, accompanied by his friend, Cardinal Bandinello Sauli. As soon, however, as they presented themselves at the pontifical palace, they were arrested and thrown into the dungeons of St. Angelo. Vain were the protestations of the ambassador of Spain. Both cardinals were subjected to torture. Others, who were suspected of being concerned in the conspiracy, were also imprisoned and tortured. A form of trial was gone through, but a mystery was thrown round all the proceedings. The end of it was, that Petrucci was strangled

in the prison on the 20th of June, the day after the judgment; while Sauli, who was condemned by the same sentence, purchased his freedom by paying a large sum of money. But though Sauli was set free, the report was that the Pope had administered to him a slow poison.

Only two years later a similar fate befel Giovanni Paolo Baglioni, Lord of Perugia. The Pope, suspecting him of a secret understanding with the Duke of Urbino, and for other reasons wishing to get rid of him, summoned him to appear at Rome and answer to the complaints of Gentile, by whom he was accused. Baglioni, doubting the good faith of the Pope, sent his son, feigning to be himself unable to go on account of illness. The Pope received him with great kindness, but declared that his father must personally appear to plead his own cause; and as a pledge of his complete security in so doing, he sent him a safe-conduct, written in his own hand. At the same time he pledged his word to Camillo Orsini and other friends of Baglioni that he should incur no danger. Baglioni accordingly came to Rome, and proceeded at once to the Castle St. Angelo, whither the Pope, on pretence of recreation, had gone a day or two before. Once within the walls of the Castle, he was delivered over to torture, and under the horrors of the rack he confessed to numerous debaucheries and crimes. He was then thrown into a dungeon, and two months after was decapitated by order of the Pope.

Very much the same trick was also played at this time on various persons, who, under promise of safety, were lured into the Castle, tortured to confession, and then executed. At last Leo himself died—not without suspicion of being poisoned—and was succeeded by Adrian VI. in 1522. Adrian lived but a few months; but during his reign he effaced one scandal which had long disgraced Rome. From the time of the Emperors, the Jews who resided in the city

had been subjected to constant humiliations and cruelties. When the Popes succeeded the Emperors their lot was little improved, and homage was as sternly exacted as in the earlier days. Upon the installation of any Pope, a deputation of Romish Jews were obliged to present themselves to his Holiness on the public way of his triumphal procession, singing songs in his praise, and carrying on their shoulders a copy of the Pentateuch written on parchment, bound in gold, and covered with a veil, which on bended knees they offered to him, beseeching his protection. The successor of Peter took the book, read a few words from it, and then putting it behind him, said, "We affirm the law, but we curse the Hebrew people and their exposition of it." Having thus graciously accepted their homage, he proceeded on his way; and the deputation, full of fears for the future, retired to their humble quarters in the Ghetto, saluted on all sides by the cries and scoffs of the populace.

It was Callixtus II. who revived the old usage, and recreated it in this form in the year 1119; and his successors were so much pleased with it that they continued it thenceforward for nearly four centuries.

The spot on which this homage was generally offered was at the Bridge of Hadrian, the second destroyer of Jerusalem, but sometimes it was performed on Monte Giordano. The ill-treatment to which the Jews were subjected by the mob in these public places at last became so excessive, that in 1484, Innocent VIII., taking compassion on them, received them in the enclosure of the Castle St. Angelo. Burkhardt, the master of ceremonies of the Pope, gives us the address of the Jews, and the response of the Holy Father, in these words. Extending the copy of the Pentateuch, the chief of the deputation said, in Hebrew,—"Most Holy Father, we Israelites beseech you, in the name of our synagogue, that the Mosaic law given by Almighty God to Moses, our priest,

on Mount Sinai, may be conceded and allowed to us, as by other eminent Popes, the predecessors of your Holiness, it has been conceded and allowed." To which the Pope replied,—"We concede to you the law, but we curse your creed and your interpretation; for He of whom you said, 'He will come,' has already come, our Lord Jesus Christ, as is taught and professed by our Church."

On one occasion Pius III., in the year 1503, being ill, received this deputation in a Hall of the Vatican. But Julius II. immediately remanded the ceremony to the Bridge of Hadrian, where he made a long sermon on the occasion; and his physician, the Spaniard Rabbi Samuel, also spoke with eloquence. His successor, Leo X., received this homage with still greater pomp and circumstance, as is evident from the description of the occasion by his great master of ceremonies, Paris de Grassis. This worthy person tells us that the Jews stood before the door of the Castle St. Angelo on a wooden scaffold covered with gold brocade and silken carpets, and bearing eight burning wax-candles. There they held up the tables of the law, and while the Pope rode by on his white horse, fat, sensual, and repulsive (for surely, if the portrait Raffaelle has left us of this voluptuary be faithful, nothing could have been less spiritual than his appearance), the Jews made their customary humble appeal; and this holy figure, differing somewhat from that of the chief of the apostles, made the usual response. What a picture it must have been! Perhaps Adrian saw it with a satirical eye, thinking little better of the Pope than Mosheim, who places him in the list of atheists; or than the Venetian ambassadors, who give accounts of his gross excesses and vices of a nature to scandalise the lowest rake of this century. However this may have been, certain it is that the ceremony was discontinued by honest, pious, and ascetic Adrian, and was not again renewed.

To Adrian succeeded Giulio de Medici, who was elected Pope on November 18, 1523, and assumed the throne under the title of Clement II.

Under his pontificate some improvements were made in the Castle, not so much for the sake of fortification as of embellishment. To replace the angel which had been blown to pieces in the great explosion of gunpowder, another statue of marble was made by Raffaelle, son of Baccio da Montelupo, representing the archangel Michael. This statue, which was five braccie in height, was placed on the summit of the square tower where the pontifical standards were spread. The same artist also arranged and decorated a number of rooms in the Castle with intaglie of stonework and scagliola or other similar composition, set into the chimney pieces, doors, and windows. Under the angel, Clement proposed also at one time to place a series of statues, representing the seven capital vices; and in accordance with this project, designs for them were made by Baccio Bandinelli; but subsequently the plan was abandoned. The statue by Montelupo still exists, and is placed in a niche at the top of the great stairs in the Castle.

In 1526, the Emperor Charles V., irritated by the league made by the Pope with various of the Italian princes to oppose his power in Italy, declared war against the Pope. His army, led by Hugo di Moncada, and strengthened by the troops of Pompeo Colonna, now marched upon the city. At their approach the Pope called on the people to assist him in its defence. But they laughed the summons to scorn, adorned their windows with tapestry, and flocked to see the troops of the Emperor as they entered. When the Pope heard that his enemies had entered the Borgo, he obstinately remained at the Vatican; and, seated on the pontifical throne, and dressed in the pontifical robes, he proposed to await his foes, thinking by his bravery to overawe them,

as Boniface VIII. had vainly attempted to do at Anagni. At last, and not a moment too soon, he was prevailed upon to flee along the corridor, and take refuge in the Castle St. Angelo. Lucky it was for him that he did so. The soldiery, pouring in, could not be restrained, but overran the whole Borgo, sacking the houses of the cardinals and courtiers, pillaging the Vatican and St. Peter's of every article of value that they could lay hands on, stopping only when they came under the cannon of St. Angelo, and retiring at night laden with booty.

The next day a deputation waited on the Pope, and a conference was held in the Castle. After three days, terms were agreed upon, the feud was arranged, and Hugo then restored to the Pope the pontifical mitre and the silver pastorale, which had been stolen by the soldiers during the sack.

CHAPTER VII.

THE peace concluded between the Emperor and the Pope was of short duration. In 1527 the Constable of Bourbon marched upon Rome with 40,000 soldiers. He arrived before the city on the 6th of May, in the evening, and on the following morning commenced his attack on the walls of the Borgo. He himself in person led his soldiers, and perceiving that the German troops feebly seconded him, in order to animate them, with his own hands he seized a ladder, and, planting it against the walls, began to mount. But scarcely was he above the heads of his soldiers when a musket-ball shot from above penetrated his right thigh and flank, and he fell to the ground. He at once perceived that the wound was mortal, but for fear of discouraging his troops if they heard of his fall, he ordered the soldiers near him to cover him with a cloak, so as to conceal his fate from them; and before he could be moved he expired under the walls.

Benvenuto Cellini, in his description of this battle, declares that it was he who killed the Constable Bourbon, firing from the wall with his arquebuse; and as his account completely tallies with the statements of other historians of the period as to the manner of the Constable's death, there seems to be no reason to discredit this fact. The day was cloudy, and a low fog enveloped the earth, through which it

was difficult clearly to distinguish any one at a distance. But the Constable was rather conspicuous from being dressed in white; and at the moment when Cellini discharged his arquebuse, it was very evident, from the tumult that arose around the person struck down, that some one of consequence had been killed or wounded.

The death of the Constable had an effect quite different from what he had anticipated. It roused his soldiers to vengeance, and they sprang forward to the attack with renewed fury. Under the cover of the fog they succeeded in passing the trenches, and then, swarming over the walls, they stormed the ramparts, hemming in on both sides the Romans, and pouring upon them a fire so deadly, that after losing great numbers of men, they threw down their arms, and, falling on their knees, besought their enemies to spare their lives.

When the assault first commenced, Clement was at his prayers in the chapel of the Vatican; but as soon as the loud cries of the soldiers announced that the walls had been stormed and taken, he fled precipitately along the corridor leading from the Vatican to the Castle St. Angelo. Paolo Giovio, who accompanied him in his flight, gives us a vivid picture of the scene. As he rushed along *a grandi passi* through the open and exposed corridor, Paolo, fearing that he might be recognised by the white rochetto in which he was dressed, and shot by some one, pulled up the "gheron" of the long vest to enable him to run more easily, and threw over his shoulders his own vest, and put on his head his own "paonazzo" hat. The scene that met his eyes below was frightful. Tumult and wild cries of rage and terror rent the air. The Roman soldiers in confused masses were fleeing for their lives before the infuriated Spaniards and Germans, who plunged their halberds and pikes into them as they fled, and massacred them ruthlessly. Through all

these horrors the Pope hurried in terror and dismay, and reaching the Castle at last in safety, there shut himself up with his prelates and cardinals.

Then followed a horrible night of sacking, pillage, and blood. "Nothing," says Giovio, "was ever seen more fearful or more full of weeping." Old men and boys were cruelly tortured and murdered everywhere. Matrons and virgins were wantonly and publicly violated. The shrieks of women, the shouts of soldiers, and the groans of the dying, were heard on all sides. The palaces of the nobles were thronged with savage armed mobs, who destroyed everything. All the houses of the Borgo and the Trastevere were pillaged. The streets were piled with the furniture of the churches, and the relics and sacred ornaments of the altar. Such were the ravages of that night, that Pompeo Colonna, who came to Rome two days after, could not restrain his tears at the spectacle that even then met his eyes.

Meanwhile the Pope and cardinals were safe in the Castle St. Angelo; and this was strong enough to afford them a refuge from the fury of all parties for a time. But it was ill-provisioned, and incapable of sustaining a long siege; and their only hope of relief was from the advance of some of their Italian allies.

As soon as the Spaniards could be gathered together and formed into some order, after their wild orgies of blood and pillage, a regular siege was laid to the Castle. But it was carried on with little energy, the spirit of the besiegers having been apparently glutted with the events of the previous days. Of the force in the Castle, Benvenuto Cellini seems to have been one of the leaders. He had specially in charge some of the artillery on one of the chief batteries, and from these he did good service. His guns were levelled with skill, and they were kept in constant fire. He was fertile in resources, and constantly on the watch. At one

time observing the Prince of Orange moving about in the trenches, he aimed his gun at him and wounded him severely in the face, killing the mule upon which he was mounted. The duties of soldier he varied with those of jeweller; and when he was not at his post at the battery, he was engaged in removing the Papal pearls from their setting, and sewing them into the body-clothes of the Pope.

For a time the Pope had strong hopes of relief from the army of the league commanded by the Duke of Urbino, and beacon-fires were constantly kept burning on the Castle to indicate that it still held out. At one time relief seemed near at hand, and the banners of Guido Rangoni were seen in the distance on Monte Mario, but they soon disappeared, and with them the hopes of rescue. The Pope now ell into a condition of abject fear, and began to intrigue with the enemy. He was ready to accept any terms, however humiliating, provided his life was saved. He showed neither courage nor dignity; and weeping, he cried out, that since fortune had brought him to such a pass he would attempt no longer resistance, but would surrender himself and all his cardinals into the Emperor's hands. When things had come to this pass resistance was vain, and on the 5th of June a capitulation was made on the hardest of terms.

The Pope agreed,—1st, to pay 100,000 ducats on the spot, 50,000 more in twenty days, and 250,000 more in two months; 2nd, to surrender the Castle itself, as well as the castles in Civita Castellana and Civita Vecchia; 3rd, to remain a prisoner until the entire payment; and 4th, to surrender the cities of Parma and Modena. Clement was, however, in no condition to pay such a sum, and in consequence he was placed in a most sad and painful position. The cities and fortresses rejected the terms of capitulation, and refused to open their gates. Vainly the church-plate was melted and cardinals' hats were sold to raise money. The sum stil

fell short of the agreed ransom, and he was forced to remain in the Castle as prisoner under the charge of Don Fernando de Alarcon, with three Spanish and three German companies.

Colonna, who was a particular friend of Alarcon, endeavoured to prevail upon him, by the bribe of two cardinals' hats for his family, and of 30,000 crowns for himself, to permit the Pope to make his escape. But he refused all offers, and, though courteous to the Pope, increased his vigilance over him. Despite the hostages which Clement had been obliged to give, little faith was placed in his pledges, and he and his cardinals were strictly watched. It was also rigorously prohibited to supply him with any provisions; and a woman who let down to him some lettuces, being caught in the act, was summarily hanged by the Spanish commandant in sight of the Pope. On his urgent prayers, he was, however, allowed to go to the Belvidere of the Vatican on the 13th of August, guarded by a thousand Spaniards. But he was soon removed back to the Castle.

While he was here as prisoner, to add to all other misfortunes, the plague broke out in Rome, and terrible were its ravages. Out of the 40,000 soldiers who entered the city with the Constable Bourbon, there soon remained but 10,000, and they were anxious to depart.

It was not, however, until the beginning of October, when Don Hugo di Moncada came to Rome, that an arrangement was finally concluded for the liberation of the Pope. Some of the hardest terms of the capitulation were waived, and the final settlement was concluded on the 9th of October. He delivered over all the fortresses in his possession, and having raised the sum agreed upon by the sale of twenty-seven cardinals' hats, and in other ways, he paid that over. On the evening of the 8th October, weary of the whole proceedings, and even then doubting the good faith of his enemies, he disguised himself as a pedlar, threw a sack over his back,

shrouded himself in a great cloak, pulled down his hat upon his brows, and slipped out of the Castle. Those who met him feigned not to recognise him. He went on foot through the city gates, and at a garden-gate beyond he found a Spanish mule which had been sent by the Cardinal Colonna; on this he mounted and rode alone to Orvieto.

The Bourbons did not, however, quit Rome until the spring of 1528, having occupied the city for ten months; and on the 6th of October, weary, dejected, the shadow of himself, the Pope again returned. But his own sufferings had taught him no pity or clemency for others, as was clearly shown by his treatment of Benedetto da Fojano, one of the most learned and eloquent monks of his time. When the Medici were in conflict with the city of Florence, Fojano had taken the part of the people, and publicly exhorted them to the defence of their rights. Clement, who was of the Medici family, never forgave him for the part he then played, and he prevailed upon Malatesta treacherously to deliver him up and send him to Rome. The Pope then threw him into a dark and dismal dungeon in Castle St. Angelo, where, despite all the remonstrances of the Castellano—who was moved by his sufferings, and sought to mitigate the anger of Clement—he was deprived of the actual necessities of life, and restricted to the minimum of bread and water; and at last, poisoned by the filth of the disgusting dungeon, and exhausted by the craving pains of hunger and thirst, he perished miserably. Vainly he offered to make every amend in his power, and, among other things, promised to dedicate his life to writing a work in refutation of the heretical doctrines of Luther. The Pope was inexorable; nothing would satisfy him but the death of his victim.

A short time after Benvenuto Cellini had served the artillery on the Castle, and when he was thirty-seven years of age, he was arrested on the charge of being in possession

of a number of jewels belonging to the Church, and stolen by him from the Castle at the time of the sack under the Constable. On examination the charge was entirely refuted, and he was declared innocent; but on various frivolous pretences he still was denied his liberty. At last Benvenuto made his escape by night. Letting himself down from the tower by a long rope made of strips of his sheets, he reached the ground of the interior area in safety. Then by the aid of a long pole he managed to climb over one of the walls surrounding it. Beyond it lay another wall. The top of this he reached in safety, and the free country lay before him. But in descending he fell to the ground and broke his leg. The shock and the pain were so great that he fainted, and lay there in the dark for an hour and a half. But when day began to break, his senses and his courage came back, and he dragged himself slowly and painfully along, despite his broken leg, until he got under the gate. As he lay here in the early morning, a fellow passed with an ass, and Benvenuto hired him to put him on to the ass and carry him to the steps of St. Peter's. Thence he crawled along to the house of the Duca Ottavio, where his friend the Cardinal Cornaro lived. The Cardinal received him kindly, hid him in his rooms, had his leg set, and himself obtained his release from the Pope.

But new attacks were made upon him, and new calumnies invented by his enemies; and in November, 1538, he was again seized by Paul III. (Farnese), and thrown into the prison of St. Angelo on an accusation by Pier Luigi. His cell was a dark one, but by reflection there came a little light at times through a narrow hole. It was wet, often covered with water, and filled with tarantulas and other vermin. He had a coarse mattress on the floor; and besides the disgusting nature of his prison, he suffered from a broken leg. He ordinarily bore his sufferings, however, with courage, and spent his time in reading the Bible and the "Chroni-

cles of Villani" whenever the light reflected through the narrow slit would permit him, and at other times praying and composing verses. At times, however, despair came over him, and he attempted his life. The Pope was deaf to all his prayers, and determined, as Benvenuto thought, on his death. In the dark, and excited by want of food as well as by physical pain and nervous irritability, extraordinary visions appeared before him, which he describes in his "Memoirs," and in all of which he had entire faith. An angel led him forth one day, and showed him Christ and the Madonna in the sun. And St. Peter also appeared to him. Years after, while he was writing his "Memoirs," he says that from the time when he saw Christ and the Madonna, a glory always rested about his head, which was visible to any person to whom he wished to show it; "though these," he adds, "were very few in number. This light," he says, "is seen over my shadow in the morning, from the rising of the sun until it is two hours up—and also in the evening, at the setting of the sun, and is best seen where there is dampness or fog." Other dreams and visions he had, all of which he took to be facts. Angels appeared to him, directed him as to what he should do, comforted him and cured his leg; and at one time, when, in his despair, he had determined to commit suicide, an angel prevented him from so doing. After this mad act he wrote the following lines:—

"Afflitti spiriti miei!
Ohimè! crudei, che vi rincresce vita!
Se contra il ciel tu sei
Chi fia per noi, chi ne porgerà aita?
Lassa, lassaci, andare a miglior vita!
Deh! non partite ancora
Che piu felici e lieti
Promette il ciel, che voi fusse già mai—
Noi resteremo qualche ora
Purchè dal Magno Iddio concesso siète
Grazia, che non si torni a maggior guai."

From this dungeon he was removed, after nine months' imprisonment, into that occupied by Fojano; but here he was only kept two days, and then was carried up into a better one. The Pope, who had been so stern, would seem at last to have been moved to kinder feelings by some of his verses, and more indulgences were granted; and finally, after a year's imprisonment, he was liberated, in November, 1539, at the instance of Cardinal d'Este. Paul III. (Alessandro Farnese) himself seems to have been imprisoned in the Castle, some years previously, on an accusation of having falsified a "Breve," when he held the office "abbreviatore de Parco Majoris" (a position of much importance in the Curia Romana), and came very near losing his life. Cellini says that Pope Alexander, by whom he was imprisoned, had determined to cut off Farnese's head, and only postponed his execution until the feast of "Corpus Domini" should be over. But in the mean time the guards were bribed, and on the day of Corpus Domini, while the Pope was celebrating high mass at St. Peter's, Farnese was let down the walls in a basket attached to a long rope, and thus made his escape. Fortunately for him the outer wall over which Cellini fell did not then exist, so that his escape was comparatively easy.

In 1550, Julius III. surrounded the Castle with solid walls, and restored and embellished it in many ways. And on the 24th of June in this year he took solemn possession of the Lateran Church; then with a long cavalcade, accompanied by the cardinals and all the Pontifical Court, he went to the Castle St. Angelo, where a banquet was given, and remained there a day and a night.

Paul III. made many interior improvements and additions to the Castle. The great hall, which is still in good preservation, was made by him, as well as the suite of rooms opening from it, which once formed the Papal apartments.

The great hall, which was used as a council-chamber, was adorned with fresco-paintings, which still remain, by Pierino del Vaga, or his pupils, representing the history of Alexander, with allegorical figures between them. At one end is a colossal portrait of Hadrian, and opposite to it a coloured fresco of the archangel Michael with his wings spread, from which the bronze angel on the summit is copied. The Square Hall, which Paul also added above, is decorated by Julio Romano with stucco *bassi-relievi*. Over these is a graceful and spirited frieze painted in fresco, and representing sea-nymphs, Tritons, and Nereids sporting in the sea. At last the peaceful arts enter the Castle, give us a moment's interval of quiet, and seem to promise calmer days to come.

But the days of crime and calamity were not yet over, and the very hall which Julio Romano decorated was destined shortly after to be the scene of a terrible tragedy.

On the 7th of June, 1560, the apparently clement Pope, Pius IV., surprised the world about him by the sudden arrest and imprisonment in the Castle of Carlo and Alfonso Caraffa, nephews of the previous Pope, Paul IV., both cardinals of the Church, as well as Giovanni Caraffa, Duke of Palliano, Count Alife, and Leonardo di Cardine, on accusation of being concerned in the murder of the Duke's wife. Rigorous processes were commenced against all, not only for this murder, but for various other crimes, said to have been committed with their knowledge and sanction. The criminal procedure lasted until the 3rd of March of the next year (1561), and then the Cardinal Carlo Caraffa was brought into court, and the process read against him. The reading alone occupied three hours, and the proceedings terminated with a sentence of death. All the cardinals interposed to save him, but in vain. He was strangled the following night in the Square Hall. At the same time, in

the prison of the Tor di Nono, within a stone's throw of the Castle across the river, the Duke of Palliano, Count Alife, and Leonardo di Cardine were decapitated. The young Cardinal Alfonso Caraffa was, however, set free, but condemned to pay 100,000 scudi, which sum was afterwards diminished. But Pius V., who in 1566 became Pope, revised the process and sentence of the Caraffa family. It was pronounced unjust, and contrary to the evidence. The judge, Alessandro Pallentiere, was decapitated, and the remaining members of the family were restored to all their honours and possessions.

Just before the election of Pius IV., and while his predecessor Paul IV. was on his deathbed, in 1560, there was again an outbreak in Rome. The people, stimulated by some of the nobles, who thought themselves injured by the Papal sway, rose, broke open the prisons, and set free four hundred prisoners. They then attacked the Palace of the Inquisition, liberating also the prisoners confined there, a great number of whom had been long shut up without having been ever examined (*moltissimi ve n'erano da lunghissimo tempo ne pure esaminati*), and burned all the processes, as well as a portion of the Palace itself. Ghislieri, the Chief of the Inquisition, and afterwards Pope, narrowly escaped with his life. From here they rushed to the Capitol, overthrew the statue of the Pope, broke off its head, and dragged it through the streets. They then proceeded to the Convent of the Dominicans at the Minerva, threatening also to destroy that; but through the efforts of Marc Antonio Colonna and Giuliano Cesarini they were finally restrained from carrying their threats into effect, and quiet was again restored. On the election of Cardinal de Medicis (Pius IV.), which occurred within a few days, he issued a pardon to all who were concerned in these proceedings.

Alarmed, however, at the temper of the people, he now

determined to remodify and re-arrange the Leonine city, so that the Pope as well as the prelates and Papal Court should, in case of necessity, have some other refuge of safety besides the Castle St. Angelo. He accordingly refortified the whole of the Borgo, including within his fortifications the Castle St. Angelo, the Vatican, and St. Peter's, and a space sufficient to form squadrons of soldiers for their defence.

If we may trust Marlianus, the appearance of the Castle in 1588 must have been considerably changed from what it was in 1465, when it was drawn by San Gallo. He describes it as having "a double cincture of fortifications—a large round tower at the inner extremity of the bridge—two towers with high pinnacles surmounted by the cross—and surrounded by the river."

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the 24th of April, 1585, Felice Peretti became Pope under the title of Sixtus V. This bold, imperious, and self-willed friar succeeded Gregory XIII. (Hugo Buoncompagni), a man of a very different cast of character. Gregory's acquaintance with the civil and canon law was remarkable, but his government was so weak and inefficient that his name became afterwards proverbial to express disorder, tumult, and timidity. "*Corrono i tempi Gregoriani*" was, as we learn from Tempesti, the phrase by which in later days the Romans denoted any specially lawless and violent period. During his reign, brigandage, assassination, and crime of every kind convulsed the State. In Rome, the streets were the theatre of perpetual conflict between the partizans of the noble houses and families who were at feud with each other. Cardinals and Monsignori were attacked in their carriages, cut off from their houses, and forced to take refuge wherever they could, and only secured their return by strong guards of soldiers. The police on one occasion having arrested a criminal in the Orsini Palace, were assaulted, as they were bearing him away, by an armed band led by some of the chief of the young nobles, belonging to the houses of the Orsini, Rusticucci, and Capizucchi. The conflict lasted no less than three days, and spread through

Rome. All the principal nobles joined in it. The streets were strewn with dead and wounded, the shops were closed, and everywhere reigned terror and confusion. At last the matter was settled by the surrender of the Bargello, or chief of police, to the Orsini, by whom he was immediately put to death.

Outside the city things were even worse. Brigandage was rampant in the Campagna and in the provinces. The highest nobles did not disdain to become the chieftains of bands of bravoes and banditti, whom they kept in their pay, to whom they gave protection, and from whom in turn they received support. Among these may be instanced Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, the lover of the famous Vittoria Accoramboni, and the supposed murderer of her husband and his own wife. Surrounded by strong bands of unscrupulous followers, he established himself in his numerous castles, defied the power of Church and State, and carried on with impunity a lawless course of war and brigandage. Ludovico Orsini, the assassin of Vittoria, was also notorious for his violent and reckless character; and a still more striking example of the times was Giovanni Battista del Monte, who, in league with certain leaders of banditti, attacked in open day the town of Civita Castellana, and massacred his enemies who there opposed him. Piccolomini, Duke of Monte Marciano, and Lamberto Malatesta, of the family of Rimini, were equally lawless; ravaging and plundering the country, assaulting castles and towns, and laying the people under contribution, with complete impunity.

Such was the state of things when Sixtus V. came to the throne. Before he was fairly seated in his chair, it was felt that the reins of power were in new and strong hands. Determined to insure by the strictest measures the peace of the city and the State, on the very morning after his elec-

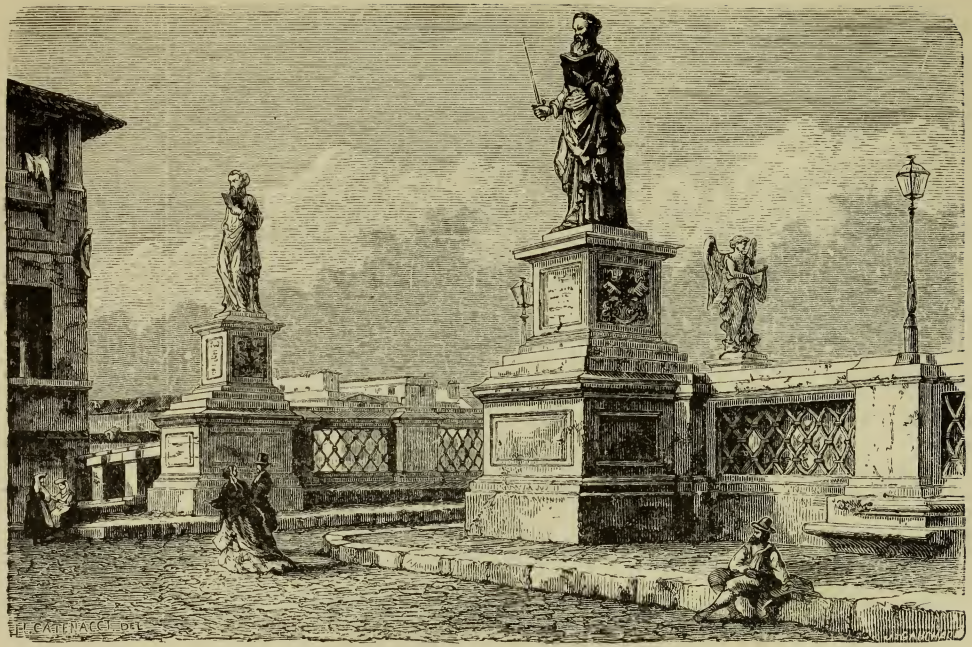
tion he addressed the conservators of the city, ordering them on peril of their lives to see to it that justice was firmly and sternly administered. To the chief of the Orsini his bearing was such that this powerful noble thought it prudent to assure his safety by flight. Even before his coronation he issued an edict prohibiting the carrying of firearms; and this having been disobeyed by four young brothers of the band of Sforza, who were found in the streets armed with arquebuses, they were immediately arrested; and despite the earnest prayers of the cardinals, who came to the Pope at night, and, throwing themselves at his feet, besought him to remember that executions before a coronation were unknown in Rome, the sentence of death was ordered to be carried out. On the following morning they were all hung on the Bridge of St. Angelo; and the ghastly spectacle of their dead bodies still hanging in the air met the eyes of the Pope as he passed the bridge with his procession to his coronation.[1]

It was plain that Sixtus V. was in earnest, and Rome trembled. Great was the public indignation, but great also was the fear. Within four days after his election a great change was manifest, and the Pope sternly carried on the work he had begun. By a bull issued on the 30th of April, six days after his election, he summoned all his subjects to lend their aid to the pursuit and capture of brigands; and at the sound of the alarm-bell he ordered all to take arms and pursue them. Prices were set on the heads of the brigands, and rewards and full pardon were offered to any who would either betray their accomplices, or even assassinate them. Some of the strongest of the banditti at first defied the Pope, and even dared to attack the city, but one by one they were forced to yield. The Castle St. Angelo then saw many an execution. Malatesta, who during Gregory's reign had been the scourge of the Marches and the Romagna, was surrendered to Sixtus V. by the Duke of

Tuscany, in whose territory he had sought refuge; and he was carried to Rome and publicly executed at St. Angelo. Nor was the Pope contented with the punishment of new crimes, but crimes long ago committed were also expiated on the scaffold. Among others, Count Attilio Baschi, of Bologna, was then executed for a crime of parricide committed forty years before. Fossombrone, the accomplice of Ludovico Orsini in the assassination of Vincenzo Vitelli, was also torn by the pincers and hanged there. It was in allusion to this expiation of crimes long after they had been committed that a famous pasquinade was made, in which the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, standing on the Bridge of St. Angelo, hold the following dialogue :—"Why," says St. Paul to St. Peter, "do you carry that travelling-sack on your shoulders?" "Because," answered St. Peter, "I am afraid of being condemned for having cut off the ear of Malchus."

The Church also felt the severe rule of Sixtus, and convent-walls were no longer a safe refuge for crime. A Franciscian friar was hung on the Bridge of St. Angelo. Annibaldi Capello, a priest, who was accused of conveying information to England of what was occurring in Rome, was degraded from his office, had his tongue and hands cut off, and was then hanged on the same bridge. A friar who excited the people by falsely pretending that miracles were wrought by an image in Sta. Maria del Popolo, was scourged the whole length of the Corso. The Cardinal Guasta Villani was arrested for disobedience; and when the Cardinal de Medicis intervened in his favour, the Pope said, "Your language astonishes us. We intend to be obeyed here in Rome by our own people, as we hope to be obeyed by princes."

So determined was Sixtus to root out crime, that he often was guilty, in so doing, of injustice and of cruelty. On one occasion he hanged a woman because she had allowed her



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daughter to become the mistress of a noble; and the daughter, attired in a rich dress given her by her lover, was forced to be present at the execution of her mother. Niccolino Azzelino, a captain in the Pontifical guard, was also executed for having wounded an ensign in his company; and some young nobles, among whom were Virginio Orsini, Ascanio Sforza, and Marc Antonio Incoronati, having made light of the Pope's rigorous edicts by setting up a row of cats' heads on the points of pikes along the Bridge of St. Angelo, were arrested, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Such, at last, was the fear of the Pope, that his very name was used by mothers to frighten their children to obedience —just as the Black Douglas's name was used in the early days of Scotland. "Zitto! ecco Sesto che passa."

For one pasquinade Sixtus exacted a savage punishment, altogether disproportioned to the offence, and in breach of honour and good faith. Marforio, alluding to the fact that the Pope's sister, Donna Camilla, was a washerwoman, asks Pasquin why he wears such dirty linen. To this Pasquin replies, "Because my washerwoman has been made a Princess." On hearing this, the Pope proclaimed a reward of 500 crowns and safety of life to the author if he would avow himself. But when he did avow himself, the Pope ordered his tongue and his hands to be cut off.

Mutilation was one of the commonest punishments of this time. The barbarities of the earlier ages still existed, and branding, burning, quartering, dragging by horses, lopping off limbs, and tearing out tongues, were of constant occurrence. The cruel nature of Sixtus was well typified by the fact, that, during the Carnival, at each end of the Corso was a gibbet, erected to inspire fear and to check crime.

One of the cruelest cases of this time is that of the aged Count Pepoli of Bologna. This nobleman had at one time given refuge to a bandit in one of his castles. The apostolic

legate thereupon demanded that he should be surrendered; but Pepoli answered, that as his castle was a fief of the Empire he was not bound to give him up. The legate then sent a force to take him, but his soldiers were repulsed by the people of the Count. The Cardinal then arrested Pepoli, with the approbation of the Pope, and Pepoli was ordered to surrender the bandit, under pain, in case of refusal, of death and confiscation of all his property. Vainly the Duke of Ferrara and the Cardinal d'Este endeavoured to mitigate the Pope's severity. He was inexorable; so also was Pepoli, who, considering his honour engaged, absolutely refused to yield him up; and appealed to the Emperor to sustain him, by a letter which was intercepted, in which he expressed a hope that he should escape from the hands of this tyrant monk. He was then condemned to death, and strangled in his prison on the 27th of August, 1585.

Under the severe rule of Sixtus, brigandage and public violence suffered a death blow. His action was always bold and unrelenting, and often cruel, but he brought Rome out of the chaos of tumult and violence into order and peace. The old days are over, and from this time forward the face of history changes in Rome. There is less public tumult, less violence, less brigandage, and more law and justice. The haughty and reckless power of the nobility is curbed, and the people enjoy more quiet and more safety, both of property and of limb. A year after the Pope had been seated on the throne, he complained that he had been able to destroy only 7,000 out of 27,000 brigands who ravaged his dominions. But long ere he ceased to reign, his unrelenting rule had almost entirely rooted out brigandage.*

In the year 1599 occurred the tragical story of Beatrice

* A full and interesting account of this period will be found in the able work of Baron Hübner on Sixtus V.

Cenci, so familiar to all the world, and so closely connected by tradition with the Castle St. Angelo. Her father, Count Francesco Cenci of Rome, was the son of Monsignore Cenci, who, as treasurer under the Pontificate of Pius V., had amassed an enormous fortune, which he left to his only son, Francesco; and this fortune Francesco afterwards increased by marriage with Lucrezia Patroni, a lady of a noble Roman family. His life was infamous, and stained with every species of vice and crime, for all of which, in the then venal condition of the Church, he was enabled to purchase immunity by the payment of large sums of money. Towards the close of a life spent in debauchery and wickedness, and when he had become an old man, he conceived a hatred of his children, which seems to have possessed him like a sort of mania, and exhibited itself in various forms of violence and cruelty. Supplications were accordingly made to the Pope to defend them from their father, and to punish him for his crimes. But the Pope permitted Francesco to compound for his crimes by the payment of 100,000 crowns, although he listened to the prayers of the eldest daughter, and, withdrawing her from his violence, gave her in marriage to Carlo Gabrielli. By this act Francesco Cenci was so enraged that he imprisoned his youngest daughter Beatrice in his palace, allowing no one to approach her, carrying her food to her himself, and often inflicting blows upon her with a stick. Worse than this, he conceived an incestuous passion for her, and endeavoured, now by blandishment and now by violence, to frighten her into submission. But his effort was vain. She found means, however, to send to the Pope a supplication, imploring him to remove her from this horrible position; but the Pope turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. Maddened by this violence and cruelty, and incapable of defending themselves against him, the whole family then thought to free themselves from their tyrant by

taking his life. With the assistance of Monsignor Guerra, a young ecclesiastic who was in love with Beatrice, they induced two of the vassals of Francesco Cenci, named Marzio and Olimpio, whom by his conduct he had made his enemies, to assassinate him. During the summer of 1598 he had gone to the Castle of Petrella, taking with him his family, and there the plan was carried into execution. After midnight, on the night of the 9th of September, the two assassins were introduced into his chamber, where he was sleeping profoundly, overcome by a potion mixed with opium, which had been administered to him. But they returned after a short time, declaring that they could not, in cold blood, kill an old man while he was sleeping. Beatrice then exclaimed,—"Since you have not courage to murder a sleeping man, I will kill my father myself, but your lives shall not be long secure." On hearing these words the assassins took courage, again entered the chamber, and killed Francesco, by driving a nail through his temples. They then departed, and the others wrapped the body in a sheet, carried it out to an open gallery overhanging the garden, and threw it down an elder tree beneath, so as to give the impression to those who might find him there, that while crossing this gallery in the dark, and leaning against the small rails that bounded it, they had given way, and he had been precipitated down to his death by accident.

So, indeed, it appeared the next day. There were no circumstances which seemed to indicate a violent death, and Lucrezia and Beatrice made feigned lamentations, so that no suspicion attached to them. He was then buried with all the customary rites, and the family returned to Rome.

Doubts afterwards grew up, founded upon several suspicious circumstances which came to light, information of which was sent to Rome. But no step was taken against the family for several months; and in the meantime the

youngest son of Francesco died, leaving only two brothers, Giacomo and Bernardo. Monsignor Guerra, alarmed at the aspect matters were taking, and fearing that Marzio and Olimpio might be induced to confess, now hired assassins to murder them. But they succeeded only in assassinating Olimpio. Marzio, who escaped, soon afterwards was imprisoned in Naples for some misdeed, and then he confessed the crime, and designated his accomplices. Giacomo and Bernardo were accordingly arrested, and imprisoned in the Corte-Savella, while Lucrezia and Beatrice were confined to their own house under strict guard. Later they were conducted to the same prison with the brothers, and then an examination was held. All persistently denied the crime, particularly Beatrice. And such was her influence over Marzio that he formally retracted all that he had deposed at Naples, and died under torture, resolutely refusing to confess.

There not being proof enough to convict the Cenci family, they were now transferred to the Castle St. Angelo, where some, at least, of them were put to the torture; but as they still denied their guilt, all proceedings were suspended, and they remained in the Castle for several months in tranquillity. But at last one of the murderers of Olimpio fell into the hands of justice, and confessed that he had been commissioned to assassinate him by Monsignor Guerra. This prelate, fortunately for himself, got wind of this fact at a very early period, and, disguising himself as a charcoal-man, blacking his fair face and light hair, and driving before him two asses, he had the luck to escape out of Rome to a place of safety.

His flight, however, was disastrous to the Cenci family, for it was looked upon as an admission of the truth of the murderer's accusation, and they were immediately transferred from the Castle to Corte-Savella, and put to the torture.

The two sons, unable to bear this agony, confessed, and so did Lucrezia when put to the torture of the cord. But Beatrice endured her torture with firmness, and strenuously refused to confess that she was guilty. Ulisse Moscato, her examiner, was so impressed by the spirit and character she displayed in her examination, that he would not convict her, but referred the whole question to the Pope. The Pope, thinking that her beauty and eloquence might have had its influence in softening the heart of her judge, committed her to another judge, and ordered the more strenuous torture of the hair. When she was already tried under this torture, he brought before her her brothers and her mother-in-law, who exhorted her to confess. For some time she resisted their entreaties, but at last she said, "So you all wish to die, and to disgrace and ruin our house! This is not right; but since it so pleases you, so let it be." Then, turning to the jailers, she told them to unbind her, and to bring all the examinations to her, saying, "What I ought to confess, that will I confess; that to which I ought to assent, to that will I assent; and that which I ought to deny, that will I deny." This was held to be sufficient, and she was convicted without having confessed; nor is there any indication that she ever did confess her guilt.

The Pope thereupon ordered that they should all be tied to the tails of horses and dragged through the streets, and afterwards beheaded. Many cardinals and princes interceded in their behalf, and entreated that they might be allowed to draw up their defence. This the Pope refused at first, but he afterwards allowed them twenty-five days' time. The most celebrated Roman advocates undertook their defence, and at the appointed time brought their writings to the Pope. The first speaker, Nicholas de Angelis, had made but little progress, when the Pope angrily interrupted him, saying that he greatly wondered that there

existed in Rome children unnatural enough to kill their father, and that there should be found advocates depraved enough to defend so horrible a crime. These words silenced all but Farinacci, who said, "Holy father, we have not fallen at your feet to defend the atrocity of the crime, but to save the life of the innocent, when your Holiness will deign to hear me." The Pope then yielded; and in a colloquy of four hours' duration, he set forth with such power and eloquence the crimes of Francesco Cenci, and the cruel wrongs his family had received at his hands, that the Pope was touched to pity, and, taking the writings of the advocates, dismissed them. Instead of retiring to rest, he spent the whole night in studying the cause with the Cardinal S. Marcello, and going over all the most exculpatory arguments of Farinacci; and, finally, his mind was so impressed that he suspended the course of justice, and gave hopes that he would pardon them all. Such, in all probability, would have been the result, but unfortunately at this moment there occurred a case of matricide in a noble family in Rome, by which he was so exasperated that he immediately gave over the cause, and ordered the sentence to be executed on them all.

Many nobles then hastened to the palace of the Pope, and besought him to mitigate the terms of the sentence, to allow at least Lucrezia and Beatrice to be executed in private, and to pardon the innocent Bernardo; and their prayers prevailed so far that Bernardo was pardoned, with the condition that he should be present at the death of the others, and that their punishment was mitigated to simple decapitation. But so sudden was the order for the sentence, that the life of Bernardo was only saved by the delay of a few hours, necessitated by the building of the scaffold, and by the tardiness of the confraternity of mercy who were to accompany the condemned to the scaffold; and he was only informed of his reprieve after he had left his cell on the way

to execution, and when he was already on the scaffold, which he was the first to mount.

On Saturday, the 11th of September, 1599, the sentence was executed on a lofty scaffold erected over the Bridge of St. Angelo, in front of the Castle. The order was carried to the prisoners at five o'clock on Friday evening, and communicated to them at six the next morning. Beatrice, on hearing it, broke into a piercing lamentation and passionate gesture, exclaiming, "How is it possible, O my God, that I must so suddenly die!" But Lucrezia received it with resignation, and by her exhortations calmed her daughter-in-law, and both proceeded at once to the chapel to pray. A notary was then summoned to make their wills. Beatrice left 15,000 crowns to the Sacre-Stimmate Fraternity, and ordered all her dowry to be distributed into marriage portions for fifty maidens. After reciting prayers, psalms, and litanies, they confessed at eight o'clock, heard mass, and received the holy communion. They then dressed themselves in black, each assisting the other, and conducted themselves with simple courage, dignity, and resignation. "Mother," said Beatrice, "the hour of our departure is drawing near; let us dress, therefore, in these clothes, and mutually aid each other in this last office."

The funeral procession began at the Bridge of St. Angelo, and passed down the Via dell Orso, traversing the city to the Palazzo Cenci, and then turning to the Corte-Savella, where it was joined by Beatrice and Lucrezia, each dressed in black, and covered by a veil which reached to the girdle. They wore velvet slippers, with silk roses and gold fastenings; and instead of manacles, their wrists were bound by a silken cord fastened to their girdles, and allowing a free use of their hands, and each bore in her left hand the sign of benediction. On arriving at the Bridge of St. Angelo, Bernardo was left on the scaffold, while the others were

conducted to the chapel. During their absence, the poor youth, overcome with the horror of his position, and supposing that he was to be the first to suffer death, fell down in a deadly swoon, from which he was with difficulty recovered, and then he was seated opposite the block. Lucrezia was first brought forth alone, and finding it difficult to accommodate her head to the block, the executioner removed her handkerchief and uncovered her neck, which was still handsome, although she was fifty years of age. She blushed deeply as this was done, and, lifting her eyes, filled with tears, to heaven, exclaimed,—"Behold, dearest Jesus, this guilty soul about to appear before You, to give an account of its acts, mingled with so many crimes. When it shall appear before Thy Godhead, I pray Thee to look on it with an eye of mercy, and not of justice." She then placed her head on the block, and began to recite the psalm, *Miserere mei, Deus,* and when she arrived at the words *et secundum multitudinem,* the axe fell. When the executioner lifted up the head, the face long retained its vivacity, until it was covered in a black cloth, and placed in a corner below the scaffold.

While the scaffold was being arranged for Beatrice, and the confraternity had gone to the chapel for her, the balcony of a shop, which was overcrowded with spectators, gave way, and four persons beneath it were wounded, of whom two died. On hearing this noise, Beatrice asked if her mother had died well; and being assured that she had, she knelt before the crucifix, and said,—"Be Thou everlastingly thanked, O my most gracious Saviour, since, by the good death of my mother, Thou hast given me assurance of Thy mercy towards me." Then rising, she courageously and devoutly walked towards the scaffold, repeating by the way several prayers with such fervour of spirit that all who heard her shed tears of compassion. Ascending the scaffold, she

thus prayed: "Most beloved Jesus, who, relinquishing Thy divinity, becamest a man, and didst through love purge my sinful soul of its original sin with Thy precious blood; deign, I beseech Thee, to accept that which I am about to shed at Thy most merciful tribunal as a penalty which may cancel my many crimes, and spare me a part of that punishment justly due to me." She then bent her head to the block, reciting the psalm, *De profundis;* and as she arrived at the words *fiant aures tuæ*, the axe fell, and the body gave a violent spasm, discomposing her dress. The executioner then lifted her head to the view of the spectators, and as he was lowering it with the body into the bier, the rope by which he held them slipped from his hold, and both fell to the ground, shedding a great deal of blood. At this many persons fainted among the crowd of spectators, and fell half dead. Bernardo, utterly overcome, again fell into a deadly swoon, and it was thought for a time that he was dead; but at last, after a quarter of an hour, he was brought back to life by the use of the most efficacious remedies.

Giacomo was now brought to the scaffold. He fixed his eyes on Bernardo, and then turning to the crowd he addressed them in a loud voice: "Now that I am about to present myself before the tribunal of infallible truth, I swear that if my Saviour, pardoning me my faults, shall place me in the road to salvation, I will incessantly pray for the preservation of his Holiness, who has spared me the aggravation of the punishment but too much due to my enormous crime, and has granted life to my brother Bernardo, who is most innocent of the guilt of parricide, as I have constantly declared in all my examinations. It only afflicts me, in these last moments, that he should have been obliged to be present at so fatal a scene. But since, O my God, it has so pleased thee, *fiat voluntas tua*"—so speaking, he knelt down. The executioner blinded his eyes, tied his legs to

the scaffold, and gave him a blow on the temples with a loaded hammer, cut off his head, and then cut him into four pieces, which were fixed on the hooks of the scaffolding.

The bodies of Lucrezia and Beatrice were left on the bridge until the evening, illuminated by two torches, and surrounded by such a concourse of people that it was impossible to cross the bridge. An hour after dark the body of Beatrice was placed in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall, richly adorned with gold. Garlands of flowers were placed, one at her head and another at her feet, and the body was strewn with flowers. It was then accompanied to the Church of St. Pietro in Montorio by the confraternity of the Order of Mercy, and followed by many Franciscan monks, with great pomp and innumerable torches; and four hours after dark she was there buried before the high altar, after the customary ceremony had been performed. The body of Lucrezia, accompanied in like manner, was carried to the Church of St. Gregorio, and after the ceremony honourably buried.

Bernardo was re-conducted to the prison of the Tor di Nona, where he was attacked by a burning fever, and was very ill for a long time. He remained here a prisoner until the month of September in the same year, when he obtained his liberty by paying 25,000 crowns to the Hospital of the Santissima Trinità dei Pellegrini. He afterwards married and had children, among whom was a son, Christophero.

It has been doubted by some persons whether Beatrice was ever tortured, or even imprisoned, in Castle St. Angelo. In the narrative of these events, still preserved in the archives of the Cenci family, it is, however, distinctly stated that the children of Francesco Cenci were conducted to torture in "Castello;"—the phrase in the original manuscript is "alla tortura furono condotti gli figli del Signor Francesco Cenci in Castello." The phrase "gli figli" may,

indeed, mean either the sons or the children; but as the tradition is that Beatrice was tortured in the Castle, and the very dungeons where she and Lucrezia were confined and suffered are still shown, it would seem more probable that it means the children. She certainly was not afterwards exempted from the torture inflicted on her brothers, but was even more severely tried. It would seem equally certain that she was confined in the Castle St. Angelo with her brothers; for in the paragraph subsequent to that just quoted, it is distinctly said that the Cenci were reconducted from Castle St. Angelo to Corte-Savella, — "gli Cenci furono da Castel St. Angelo ricondotti a Corte-Savella"— thus leaving no doubt that the "Castello" previously spoken of was the Castello St. Angelo, which at that time was commonly called "Il Castello." Besides this, by her will she ordered to be paid to Ludovico, Andrea, Ascanio, and Carlo di Bastiano, soldiers in the Castle, a certain sum of money, in recompense for their services—showing plainly that she had been imprisoned there.

The translation of the narrative given by Mr. Rossetti in his late edition of Shelley's Poems, and prefixed to the remarkable tragedy of "The Cenci," differs in many particulars from the manuscript copy of the narrative now in my possession, which was taken from the original manuscript written on the 25th of September, a fortnight after the execution. It is quite possible, however, that there may have been more than one narrative of these events preserved in the family.

Whether, therefore, Beatrice were tortured in Castle St. Angelo or not, there can be little doubt, if this narrative be correct, that she was imprisoned there; and there is no reason to refuse credence to the tradition that their trial— or rather their examinations, for the process to which they were subjected can scarcely be called a trial—were in the

Castle St. Angelo. And the portrait of the celebrated Farinacci, who so greatly distinguished himself in this case, painted on one of the doors of the Great Hall as in the act of entering, would seem strongly to corroborate this fact, since otherwise there would seem to be little propriety in painting his portrait here in fresco.

Whether the portrait now in the Palazzo Barberini, and so familiar through the innumerable copies which are everywhere to be seen, really represents Beatrice Cenci, is a question open to much doubt. In the narrative of the story of Beatrice, taken from the archives of the Cenci Palace, it is stated that "the most faithful portrait of Beatrice exists in the Palace of the Villa Pamphili, without the gates of San Pancrazio. If any other is to be found in the Palazzo Cenci, it is not shown to any one, so as not to renew the memory of so horrible an event." If, however, a portrait of her by so celebrated an artist as Guido had then been in existence, it would certainly have been known; and the fact of it being painted by him would in all probability have been stated. The portrait supposed to represent her now in the Barberini Palace is a picture which belonged to the Colonna family, from whom it came into possession of the Barberini family some sixty years ago on a division of property, and had long previously existed there—so long that no record remains as to its history or origin. It is certainly in the highest degree improbable that this portrait of Beatrice Cenci should have been taken from her in such a head-dress and costume; and if it at all represent her, it is probably a reminiscence. There is, however, no proof that it is even this.

The description of Beatrice in the narrative of the Cenci archives does not correspond to this portrait in various respects. She is therein said to have been small and of a fair complexion, with a round face, two dimples in her cheeks,

and golden curling hair, which, being extremely long, she used to tie up; and when afterwards she loosened it, the splendid ringlets dazzled the eyes of the spectator. Her eyes were of a deep blue, pleasing, and full of fire; and her face was so smiling in character, that even after her death it seemed still to smile.*

The eyes of the portrait are hazel; the hair is not curling nor long; and the face is longish, with thin and somewhat haggard cheeks, and without any dimple.

The infamous crime which finally determined the Pope to carry out the sentence of death against Beatrice Cenci, happened in the princely family of the Santacroce, and the facts are these: Paolo Santacroce had for a long time endeavoured vainly to persuade his mother to make him her sole heir; and, irritated by her steady refusal to comply with his wishes, he determined to make away with her. For this purpose he invented an infamous plan, by which he hoped to cover his crime. He wrote to his brother Onofrio, accusing her of being with child, and so given over to debauchery as to stain the name of the family, and asking counsel of his brother as to what he ought to do. Onofrio answered that he should do what was becoming to a *cavaliere* (*che facesse quello ch'era dovuto ad un cavaliere*). The chief accusation against her was in itself absurd, as his mother was sixty years old; and the statements as to her dissoluteness of life were equally unfounded. However, on receiving the answer of his brother, he immediately killed her by stabbing her with a dagger. The indignation of all was so vehemently expressed, that Paolo, fearing for his life, fled, and had the fortune to escape. A *post-mortem* examination was made, and she was proved to be innocent of the charge he had made against her. Onofrio

* "Di modo che ancora morta pareva ridesse," says the MS. in my possession.

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BEATRICE CENCI.

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was then arrested, tried, sentenced, and decapitated on the Ponte St. Angelo in 1600 or 1601.

In 1623, Urban VIII. (Barberini) was elected. He completed the fortifications of the Leonine City, and made considerable additions and improvements in the Castle, renewing its solid defences, adding the bastions, which still exist, extending out into the Tiber, and restricting the course of the river so as to prevent the inundations from which this part of the city had hitherto suffered. With a portion of the bronze which he stripped from the roof of the Pantheon, he also cast cannon and other implements of war, to defend the Castle, as may be seen by the inscription on the portico of the Pantheon. "Yea, doubtless," says the Jesuit Donato, alluding to the bees which are the device on the arms of the Barberini, "bees not only make honey, but are also armed with stings for the battle, like those who, from their lofty station, have showered down upon the people the liquid sweetness of *Urbane* wisdom, but may also, by their steady valour, strike terror into those who vex them." By the Papal accounts, it appears that in casting these cannon he employed a weight of 448,286 pounds, valued at about 67,260 scudi; and of this he made 110 pieces of artillery, consisting of "colubrini, cannoni, falconetti, petardi ed altri stromenti." In the whole work done by him on the Castle, he expended, according to Burkhardt, the Master of the Pontifical Ceremonies, the sum of 300,000 scudi, or about £60,000. In making excavations in the ditches and on the grounds about the Castle for these additions and repairs was found the celebrated Sleeping Faun, which was so long the ornament of the Barberini Palace, and is now in the Glyptothek at Munich.* This statue, when unearthed, was

* Carlo Fea, in his "Dissertazione sulle Rovine di Roma," vol. iii. of Winkelmann's 'History of Art,' Appendix, says: "Nello scavare per le fosse furono trovate delle statue e fra le altre, il celebre Fauno che il Papa diede

without the legs and the left arm, which have since been restored.

Besides these improvements, Urban completed the corridor leading to the Vatican. The lower part was originally begun by John XXIII. in 1411, and finished by Alexander. Over this, arches had already been added by Pius IV. in 1559, and Urban now roofed the whole in.

The corridor, when finished, consisted of two stories, the lower being a long gallery lighted only by loopholes, to be used in case of great danger from without; and the upper being a sort of covered loggia of open arches. It was carried over the ancient wall built in the ninth century; and it still retains the same appearance as it did when Urban VIII. added the roof. The keys of the passages have always been intrusted to the keeping solely of the Pope.

alla sua famiglia Barberini—come v'e n'erano state trovate delle altre al tempo di Alessandro VII.;" but he does not tell us what these other statues were.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER the close of the sixteenth century the history of the Castle becomes more peaceful. The storm of war passes by it. The Popes successively hold firm possession of it, from time to time strengthening and renewing its defences, but never driven from it. The seventeenth century is an epoch of political death in Italy. The turmoil, the battle, the contention of parties for power, the struggle between the people and the nobles, between despotism and the republic—is over. A complete apathy has taken the place of those fierce passions which desolated Rome. The fire has burned out, and only the ashes remain. Beneath them smoulder some glowing coals; they are hidden, and blaze no more. History has little to record of interest, and nothing of excitement. The Popes have lost their influence over the politics of the world, and the people, weary of conflict, suffer in silence. Family interests have taken the place of public interests; manners have grown effeminate. The soldier has become the *cavaliere*. Inveterate libertinage alone runs riot. Nepotism prevails in the Church. Each Pope seeks to found a family, and to enrich it by every means in his power.

From this time forward to the French Revolution there is nothing of special interest to record in the history of the Castle, save a few improvements. Clement X. (Altieri), in

1670, and Innocent X. (Odescalchi), in 1676, made some restorations; and Clement XII. (Corsini) introduced water into the Castle, and authorised the Duke of Palombara, Zenobio Savelli, then Castellano, to erect new habitations for himself. They were accordingly begun in his reign, and finished by Benedict XIV.; and they are still devoted to the same use.

The statue of the archangel having been ruined by time, and by a stroke of lightning, Benedict XIV. commissioned the Flemish sculptor, Pietro Wanschefeld, to make a colossal model, which was executed by him, and cast in bronze by Francesco Giardoni in 1752. The Pope was present at the casting, and blessed the statue, which was then placed on the summit of the Castle, and still stands there.

In 1790, the famous Cagliostro, after dazzling the world with his magical powers and supernatural claims, came to Rome. On a previous visit he had fallen in love with the beautiful Lorenza Feliciani, a Roman by birth, and married her. They then travelled together into various countries, where he exhibited his remarkable performances in most of the Courts of Europe, and was mixed up with many intrigues, and especially with the notorious affair of the Diamond Necklace. In his wife he had an able and willing ally, who lent herself to the building up of his fortune in the most shameful manner. In 1790 they returned to Rome, where they took lodgings first in the Piazza di Spagna, and afterwards in a house near the Piazza Farnese. While here, despite the influence which his wife, by means of her beauty and want of morals, managed to exercise, he fell under the suspicion of the Church, and on the 27th of December he was arrested and thrown into the prison of St. Angelo, on the charge of practising the arts of freemasonry. His wife was also arrested, and seems at one time to have suffered imprisonment also at the Castle; but through the influence

of the Monsignore Vicegerente she was afterwards removed to the monastery of Sta. Apollonia. A process was then instituted against Cagliostro, and he was condemned to death; but his punishment was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life; and for a long time he was kept a prisoner in the Castle. The gloomy dungeon in which he was imprisoned is still shown to the visitor. It is on the left of the principal stairway, and lighted by a small iron-barred grating opening upon it.

At last the storm of the French Revolution broke over the world, and the Castle was destined again to be the scene of war. The French army entered Italy in 1796, reducing and taking in succession Bologna, Ferrara, and Faenza, and threatening Rome. To arrest their march upon Rome, Pius VI. then made an armistice, by which, among other conditions, he bound himself to the payment of thirteen millions of francs. To meet the payment of this sum he was forced to have recourse to the treasures deposited in the Castle by Sixtus V. for the urgent needs of the Government. Not content with this sacrifice, the French army still threatened further conquest and further claims; and the Pope, in alarm, removed all the remaining treasure to Terracina, and sent forward his troops to the confines of the Romagna to endeavour to repel the threatened invasion. His efforts, however, were vain. The troops were defeated, and he was forced to sue for peace.

On the 27th of June, 1797, the Vigil of St. Peter and Paul, the quiet of the Castle was broken by a sudden explosion of powder stored in a subterranean vault, which accidentally took fire. One bastion was blown into the air, many of the houses in the vicinity were greatly shaken, some were thrown down, twenty persons were killed, and eighteen dangerously wounded.

Peace was of short duration. In January 1798, General

Berthier entered the Papal States, and marched direct to Rome. The *avant-garde* entered on the 10th of February, and took possession of the city and the Castle St. Angelo, the garrison of the Pope making no resistance, but betaking themselves at once to the convent of Saint Agostino. The sad story of Pius VI. which followed is well known, and here is not the place to tell it. He died at Valence on the 29th of August, 1799, and on the following September the Castle was besieged by the Neapolitan army, who finally drove out the French garrison, and took possession of it on the 3rd of July, 1800. Pius VII. entered Rome, and the Castle was then surrendered to him. Again, in 1808, the French, under General Miollis, drove the Papal garrison from the Castle, planted eight pieces of cannon before the Quirinal, and took the Pope prisoner. In 1809, France formally annexed Rome, and General Miollis then lowered the standard of the Pope from the Castle, and threw out the French banner in its place. Cannon thundered from its battlements, trumpets sounded, and proclamation was made that Rome had become a portion of France. To this the Pope responded by a bull of excommunication. Thereupon an armed force broke into the Vatican, forced their way to the Pope, and threatened, unless the excommunication were at once revoked, that they would carry him off as a prisoner to France. The Pope absolutely refused, and he was then hurried away and confined in a prison at Savona.

In 1814, shortly before the return of the Pope, Joachim Murat laid siege to the Castle, and planted his cannon before it. But before they opened upon it, a capitulation was made, by which it was saved from the injury which must inevitably have followed a bombardment and siege with such effective weapons as were then at his command; not, however, without a flourish peculiarly Gallic on the part of the French officer in command, who declared that

the angel on the top should sheath his sword before the garrison would capitulate. Murat held possession of it, however, but a few months; and on the 10th of May, 1814, the Pontifical standard again floated over it.

It continued in the possession of the Popes until the Revolution of 1848 occurred, and the Pope fled from Rome. From the end of November, 1848, to 3rd July, 1849, it was held, first by the Provisional Government, and then by the short-lived Republic, which was established under the triumvirate of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. Then came the attack of the French upon the walls of the Vatican. Again barricades were erected in the streets, and the people flew to arms. Students and tradesmen, and men of all classes (save only the nobility, who had fled from Rome), many of whom had never handled a gun, rushed to the walls and to the gates to defend the city. Garibaldi was in the open field with his soldiers, but the undisciplined Romans in the Vatican gardens there showed that the blood of the old heroic days still ran in their veins. The utmost efforts of the French were vain against their determined defence, and after many hours' fighting, the assailants, who had gaily marched up to the city, laughing at the Romans, and making appointments to meet in the evening at the various *cafés*, were in complete rout and confusion, fleeing to Palo, and leaving the ground strewed with their wounded. So entire was their defeat, so completely were they scattered and disorganized, that had not the troops in the field under Garibaldi been recalled by the absolute order of the triumvirs, the French might have easily been taken prisoners, or utterly driven from the country. After fleeing for some twenty miles, finding they were not pursued, they again gathered together their scattered forces a few days after, to renew the attack with scarcely more success, but they left their wounded to die on the field without assistance, sending

forth no ambulances to relieve them; and the Republican hospitals were filled with wounded French taken from the field of battle by Roman ambulances—some of them found after three days' exposure and abandonment by their own army.

But behind these troops was the whole force of France, and, shortly after, Rome was regularly besieged. Nothing could exceed the heroic and undaunted resistance of the Romans against this overwhelming force. Though resistance was well known to be hopeless, yet every inch of ground was disputed; and when the French at last made their entry, the men still stood to their guns and fought it out to the last. The invading army found the Assembly convened at the Capitol, waiting their approach, as the ancient Senate awaited the ancient Gauls. They were ordered by force of arms to dissolve, but they only moved to adjourn.

The Pope was then brought back to Rome under the protecting arms of France. The city was garrisoned by French troops, and the Castle St. Angelo was held by them in conjunction with the Papal soldiers. The tricolor of France and the tiara and keys of Rome floated side by side over it for years. At last, after twenty years' occupation, the French troops were withdrawn from the city, the French standard was lowered from Castle St. Angelo, and the Pope resumed sole possession of it.

From an early period the Castle was made the depository of treasures of the Popes. There were kept their archives, their jewels and crowns, and their gold and silver coin. Sixtus V. was the first Pope who placed in it the money of the Church, making, in 1586, a deposit of a million of golden scudi, a sum equal, in the current coin of to-day, to 1,650,000. A second million he placed there in the succeeding year; and the year after still another million—making in all about five millions in current coin. The three great iron-bound chests in which this treasure was

stored are still shown in one of the upper rooms of the Castle. The precious mitres and the triple crowns of the Popes were kept there until the end of the last century, and, whenever they were required on occasions of importance, they were brought out with great solemnity by the jeweller of the apostolic chambers, and consigned to the "Capellano segreto," under an act by the notary of the chamber. The archives also remained there until the end of the last century, and especially the "secret archives of the Castle St. Angelo," which were begun in 1592 by Clement VIII., at the suggestion of Bartolomeo Cesi, afterwards Cardinal.*

The first exhibition of fireworks in Rome of which we have any record, took place, as we learn from the Diario of Antonio di Pietro, on the election of John XXIII., on May 22, 1410. But the first fireworks at St. Angelo were exhibited in honour of the coronation of Sixtus IV., in the year 1481. Since then, until within a few years, fireworks have been constantly exhibited from St. Angelo on various festivals, such as the coronation of the Pope, the Vigil of St. Peter, and the festival at Easter. The idea of the *girandola*, or sheaf of rockets let off at once, which is so peculiar a feature of the display at Easter in Rome, is said to have originated with Michel Angelo, and been perfected by Bernini, and to be intended to imitate a volcano, and specially that of Stromboli. Already in the sixteenth century the *girandola* of Castle St. Angelo had become so celebrated that it was represented in a picture on the walls of an apartment built by Julius III., and also on a medal struck by Pius IV. Of late years, however, the *girandola* has not taken place from the Castle, but from the Pincio above the Piazza del Popolo.†

* Memorie dei Tresorieri, p. 47. By Giuseppe Vitali.

† Since this was written the Italians have entered Rome and taken possession of the Castle, and the *girandola* is again reinstated there.

Salvoes from the cannon of St. Angelo are fired on certain festivals, and in honour of certain saints. The ordinary *salvi* are fourteen on the dawn of the following festivals: Circumcision, Epiphany, Annunciation, St. Philip and James (protectors of the city), Pentecost, St. Peter and Paul, Assumption, All Saints' Day, the anniversary of the apparition of St. Michael the Archangel, Christmas, and the anniversary of the creation and coronation of the existing Pope. And on all these occasions, the Pontifical standards are raised on the Castle. Of the special *salvi*, 50 are given to Sta. Barbara on her day; 40 for Holy Thursday; 50 for Resurrection-Day; and at all public benedictions by the Pope, except that on Resurrection-Day, 40; for the procession of Corpus Domini, 80; for St. Biagio, 16; Stó. Spirito, 8; Sta. Maria, 4; Traspontina, 10; Sta. Anna, 16; Vigil of St. John the Baptist, 30, and 20 on the following day; on Holy Saturday, at the Gloria in Excelsis, when all the bells are set free, 30; on the Vigil of Christmas, 40; and in the Anno Santo all these *salvi* are increased by a quarter. Every time the Pope goes from the city, or returns, 30; on the election of the Pope, 101; as many more the first time he passes the bridge, and as many more, in three *salvi*, when he takes possession of the Lateran. *Salvi* are also fired whenever a reigning sovereign dies in Rome.

Until the end of the last century there was a re-union of singers, called Soprastanti alla Musica di Castello. Cancellieri, describing, in his "Possessi dei Papi," their festivals, says that on the passage of the Pope over the bridge to take possession of the Lateran Basilica, choruses of musicians sang, accompanied by bands of instruments, while the prefect of the Castle and his officers, and the Vice-Castellano and soldiers of the garrison, were drawn up along the walls and parapets.

Christina of Sweden, who visited the Castle under Alexander VII., and died here in Rome in 1689, left funds to be expended in the performance of military symphonies on certain days appointed by her. She also fired off, three times, the great octangular cannon, weighing 2395 pounds, called La Spinosa, and taken from the army of the Constable Bourbon; and one of the shot then fired by her struck the iron gate of the Villa Medici on the Pincio, where it left its mark.

In the year 1825, important excavations were made in the interior of the Castle, which led to very interesting discoveries. For these we are indebted to the enterprise of Luigi Baveri, then major and adjutant in the Castle. The result of his labours was to expose the great sepulchral chamber in the centre of the Mausoleum, then choked up with rubbish, and also to bring to light the long spiral corridor leading thereto, the existence of which was not known. Letting himself down a drop-hole called a *traboc-chetto* within the Castle, he discovered first a superb vault of travertine, the walls of which were covered with giallo antico marble. This proved to be the great entrance to the Mausoleum, into which opened a majestic door on one side, opposite to the Aelian Bridge. On the inner side was a lofty niche, wherein once probably stood the statue of Hadrian. The whole entrance was choked with rubbish and debris of every kind, to the height of about 20 palms, or 15 feet English. This, by his directions, was at once cleared away, and then was discovered on the right hand an ancient walled-up arch. Suspecting this to mask something of importance, he broke it down and came upon the ancient corridor, which was filled with refuse; and clearing it out before him gradually, he at last opened it through its entire extent. In so doing he came upon two hideous dungeons called the Gemelli, which occupied the centre of the building,

both of which were destroyed. They only had an entrance from above, and into them the prisoners were apparently let down through *trombe* or funnels, four of which were found, which are now blocked up. Once within them, no person could hope for anything but death. On destroying these ghastly dungeons, which were in the buildings of Alexander VI., the magnificent sepulchral chamber of Hadrian was exposed to view, covered with pavonazzo marble. Continuing his explorations, he also discovered a second antique chamber of the same periphery as that below, and above these two others, vaulted, and of smaller periphery. Besides the Gemelli, other dungeons were found, and under the floors *oubliettes*, to the number of thirty, which can only be seen by lowering into them torches, and only two of them having entrances from below. What horrors were perpetrated here, Heaven only knows.

Little more remains to be said of the Castle, but that it is still a prison, and still a fortress, and well worthy to be seen from within as well as from without, not only for the sake of its interesting historical associations, but for the magnificent view which it commands. There, standing under its porticoes, or leaning over the battlements that gird its lofty terrace, you may gaze along the broad and varied plains of the Campagna, stretching far away until they meet the purple mountains with their wandering shadows and opaline lights; or look down upon the yellow-tiled roofs of Rome that lie before you, picturesque with tower, and dome, and portico, and palace; or watch at your feet the yellow Tiber swiftly hurrying through the arches of the statued bridge, and swerving to the right as it shakes on its flashing current the shadows of the houses on its margin—and muse over the past. In the piazza over the bridge at your feet the beautiful Beatrice Cenci was executed. The house at the corner of the bridge, with its triple-arched and graceful

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loggia, over the river, was the home of Bindo Altoviti, the friend of Raffaelle, where Michel Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini, and others, whose names are historic, once used to meet and talk. Opposite is the opera, where rose the Tor di Nona, with its prison. On the south swells up against the sky the massive dome of St. Peter's, with the wide embracing arms of Bernini's Colonnade, that enclose the vast piazza with its Egyptian obelisk and its waving fountains. Behind them rise the buildings of the Vatican palace, with the storied *loggia* of Raffaelle, where still live the marble population of ancient Rome; and beyond is Monte Mario, with its wooded slopes and villas. Opposite, on the north, lie the Pincian hill, and the Villa Medici, with its gardens and terraces; then come the villa of Sallust, the Palazzo Barberini, and the Quirinal; and still further round you look into the ruined columns and arches of the Forum, the broken shell of the Colosseum, the giant walls of Caracalla's baths, the huge vertebræ of ancient aqueducts stretching along the Campagna. On a bright day, far off on the verge of the horizon, you will see the flashing band of the Mediterranean. As the eye sweeps round, it meets the tumbling waters of the Aqua Paolo, pouring from their triple niches, and then the convent heights of San Onofio, where Tasso died. There is not a spot that meets the eye that is not historic.

Step back into the interior of the Castle. There is the great Council Hall, with its frescoed walls, where many a judgment has been given; but more than all else in the room you will perhaps be struck with the portrait of Farinacci, the determined advocate of Beatrice Cenci, a full-length figure in a black-silk dress coming in at a half-open door. You pass out of this into a series of rooms, and then ascend the principal staircase. On one side is the old statue of the marble archangel, with its skeleton wings, standing in a

niche. You turn an abrupt angle, and the guide points to a little grated window and says, "That is the prison of Cagliostro." You look in; it is damp, and dark, and dismal. Then you go on again up the stairs, and cross an open court, and lean over the battlements again and muse. The guide plucks from the clefts in the wall some sprigs of *madrecaria* (motherwort), and presents them to you. It is a graceful attention, but you know not exactly why he has selected this plant until he answers your thanks by saying: "Eh! niente! e buono si sa, pel puzzo della pregione." It is good against the odour of the prisons that are to come. So you climb up some more stairs, and come upon another *cortile* with marble cannon-balls piled against the wall, and you wonder whether, as they say, these cannon-balls were made out of the statues that once adorned the Mausoleum. You express your wonder, and receive the satisfactory answer of "Chi lo sa," and a shrug. Then you find yourself on a covered *loggia* with arches overlooking the Campagna behind the city, with Monte Mario on the left, painted, you are told, by Julio Romano, with graceful designs, flowers, and allegorical figures, and among them a representation of the Mausoleum as it is supposed to have been in its ancient days, but as it probably was not. Here you would willingly linger all the afternoon, it is so shady and pleasant, and the breeze is so cool and the prospect is so lovely. These, however, are not the views of your guide, who grudges you the moments you spend on the decorations and the landscape, and hurries you on, expectant of his final reward. Then you cross another court, and out of grated windows you see haggard faces looking at you with a sort of stupid curiosity. "Prigionieri," says the guide, with a nod. While you are thinking of them, he is lighting torches, and in a moment you find yourself creeping behind him down a dark, damp, slimy stairway, lighted by these torches, and you begin to

understand why the sprigs of motherwort were given to you. Slowly preceding you with his torch, along a chill, dark corridor, he suddenly dwarfs himself to half his height, and creeps through an arched hole, and you all creep in after him. There is a damp, noisome, fetid smell of dead air in it; the walls ooze with moisture. Here, says the guide, Beatrice Cenci was imprisoned, and through there, pointing to a hole in the vault above, her food was let down to her. Where is the use in not believing this? If not here she was probably immured in some such a hole; for prisons were then dungeons, and not airy, ventilated chambers. Beyond this you pass into another dungeon, the fac-simile of the first—a filthy hole, about thirteen feet square—where you are told that Lucrezia, the mother-in-law of Beatrice, was confined; and still beyond you find a third, where Benvenuto Cellini was kept; and the guide, holding the torch to the wall, shows you a figure of Christ, still dimly visible, and drawn by Benvenuto during his imprisonment. Filthy and unpleasant enough are these dungeons now, but probably they were not so loathsome once; for originally there was a narrow window, the outline of which you still see, which let in from the Castle a dim light, answering to Benvenuto's description. Still, you are glad enough to get out into the fresh air again, and see the clear sky above you. Crossing the Castle once more, you now enter the hall painted by Giulio Romano, and look at the graceful frieze with its sea-nymphs and decaying stuccos, and think that the Pope was better off here than the prisoners in the cells you have just left. Opening out of this are other rooms, where the commandant of the Castle lives, and from there, if you choose, you may go up to the secret prisons under the angel on the summit. From here you ascend to the upper terrace, where you look over the Campagna and Rome, and a more lovely view it would be difficult to find; and you

learn that there is an arsenal here for the manufacture of gun-carriages and for the keeping of 2,000 arms, and that it formerly contained 5,000 arms, and among them was the famous gun of Constable Bourbon. After lingering on the terrace, and looking up at the angel above and over the city below, you are carried down again into the massive sepulchral chamber where the ashes of the ancient emperors were placed, robbed of its casing of precious marbles, but solid in its masonry, as if the stones had just been laid. Passing through this, you come to the corridor which once conducted to this chamber, and down which you go by the dim light a little way, and find that there are fragments of the mosaic pavement still existing, and that the brick-work, from which the marble has all been stripped, is fresh and even and perfect as ever. Here you pause; it is getting damp and chill as you descend, and fever lurks below. The guide seizes a cannon-ball, and saying "Ascolti" (listen), rolls it down. You hear it rumble and leap with a low echoing thunder, down, and down, and down, sweeping the circle of the corridor and sounding far away till it reaches the vaulted chamber below, which once was the hall of entrance. Then you are led back over moat, and drawbridge, and causeways, and court, until at last you pass by the main entrance, now closed up, and over which is now the head of Christ, and come forth out of the Past into the Present.

THE EVIL EYE.

CHAPTER I.

FASCINATION—AND THE EVIL EYE.

Pescara. — The like was never heard of.
Stephano.—In my judgment,
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
A most impossible fable.
Pescara. — Troth, I'll tell you,
As briefly as I can, by what degrees
They fell into this madness.—*Duke of Milan.*
Pertinax Surly.—Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll show you a book where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon have written of the art!
Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam
Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch!
Ben Jonson—"*The Alchymist.*"

THE belief in the power of Fascination and the influence of the Evil Eye are as old as history. It is found in the literature of every nation and of every period of time. It has numbered among its adherents—poets and law-givers, emperors and slaves, learned men and savages, philosophers and fools. It has been vainly derided by science, abjured by religion, and prohibited by law. No power has been able utterly to eradicate it entirely from the human mind, and it still lurks

in the limbo of superstition, with many a vague, mysterious sort of half-belief, exerting a potent influence in the world.

Its birth-place was in the far off dim regions of the East, which lie behind history and literature. In the earliest records we find it, an existing power recognised by all and dreaded by all. Sometimes it appears in one shape, sometimes in another, but it is never lost. The ancient Jews learned it in Egypt, carried it to Judea, and spoke of it with fear as of some dread, inexplicable influence. "Nihil oculo nequius creatum," says the preacher. It was carried all over Greece, where it was called *βασκανία*, and accepted almost universally and by the most learned men. It was then adopted by the Romans under the name of *Fascinum*, which is merely a corruption of its Greek name, and in modern Italy it still survives with a singular vitality and freshness under the name of *Jettatura*, a word derived from "*jactare*," to cast or throw, and signifying as well the casting of spells and lots as the throwing of dice. In various countries it still prevails among the ignorant and superstitious almost as strongly as ever, and throughout the Southern and Eastern nations it is not only not killed but scarcely scotched. It may, therefore, be worth while to give a glance at some of its early records, to listen to some of the voices which speak of it out of the far distance of the past, and to trace its influence down to the present day.

Fascination in its full sense was exerted in various ways, but chiefly by *Look*, *Voice*, and *Touch*. What is called the Evil Eye, or *Jettatura*, at the present day is a combination of these three influences, though its name would seem to restrict it solely to the Eye. It is, however, not alone the look but the presence, the voice, the touch, which are recognised as equally effective. Let us first consider Fascination in its complex effect and general influence; secondly, as

exerted by touch; thirdly, by incantation, or sorcery; and fourthly, by the eye.

It is, as I have said, one of the most ancient and most universal of the superstitions that have come down to us from the past. Isogonus relates that among the Triballi and the Illyrii there were men who by a glance from their angry eyes could kill those upon whom they looked. Phylarchus says that in Pontus there was a tribe called the Thibii, who were possessed of the same faculty, and exercised a fatal influence not only on children but on grown persons in sound health, who no sooner felt their breath or their look or their voice than they at once were afflicted with illness. The testimony of Algazeli is to the same effect; and he adds, that these fascinators have a peculiar power over women. In Scythia, according to Apollonides, there are women called *Bithyæ*, who were possessed of this faculty; and Nymphodorus asserts that there were fascinators who had the power to destroy flocks, blast trees, and kill infants by their voice. Solinus enumerates certain families of fascinators, who exerted their malign influence *voce et linguâ*, by voice and tone. Philostratus makes special mention of Apollonius Tyanaeus as possessing these wonderful powers, and Andreas Thuetas relates that in Gozola, a town in Africa, there was a certain Elzanam who, in the space of two years, destroyed by these evil arts no less than eighty persons.

Among the Greeks, fascination was generally believed in, and Aelian, speaking of the satire of Aristophanes against Socrates, says that the Athenians were specially addicted to it.* Aulus Gellius tells us that, in the course of a journey to Brindisi, he found upon the coast some very ancient Greek volumes, which, being for sale, he bought. They proved to be "by writers of no small authority, such as Aristeas Proconnesius and Isogonus Nicæensis, Ctesias and

* ii. 13.

Onesecritus, Polystephanus and Hegesias." On examining them he discovered many remarkable statements, and among others, "That there were in Africa certain families of men, who possessed the voice and tongue of fascinators, and who had the power, by vehemently praising, so to affect growing crops, beautiful children, excellent horses, and strong, well-fed cattle, that they all died suddenly without any other cause; and these same books declare that there is a deadly fascination of the eye, and that there are certain men among the Illyrians who destroy persons by gazing at them with an angry aspect; and that these persons, both male and female, have double pupils in their eyes."*

So firm a hold had fascination in the minds of the ancient Greeks and Romans that statues of Nemesis were erected in both countries, which were adored and invoked to save their worshippers from the evils of fascination.† Nor only this, so universally was the faculty of fascination admitted, that in the "Decemvirales Tabulæ" of the Romans there were special laws prohibiting the destruction of crops and fields by incantation, excantation, or fascination.‡ This excantation

* Noct., act. ix. 4.

† Plinius, xi. 14, and xxviii. 11. "Cur et fascinationibus adorationi peculiari occurrimus, alii Græcam Nemesin invocantes, cujus ob id Romæ simulacrum in Capitolio est, quamvis Latinum nomen non sit."

‡ "*Ne pelliciunto alienas segetes, excantando, ne incantando, ne agrum defraudando.*" Plinius, xxviii. 2. See also Seneca, Natur. Quæst. lib. iv. ch. 7, and Lex 3 of table 7; Joh. Nicol. Funcius, in Leges xii. tab. p. 342. and also by the fourteenth law of the same tables—"*Quei malom carmen incantasit malomque venenom facsit duitue pariceided estod.*" Though these were ancient laws, they were still preserved and enforced, as is apparent from a passage of an edict of Diocletian and Maximinian, lib. v. C. Gregor. tit de Nuptiis: "Nihil nisi sanctum et venerabile nostra jura custodiunt; et ita ad tantam magnitudinem Romana majestas, cunctorum numinum favore pervenit; quoniam omnes suas leges religione sapienti pudorisque observatione devinxit." These laws were allowed to remain, although in the time of Augustus no less than 2000 books of magic and prophecy (*Fatidicorum*) were burnt, as Suetonius tells us in the "Life of Augustus." So also Domitian ordered many MSS. and treatises which he considered to be

of fruits differed from incantation; the latter effecting only the destruction of them, while by excantation they were transported from place to place. Pliny relates the case of one Caius Furius Cresinus, a freedman, who, having been successful in cultivating his farms, became an object of envy, and was publicly accused under these laws of poisoning by arts of fascination his neighbours' fruits; whereupon he brought into the Forum his daughter, and his ploughs, tools, and oxen, and pointing to them, said: "These which I have brought, and my labour, sweat, watching, and care (which I cannot bring), are all my arts." However this may have been in his case, it was not believed to be so in others, and there are not wanting grave jurisconsults, skilled in the ancient law, who affirm as a fact that boys are sometimes fascinated by the burning eyes of these infecting men so as to lose all health and strength.* Indeed, so common was this belief that it passed into a saying; and when a person was ill without apparent good cause, the people cried out, "*Mantis te vidit*"—some fascinator has looked at you.†

"Now," says the worthy Lionardus Vairus,‡ who has

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noxious (such as the New Testament) to be destroyed in like manner; and the religious books of Numa Pompilius, being brought by the prætor into the senate, and found to contain "*levas quasdam sacrorum causas*," met with no better fate, despite their antiquity. See Torreblanca de Magia, lib. iii. ch. 15; Plutarch in Num. Pomp.; Plinius Nat. Hist. c. 13; Tit. Livius, lib. xl.; Euseb. lib. viii.; Eccles. Hist. cap. 2; Nicephor. lib. vii. ch. 3.

* Conf. Bartholus, 6, tit. 1; Conf. Crim. n. 5; Cujacius ad Paratitl. Cod. de Malefic.; Jodoc. Damhouder Prax. Rer. Crim. cap. 61, n. 90; Torreblanca de Magia, lib. iii., de Criminis Punitione.

† Cœl. Rodig. Antiq. Lect. xxx. 22; Thocr. Idyll. K.

‡ Vairus, perhaps, was remembering when he wrote this the words of Cicero: "Non equidem quia rem non capio, fallax sum; sed potius, quia rem non assequar, ignarus sum. Multa enim, quæ vera sunt, inverisimilia videntur; consulta vero ratione verrissima conspicientur"—or of Pliny: "Multa sunt naturæ miracula incompertæ rationis, et in naturæ majestate penitus abdita." So, also, Plutarch in his 5th Symposium, speaking of fascination, uses much the same language.

written an elaborate treatise on this subject in Latin, well worthy to be examined, "let no man laugh at these stories as old wives' tales (*aniles nugas*), nor, because the reason passes our knowledge, let us turn them into ridicule, for infinite are the things which we cannot understand (*infinita enim prope sunt, quorum rationem adipisci nequimus*); but rather than turn all miracles out of Nature because we cannot understand them, let us make that fact the beginning and reason of investigation. For does not Solomon in his Book of Wisdom say, '*Fascinatio malignitatis obscurat bona?*' and does not Dominus Paulus cry out to the Galatians, '*O insensati Galatæ, quis vos fascinavit?*' which the best interpreters admit to refer to those whose burning eyes (*oculos urentes*) with a single look blast all persons, and especially boys."

It seems to have been a peculiarity in the superstitions as to the *fascinum*, that boys and women were specially susceptible to its influence; and in this respect, as well as in some of the symptoms of fascination, it bears a curious resemblance to the effects of modern witchcraft as practised in New England. Dionysius Carthusianus, speaking of the nomadic tribes of the Biarmii and Amaxobii, who, according to him, were most skilful fascinators, says that persons were so affected by their curse that they lost their freedom of will and became insane and idiotic, and often wasted away in extreme leanness and corruption, and so perished. Olaus Magnus agrees with him in these symptoms; and Hieronymus says, that, when infants suddenly grow lean, waste away, twist about as if in pain, and sometimes scream out and cry in a wonderful way, you may be certain that they have been fascinated. This, to be sure, looks mightily like a diagnosis for worms; but we would not measure our wits with the grave Hieronymus. Still, as an amulet against such fascination, "Jaynes's Vermifuge" might be suggested as efficient, or at least a grain or two of *santonina*.

In Abyssinia it is supposed that men who work in iron or pottery are peculiarly endowed with this fatal power of fascination, and in consequence of this prejudice they are expelled from society, and even from the privilege of partaking of the holy sacrament. They are known by the name of *Buda*, and, though excluded from the more sacred rites of the Church, profess great respect for religion, and are surpassed by none in the strictness of their fasts. All convulsions and hysterical disorders are attributed to the influence of these unfortunate artificers; and they are also supposed to have the power of changing themselves into hyenas and other ravenous beasts. Nathaniel Pearce, the African traveller, relates that the Abyssinians are so fully convinced that these unhappy men are in the habit of rifling graves in their character of hyenas, that no one will venture to eat *quareter* or dried meat in their houses, nor any flesh, unless it be raw, or unless they have seen it killed. These *Budas* usually wear earrings of a peculiar shape, and Pearce states that he has frequently seen them in the ears of hyenas that have been caught or trapped, and confesses, that, although he had taken considerable pains to investigate the subject, he had never been able to discover how these ornaments came there; and Mr. Coffin, his friend, relates a story of one of these transformations which took place under his own eyes.* Herodotus makes the same statement as to the *Budas*. "They are said to be evil-minded and enchanters," he says, "that for a day every year change themselves into wolves. This the Scythians and Greeks who dwell there affirm with great oaths. But they do not persuade me of it."†

* See on this subject "Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce," and "Nubia and Abyssinia," by Rev. Michael Russell. Petronius's story of a Versipellis is well known.

† Herod. lib. iii. cap. 7. This is the old superstition of the were-wolf, which existed also among the Greeks and Romans. Those endowed with this

Fascination was of two kinds, moral and natural. Those in whom the power was moral could exert it only by the exercise of their will; but those in whom it was natural

power of transforming themselves into beasts were called *Versipelles.* Pliny makes mention of them, and cites from a Greek author the case of a man "who lived nine years in the shape of a wolf;" but, credulous as he is, he says that the superstition "is a fabulous opinion, not worthy of credit." For myself, I can say that I have known many men who were wolves; and we all remember what Queen Labe used to do with her lovers.

Major-General Sleeman, in his work on Oude, says: "In all parts of India, Hindoos have a notion that the family of a man who kills a wolf, or even wounds it, goes soon to utter ruin, and so also the village within the boundaries of which a wolf has been killed or wounded." He also adds, that "all other Hindoos (except the very lowest class, who live a vagrant life and bivouac in the jungles) have a superstitious dread of destroying or even injuring them; and a village community, within the boundaries of whose land a drop of wolf's blood has fallen, believes itself doomed to destruction."—*A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude in* 1849–1850, by Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman.

General Sleeman also tells some very remarkable stories of boys who have been stolen and brought up by wolves, until their nature and habits had become closely assimilated to these beasts. Among them is the following, which is interesting in this connection:—

"There is now at Sultanpoor," he says, "a boy who was found alive in a wolf's den near Chandour, about ten miles from Sultanpoor, about two years and a half ago. A trooper, sent by the native governor of the district to Chandour, to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the bank of the river near Chandour about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all fours, and seemed to be on the best possible terms with the old dam and the three whelps, and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They all went down to the river and drank without perceiving the trooper, who sat upon his horse watching them. As soon as they were about to turn back, the trooper pushed on to cut off and secure the boy; but he ran as fast as the whelps could, and kept up with the old one. The ground was uneven, and the trooper's horse could not overtake them. They all entered the den, and the trooper assembled some people from Chandour with pickaxes and dug into the den. When they had dug in about six or eight feet, the old wolf bolted with her three whelps and the boy. The trooper mounted and pursued, followed by the fleetest young men of the party; and as the ground over which they had to fly was more even, he headed them, and turned the whelps and boy back upon the men on foot, who secured the boy, and let the old dam and her three cubs go on their way.

"They took the boy to the village, but had to tie him, for he was very

could not help exercising it unconsciously. And these latter were the most terrible. It is generally explained by ancient writers as being a power of the spirit or imagination (as

restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown-up person came near him he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him he rushed at it, with a fierce snarl like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put before him he rejected it in disgust; but when any raw meat was offered he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his paws like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him. The trooper remained with him four or five days, and then returned to the governor, leaving the boy in charge of the Rajah of Hasunpoor. He related all that he had seen, and the boy was soon after sent to the European officer commanding the First Regiment of Oude Local Infantry at Sultanpoor, Captain Nicholetts by order of the Rajah of Hasunpoor, who was at Chandour, and saw the boy when the trooper first brought him to that village. This account is taken from the rajah's own report of what had taken place.

"Captain Nicholetts made him over to the charge of his servants, who take great care of him, but can never get him to speak a word. He is very inoffensive, except when teased, and will then growl surlily at the person who teases him. He has come to eat anything that was thrown to him, but always prefers raw flesh, which he devours most greedily; he will drink a whole pitcher of buttermilk when put before him, without seeming to draw breath. He can never be induced to put on any kind of clothing even in the coldest weather. A quilt, stuffed with cotton, was given to him when it became very cold this season, but he tore it to pieces and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, with his bread every day. He is very fond of bones, particularly uncooked ones, which he masticates apparently with as much ease as meat. He has eaten half a lamb at a time without any apparent effort, and is very fond of taking up earth and small stones and eating them. His features are coarse, and his countenance repulsive, and he is very filthy in his habits. He continues to be fond of dogs and jackals, and all other small four-footed animals that come near him, and always allows them to feed with him, if he happens to be eating when they approach.

"Captain Nicholetts, in letters dated the 14th and 19th of September, 1850, told me that the boy died in the latter end of August, and that he was never known to laugh or smile; he understood little of what was said to him, and seemed to take no notice of what was going on around him. He formed no attachment for any one, nor did he seem to care for any one. He never played with any of the children around him, or seemed anxious to do so.

they termed it), exhibited in persons of a peculiar organization, and diffusing *radios salutares vel perniciosos*. Though the terms employed by them, as well as their notions of its origin, are very unphilosophical and vague, it is plain that they considered it as a species of mesmeric or biologic power, operating by nervous impression. The fascinator generally endeavoured to provoke in his victims an excited and pleased attention, for in this condition they were peculiarly predisposed to his influence. And inasmuch as persons are thrown off their guard of reserve and attracted by praise, those who flattered excessively were looked upon with suspicion; and it was a universally recognised rule of good manners and morals, that every one in praising another should be careful not to do so immoderately, lest he should fascinate even against his will. Hieronymus Fracastorius, in his treatise "On Sympathy and Antipathy," thus states

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When not hungry he used to sit petting or stroking a pareear or vagrant dog, which he used to permit to eat out of the same dish with him. A short time before his death, Captain Nicholetts shot this dog, as he used to eat the greater part of the food given to the boy, who seemed in consequence to be getting thin. The boy did not seem to care in the least for the death of the dog. The parents recognized the boy when he was first found, Captain Nicholetts believes, but when they found him to be so stupid and insensible, they left him to subsist upon charity. They have now left Hasunpoor, and the age of the boy when carried off cannot be ascertained, but he was to all appearances about nine or ten years of age when found, and he lived about three years afterwards. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them except when hungry, and he then pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed at some distance from him, he would run to it on all-fours, like any four-footed animal; but at other times he would walk upright occasionally. He shunned human beings of all kinds, and would never willingly remain near one. To cold, heat, and rain he appeared to be indifferent, and he seemed to care for nothing but eating. He was very quiet, and required no kind of restraint after being brought to Captain Nicholetts. He had lived with Captain Nicholetts' servants about two years, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hands to his head and said 'it ached,' and asked for water: he drank it and died. Several other stories of the same kind, and with the same authentication, are also told by General Sleeman, in his book on Oude, vol. i. 208, *et seq.*

the fact and the philosophy,—and who shall dare gainsay the conclusions of one so learned in science, medicine, and astrology, as this distinguished man? "We read," he says, "that there were certain families in Crete who fascinated by praising, and this is doubtless quite possible. For as there exists in the nature of some persons a poison which is ejaculated through their eyes by evil spirits, there is no reason why infants and even grown persons should not be peculiarly injured by this fascination of praise. For praise creates a peculiar pleasure, and pleasure in turn, as we have already said, first dilates and opens the heart and then the spirit, and then the whole face and especially the eyes,—so that all these doors are opened to receive the poison which is ejaculated by the fascinator. Wherefore, it is most proper, whenever we intend to praise a person, that we should warn him, and use some form to avert the ill-effects of our words, as by saying, 'May it be of no injury to you!' There are, indeed, some, who, when they are praised, avert their faces, not to indicate that praise in itself is unpleasant, but to avoid fascination; it being thought that fascination is often effected by means of praise;"* or in other words, the poison being given in the honey of flattery. Now in order to close up this *dilatationem* or opening of the system, a *corona baccaris* was worn, which, by its odoriferous and constipating qualities, produced this effect, as Dioscorides assures us.† Virgil, in his Seventh Eclogue, alludes to the same antidote :—

> "Aut, si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
> Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro."

Tertullian, in his work "De Virginibus Velandis," states the same fact as Fracastorius, and says that among the heathens

* Hier. Fracastorius, De Sympathiâ et Antipathiâ, lib. i. cap. 23. See also Vincentius Alsarius, De Invid. et Fasc. Vet., in Grævius, Thes. Rom. Antiq. vol. xii. p. 890.

† Lib. iii. cap. 46, confirmed also by Athenæus, Deipnos. lib. xv. c. 17, 18.

there are persons who are possessed of a terrible somewhat which they call *Fascinum*, effected by excessive praise: "*Nam est aliquid etiam apud ethnicos metuendum, quod Fascinum vocant, infeliciorem laudis et gloriæ exormioris eventum.*"

Heliodorus in his "Ætheopica,"* has a curious passage on this subject: "The daughter of Calisiris, having fallen ill, he asks, 'What is the complaint which has attacked her?' 'You ought not to be surprised,' I replied, 'if, while she was showing herself in such a crowd of people, she drew upon herself the evil eye of some one.' Whereupon, smiling ironically, he said, 'Do you, also, after the common fashion, believe that there is any thing real in fascination?' 'As much as in any other fact,' I replied, 'and that it is perfectly true; and it happens in this wise. The air flowing about us all, and penetrating the eyes, nose, and breath, and all the passages to the inner parts, and carrying with it the exterior qualities and humours with which it is imbued, carries an infection with it into those who draw it in. When, therefore, anyone looks at another with envy, he fills the circumambient air with the same property, and his breath reeking with bitterness, he transmits from himself to whoever is nearest to him, and this, being light and subtle, penetrates into the very bones and marrow. And thus envy has occasioned diseases, which have received the name of Fascination. Consider, too, Chaudes, how many have been inflicted with ophthalmia and other pestilential contagion, not from contact with those affected, by approaching their bed or table, but simply from breathing the same air. The origin of love is also an argument to the same effect, which owes its first beginning to the sight, which strikes its passion into the soul. And this for very good reason. The sight being of all the passages and openings of the body the most suscep-

* Symp. v. 7.

tible, the most fervent, the most readily receptive of surrounding affections, and drawing to itself, by its warm spirit the influence of love. * * * * And if some give the stroke of the evil eye to those whom they love, and are well disposed to, one must not be surprised if the curious do not what they wish but what nature compels them to do."

To avert this evil influence, every well-mannered person among the ancients said "*Præfiscini*," before wishing well to another,—as clearly appears from the following passage cited by Charisius * from Titinius in "Setina." One person exclaims, "*Paula mea, amabo*——" Whereupon a friend who stands by says, "He was going to praise Paula!" "*Ecce qui loquitur, Paulam puellam laudare parabat!*" And another friend present cries out, "By Pollux! you should better say, '*Præfiscini*,' or you may fascinate her."† This same custom exists at the present day among the Turks, who always accompany a compliment to you or to anything belonging to you with the phrase, "*Mashallah!*" (God be praised!)—thus referring the good gifts you possess to the Higher Spirit. To omit this is a breach of courtesy, and in such case the other person instantly adds it in order to avert fascination; for the superstition is, that if this phrase be omitted, we may seem to refer all good gifts to our own merit instead of God's grace, and so provoke the divine wrath. The same custom also exists in Italy; and the common reply to any salutation in which your looks or health may be complimented is, "*Grazia a Dio!*" In some parts of Italy, if you praise a pretty child in the street, or even if you look earnestly at it, the nurse will be sure to say, "*Dio la benedica!*" so as to cut off all ill-luck; and if you happen

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* Inst. Gram. lib. iv.

† "Pol! tu in laudem addito Præfiscini, ne puella fascinaretur." See also Turnebi Comm. in Orat. Sec. contra P. S. Rullum de Leg. Agrar. M. T. Ciceronis.

to be walking with a child and catch any person watching it, such person will invariably employ some such phrase to show you that he does not mean to do it injury, or to cast a spell of *jettatura* upon it. The modern Greeks are even more jealous of praise, and if you compliment a child of theirs, you are expected to spit three times at him and say, Νὰ μὴν βασκανθῆς ("May no evil come to you!" or mutter Σκόρδο ("Garlic"), which has a special power as a counter-charm. So, too, in Corsica, the peasants are strict believers in the *jettatura* of praise, which they call *l'annocchiatura*,—supposing, that, if any evil influence attend you, your good wishes will turn into curses. They are therefore very careful in praising, and sometimes express themselves in language the very reverse of what they intend,—as, "'*Va coquine!*' says Bandalaccio, in M. Merimée's pleasant story of 'Colomba,' '*sois excommuniée, sois maudite, friponne!*' *Car Bandalaccio, superstitieux comme tous les bandits, craignait de fasciner les enfans en les adressant les bénédictions et les éloges. On sait que les puissances mystérieuses qui président à l'annocchiatura ont la mauvaise habitude d'exécuter le contraire de nos souhaits.*" Perhaps our familiar habit of calling our children "scamp" and "rascal," when we are caressing them, may be founded on a worn-out superstition of the same kind.

But it is not only praise administered by others which may inflict evil upon us,—we must also be specially careful not to have too "gude a conceit of ourselves," lest we thereby draw down upon us the fate of a certain Eutelidas, who, having regarded his image in the water with peculiar self-satisfaction and laudation, immediately lost his health, and from that time forward was afflicted with sore diseases. During a supper at the house of Metrius Florus, where, among others, Plutarch, Soclarus, and Caius, the son-in-law of Florus, were guests, a curious and interesting

conversation took place on the subject of the *Fascinum*, which is reported by Plutarch in one of his Symposia. The existence of the power of fascination was admitted by all, and a philosophical explanation of its phenomena was attempted.* Some one having asserted that fascination and the evil eye were pure superstition, Metrius Florus insists that it is an undoubted power which it is folly to deny, and appealing to his friends, adds, "We ourselves have known men who could inflict potent injury on children, merely by looking at them;" as to producing a similar effect on strong men, he doubts. Plutarch then attempts to give the rationale of this influence, which he admits to exist. "The voice, the odour, the breath, are," he says, "emanations thrown off from our bodies, which may easily affect those who are susceptible to them, and this is particularly seen in the effects produced by the eyes, which throw out as it were fiery rays, and disseminate a wonderful influence, as may well be seen in the affection of love." This view he elaborates at some length, and then Patrocles, agreeing with him entirely, speaks of envy as an evil influence, exerting itself through the eye, and Plutarch asserts that the most direful results may happen through envious looks, which, he says, dart forth their rays like poisoned arrows, and, therefore, "it is wise to employ antidotes and charms to turn aside these malevolent influences." Soclarus then refers to the fact that even friends, relations, and fathers, sometimes unintentionally bewitch their children, and goes on to speak of those who even fascinate and ensorcerise themselves by their own gaze. In this connection he cites the story of Eutelidas, as well known to his auditors, and celebrated by some poet in these lines:—

> "Fair was Eutelidas once, with his beautiful hair,
> But admiring his face in the stream, on himself he inflicted
> A dread fascination, and wasted away with disease."

* Plutarchi Symp. v. prob. 7.

Martino Delrio, one of the Society of Jesus, in a learned work on magic, printed in the year 1600 at Louvain, and occupying three quarto volumes, discusses many questions relating to this subject, and cites a great number of authorities both of ancient and modern times. In his fourth book "De Maleficio," he defines *Maleficium* to be that kind of magic by which any person may inflict injury on another by the aid of a demon, and says, "I will not argue whether *maleficium* exists, I take it for granted; for those who deny it are condemned by the sacred writings, the records of jurisprudence, the works of historians and poets, and the common consent of all ages. There is no species of magic which more delights demons; for, as Synesius says, the calamities of mortals are the work of evil spirits."*

In a chapter exclusively devoted to fascination, he examines various theories by which different authors have sought to explain it. Some, he says, suppose it to be caused by envy, which passing through the eyes infects the air, and thus penetrates through the eyes of others by the direct rays of vision; others refer this power to the influence of the star of nativity,—but if this were the case all born at that hour would be equally fascinators; others again, such as Balduin Rousseus (epist. 48), attribute it to bad humours flowing from the eyes,—but these suppose vision to be a projection and emission of something material, which Aristotle and the most distinguished Peripatetics deny. He himself, rejecting all these explanations, declares his belief that, "Fascination is a power derived from a pact with the devil, who, when the so-called fascinator looks at another with an evil intent or praises, by means known to himself, infects with evil the person at whom he looks;" and this, he adds, is the opinion of St. Basil, as Vairus proves. "It follows then," he goes

* Delrio Magicarum Disquisitiones, lib. iii.; De Maleficio et Vana Observatione.

on to say, "that fascination is a pernicious faculty exerted by demons by a tacit or express agreement with man. This evil influence the devil scatters through the surrounding air, so that any bystander breathing it receives it through the arteries into the heart, and presently disease and mortification is communicated to the whole body."* Fascination, he admits, may be received by exterior application, by touch, or by inhalation, but of these, the last he asserts to be not only the most fatal, but the most contagious.†

The learned Dr. Sigismond Ledelius was of the same opinion. In a paper printed in the records of the Academy of Natural Curiosities, in the year 1694,‡ he says: "Avicenna, Galen, and Hippocrates deny that diseases can be given to mortals by demons, not because demons may not wish to do so, nor because their power is inferior to that of man, but because diseases originate in natural causes;" but he declares himself to be of a different opinion and asserts his belief, that "Poisoners, male and female, may, by God's permission, and with the assistance of devils, affect with various kinds of diseases both pious and impious persons by incantation, imprecation, and fascination, as well as by medicines magically prepared and applied." And this is the opinion, he says, of St. Augustine,§ and of Luther,‖ as well as of many interpreters and com-

* Mag. Disq. De Fascinatione, p. 24.

† This work, by Delrio, is divided into six books, which treat of the following subjects:—Lib. i., De Magiâ generatim et de Naturali Artificiali et Præstigiatrice; Lib. ii., De Magiâ Dæmoniacâ et ejusdem efficacitate; Lib. iii., De Maleficio et Vana Observatione; Lib. iv. De Prophetia Divinatione et Conjectatione; Lib. v., De Judicis officio et ordine Judiciario in hoc Crimine; Lib. vi., De officio Confessarii ac Remediis licitis et illicitis.

‡ De existentia Veneficarum et earum Læsione et Permissione Divina, Academ. Nat. Cur. Ephemerides, anno MDCXCIV., p. 8.

§ Sermone 207. De Tempore.

‖ Comment. Epist. ad Galat. c. 3.

mentators on the imperial laws, such as Bartholus, Cujacius, and Damhouder.*

* Conf. Bartholus Consil. 6, tit. i. ; Conf., Crim. n. 5 ; Cujacius in Paratitl. Cod. de Malef. et Mathemat. ; Jodoc. Damhouder, Prax. Rer. Crim., cap. lxi. n. 90. See also D. Jacopi Wolfii de Impotentia naturali viri cujusdam opinione a fascino deducta, Acad. Nat. Cur. Ephemer. Dec. iii. ann. 1, p. 19 ; and Scrutinio Amuletorum, cap. iv. sect. i. p. 548. The extent to which demons were supposed to interfere in the affairs of man is well illustrated by an incident that occurred in the council of Rome, called by Pope Zacharias to condemn the errors of Aldebert and Clement, who were disturbing Germany with their heresies. On that occasion Aldebert read a discourse, in which were these words : "Supplico vos Angelus Uriel, Angelus Raguel, Angelus Tubuel, Angelus Michael, Angelus Adimis, Angelus Tubuas, Angelus Sabaoth, Angelus Simihil.' Upon which the Pope desired the council to give their opinion of this supplication, and they at once denounced Aldebert as "damnatum et hereticum." The reason of this is secret, says Padre Delrio, but it is to be found in the fact that, of the eight names invoked by him, all are devils save one, Michael : Uriel, indeed, is named in Esdras iv. ver. 1, but that is not a canonical book, and the Church accepts only three angels—Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael.—*Disq. Magic.* tom. i. p. 62.

CHAPTER II.

FASCINATION BY TOUCH AND INCANTATION.

HAVING thus far spoken of Fascination in general, we now come to the special fascination of Touch. This was simply mesmerism, or, rather, the biology of the present day in an undeveloped stage. There were said to be four qualities of touch,—*calidus, humidus, frigidus, et siccus*, or hot, cold, moist, and dry, — according to which persons were active or passive in the exercise of the *fascinum*. Its function was double, by raising or by lowering the arm,—"*modo per arteriæ elevationem modo per ejusdem submissionem*," says the worthy Vairus; "for," he continues, "when the artery is thrown out and is open, the spirits are emitted with wonderful celerity, and in some imperceptible manner are carried to the thing to fascinate it. And because the artery has its origin in the heart, the spirits issuing thence retain its infected and vitiated nature, and according to its depravity fascinate and destroy."

This power of touch is recognised in all history and in all climes. All who saw Christ desired to touch his garment, and so receive some healing virtue; and his miracles of cure he almost always performed by his hand. When the woman

who had the issue of blood came behind him and touched him, Jesus asked who touched him, and said,—"Somebody hath touched me; for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." It has always been a popular superstition that the scrofula could be cured by the touch of a king or of the seventh son of a seventh son. The old belief that the body of a murdered man would distil blood, if his murderer's hand were placed on him, is of the same class. Albertus Magnus also relates the story of a woman who, merely by her touch and her breath, had the power of killing, and if she touched a pregnant woman instantly destroyed the child. Mithridates, and a certain king of Cambaia, are also said by Ludovico Barthema to have possessed this power, and Pliny states that the "Pharmaces in Æthiopia," with their bad exhalations, and by touch, cause persons to waste away and die.*

Fulginus, Agrippa, Paracelsus, and Pomponatus, contend that this power of curing diseases by touch is not very unfrequent among persons of a certain temperament, disposition, and humour; for man is a microcosm, and contains in himself the virtues of minerals, plants, and so on. Thus they say those who in Spain are called "Saludadores,"—and in Italy "Stæ. Catarinæ Alumni," on account of the impression of her wheel on their shoulders,—and in Belgium "Filii Parasceves," because they are born on that day,—have the power of curing all sorts of diseases, not only by their breath but by their touch. And the same power is common among those whom the Church has sainted, as well as certain Anglican and French kings who cured the scrofula solely by touch; nor only this—to some of the Anglican kings the privilege was given to cure convulsions, spasms,

* Albertus Magnus, lib. 25, animal. cap. 2; Ludov. Barthema, lib. i. indic. c. 2; Joh. Bapt. Codronchius de morb. veneficis, ii. 3; Plinius Hist. Nat. lib. vii. c. 2; Torreblanca de Magia, lib. ii. ch. 37.

and epilepsy, by rings which they had blessed, as Polidorus relates in his annals.*

Others attribute these cures to the force of the imagination, and to certain remedies secretly applied; and this view is taken by Avicenna, Marsilius Ficinus, and Torreblanca. Where, however, this is not the case, those authors who are not heretical in their belief affirm that the power, when of a supernatural character, is conferred by God upon holy persons, or is possessed by others through a pact with the Evil One;† and Torreblanca affirms that, when Cornelius Agrippa, and Paracelsus and others, assert the power of Christ to work cures to have been merely human, and possessed, though with less efficiency by many men, that they are simply blasphemers; and that Ipris, who cured all sorts of wounds by reciting certain holy words, was justly condemned as a heretic because he used them for a purpose to which they were not instituted by Christ;‡ and that even though we may effect cures by incantations, we should renounce them, rather than incur eternal punishment therefor.§

Descending to the sphere of animals, we find some curious facts having relation to this power. The electrical

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* Hist. Angl. lib. viii. fol. 140; Pomponat. Lib. de Incant. ch. 3; Torreblanca de Magia, lib. ii. ch. 49. On the 18th of May, 1664, the following advertisement was issued by King Charles II. :—

"NOTICE.

"His Sacred Majesty having declared it to be his royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof that the people may not come up to the town in the interim and lose their labour. Newes, 1664."

† Cirvel. de. Superstit. p. 3, ch. 3; Victoria in Relict de Mag. num. 28; D. Anton. p. 2, tit, 12, c. i. s. 11; Thos. Sanchez in Summ. t. I. cap. 40. ex. num. 39, 45.

‡ Mart. Delrio, l. iii. c. 2, qu. 4, s. 2.

§ Torreblanca de Magia, l. ii. ch. 50, s. 16.

eel, for instance, has the faculty of overcoming and numbing his prey by this means. And among the Arabs, according to Gerard, the French lion-killer, whoever inhales the breath of the lion goes mad.

Dr. Livingstone, in his interesting travels in South Africa, makes a curious statement bearing upon this subject. He was out shooting lions one day, when, after having shot once, just," he says, "as I was in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the *carnivora*, and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

The next method of fascination was by the Voice. Aristotle speaks of it as the cause of fascination, and says that the mere sound of the fascinator's voice has this wondrous power, independently of his good or ill will, as well as of the words he uses. And Alexander Aphrodisiensis calls the fascinators poisoners, who infect their

victim by intently looking at him *carmine prolato*, "with a measured song or cadence." The same peculiarity is said to be observable in all experiments with the moving tables or rapping spirits, which are more successful when accompanied by constant music. Circe fascinated with incantation; and the Psalmist alludes to it as a means of charming. Virgil says, that, if to this incantation by words certain herbs are joined, the fascination works with more terrible effect.* And Seneca says, after enumerating certain poisons used by Medea, that "she added to her poisons words not less to be feared." †

By means of incantation the ancient Romans professed to be able not only to cover the sky with clouds, to rouse the sea and the winds to fury, to whiten the earth with snow, but even to draw the moon and stars from their spheres, to raise the dead from their graves, and to transform human beings into the shape of animals. The poets are full of passages to this effect. Circe, says Virgil, was able by her incantation of song to draw the moon from the sky, and to transform the companions of Ulysses.‡ Horace attributes similar powers to Canidia,§ and says she could rouse to life the body when consumed to ashes. Tibullus also says of a Maga, that she could not only draw the

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* "Pocula si quando sævæ infecêre novercæ,
Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena."—
Georg. lib. 2, v. 128.

† Addet venenis verba non istis minus metuenda."

‡ "Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam,
Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulyssei,—
Eclog. viii. v. 69 *et seq.*

§ "——— Movere cereas imagines,
Ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
Deripere lunam vocibus possim meis.
Possim crematos excitare mortuos."—
Epod. od. xviii. v. 24.

stars out of the sky, and change the course of a river by her incantation,* but that she could, at her pleasure, cover the sky with thick clouds, and cause snow to fall in the summer season.† Lucan also, in describing certain incantations, asserts, that merely by force of the "terrible poison of words," the stars were precipitated from the heavens, and the moon itself grew pale, and burnt with black earthly fires.‡ And Ovid makes Medea say, that she could not only force the moon to obey her, but could make the mountains tremble, the earth groan, and the dead come out of their sepulchres.§

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* "Hanc ego de cœlo ducentem sidera vidi ;
Fluminis hæc rapidi carmine vertit iter."—
Eleg. lib. i. eleg. ii. v. 43.

† "Cum libet, hæc tristi depellit nubila cœlo ;
Cum libet, æstivo convocat orbe nives."—
Tibull. Eleg. lib. i. eleg. ii. v. 49.

‡ "Illis et sidera primum
Præcipiti deducta polo : Phœbeque serena
Non aliter, diris verborum obsessa venenis,
Palluit, et nigris terrenisque ignibus arsit."—
Pharsalia, lib. vi. v. 499.
"Torpuit et præceps, audito carmine, mundus."—Ibid. 463.

§ "Et sylvas moveo : jubeoque tremiscere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulcris ;
Te quoque, luna, traho."

Ovid Metamorph. lib. vii. v. 205. See also, to the same effect, Heroid. Epist. vi. v. 85 ; Theocrit. Idyll. ii. v. 9 ; Horatius, Epod. od. 5, v. 21 ; Ibid., Sermon, lib. i. Sat. 8, v. 36 ; Leopardi, in his chapter della Magia, has collected many of these passages : Saggio sopra gli errori popolare degli Antichi, cap. iv. See also Seneca, Med. act. iv. sc. 2, v. 755 :—

"Et evocavi nubibus siccis aquas,
Egique ad imum maria, et oceanus graves
Interius undas, æstibus victis, dedit ;
Pariterque mundus, lege confusâ ætheris
Et solem et astra vidit ; et vetitum mare
Tetigistis, Ursæ. Temporum flexi vices :
Æstiva tellus floruit cantu meo,
Messem coacta vidit hybernam Ceres.
Violenta Phasis vertit in fontem vada ;

So thorough was the belief of the ancient Romans in these powers, that, following the Etruscans, they appointed priests, called *Fulguratores*, for the express purpose of bringing down the lightning from heaven, or of warding it off.* The discovery by Benjamin Franklin has, however, practically rendered this ancient office quite unnecessary; and it only exists now in a very modified form in the ecclesiastical polity.

The time selected for the performance of these incantations was during the increase of the moon, and while it was yet in the sky;† and the beating of brass, or the sounding of brazen instruments, seems to have been considered as a counter-charm, according to Tibullus.‡

The Thessalian women were esteemed by the ancients to be peculiarly expert in these magical arts; and Plato speaks of them in the Gorgias as possessed of the power of removing the moon from the sky. Indeed, these incantations are often spoken of as the Thessalian art; as, for instance, by Statius,§ by Seneca, by Juvenal.‖

Pliny relates that Menander wrote a play on this subject called "Thessala," in which he described the mode in which certain women were accustomed to enchant the moon by

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Et Ister, in tot ora divisus, truces
Compressit undas, omnibus ripis piger.
Sonuere fluctus, tumuit insanum mare
Tacente vento."

* Cicero de Divinat. i. 33; ii. 53.

† Lucian in Philopseude.

‡ "Cantus et e curru lunam deducere tentat;
Et faceret, si non æra repulsa sonent."—
Eleg. lib. i.; Eleg. viii. v. 21.

§ "Hinc fibræ, et volucrum per nubila sermo,
Astrorumque vices, numerataque semita lunæ,
Thessalicumque nefas."—Thebaid, lib. iii. v. 557.

‖ "Hic magicos adfert cantus, hic Thessala vendit
Philtra."—Medea, act iv. sc. ii. v. 789.

incantations.* Lucan devotes a great portion of the sixth book of the Pharsalia to a description of the magical operations of a Thessalian; and Prudentius, speaking of Mercury, says that he was most learned in Thessalian magic:† Thessaliæ, doctissimus ille magiæ."‡

In explanation of these and several passages an ancient scholiast states that "Thessaly abounded in poisons, and in those herbs which the magicians employed in their operations, and there are many magicians and enchanters, among whom may be mentioned Erichtho, to whom Lucan alludes."

After such prodigies as these the infecting with disease and the healing of the sick by incantation seems a very trivial thing. It is interesting, however, to know that no less a person than Marcus Porcius Cato has left us an ancient form of incantation, which is probably Etruscan, by which he asserts that fractures or dislocations can be healed. "Take," he says, "a reed of about four or five feet in length, split it in the middle, and let two men hold each end, on a level with their thighs. Let one then sing these words as they move towards each other: 'Motas vaeta daries dardaries astataries dissunapiter.' At the point where they meet and touch each other, let the reed be cut in halves with a sword held in the left and right hand of each; and if this be bound on to the fracture or dislocation it will be healed. Every day an incantation must be sung in these words: 'Huat Hanat Huat ista pista sista domiabo

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* Hist. Nat. lib. xxx. ch. 1.

† Contra Symmach. lib. i. v. 89.

‡ In another passage he thus addresses the judge who condemned St. Romanus to the fire:—

"Quousque tandem summus hic nobis magus
Illudet . . . Thessalarum carmine
Pœnam peritus vertere in ludibrium."—
Peristaph. an., hymn x. v. 868.

damnaustra '—or in these : ' Huat Haut Haut ista sistar sis ardannuabor Dunnaustra.' " * I cannot but urge, however, in addition to this serious recommendation of the great Marcus Cato, that a surgeon be one of the men to hold the reed, for this will undoubtedly increase the potency of the charm, particularly if the bones be first set. So Homer, in the 19th book of the Odyssey says, that the blood of Ulysses when wounded by the wild boar was " staunched by a spell," by the sons of Autolycus.

In like manner Marcus Varro believed that gout could be cured by incantation, and Pliny says there were incantations against such diseases and burns, some of which he has tried himself, though his great modesty prevents him from reporting them. It is also related that the first great Cæsar was in the habit before entering his chariot of invoking safety by an incantation thrice repeated.†

These magical powers of incantation were also exerted by the ancients in the charming of serpents and other animals. To do this they apparently employed certain passes with the hands, while they murmured a measured song. Thus Virgil,‡ Seneca, and Ovid speak of persons who, with music and manipulations, stupefied serpents and hydræ, and cured their bites. Ovid§ gives a graphic description of the serpents

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* De Re Rustica, ch. 160.

† Nat. Hist. lib. xxviii. cap. 2.

‡ " Vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydris
Spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
Mulcebatque iras, et morsus arte levabat."—
Virg. Æneid. lib. vii. v. 753.

§ " Tracta magicis cantibus
Squamifera latebris turba desertis adest.
Hic særa serpens corpus immensum trahit,
Trifidamque linguam exertat, et, quærens quibus
Mortifera veniat, carmine audito stupet,
Tumidumque nodis corpus aggestis plicat,
Cogitque in orbes."—Metamorph. lib. vii. v. 203.

charmed by Medea; and Seneca* attributes to Medea the same power. Lucan † states that not only serpents can be so affected as to drop down dead under the breath of this "human poison," but that even tigers and lions cannot resist them. Alcimus Avitus also gives us a long description of the power of enchanters to fascinate by incantation dragons, hydræ, and all sorts of serpents.‡

It is related of a certain magician, that, when he whispered in the ear of a bull, he could prostrate him on the earth as if he were dead; § and in our own time we have had an example of a similar wonderful faculty in Sullivan, the famous horse-whisperer, whose secret died with him, or, at least, never was made public. Pliny also states that tigers are rendered so furious by the sound of the drum that they often end by tearing themselves limb from limb in their rage; but I am

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* "Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces."—
Medea, act iv. sc. 1, v. 684.

† "Has avidæ tigres et nobilis ira leonum
Ore fovent blando; gelidos his explicat orbes,
Inque pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo.
Viperei coeunt abrupto corpore nodi,
Humanoque cadit serpens adflata veneno."—
Pharsalia, lib. vi. v. 487.

‡ "Hinc est laudato quod possunt carmine Marsi
Cum tacita sævos producunt arte dracones
Absentes et sæpe jubent confligere secum.
Tunc ut quisque gravem bello præsenserit hydrum,
Aspidis aut duræ clausas cognoverit aures,
Concutit interius secreti carminis arma;
Protinus et lassis, verbo luctante, venenis,
Mox impune manu coluber tractatur inermis,
Et morsus tantum, non virus in angue timetur.
Interdum perit incantans, si callida surdus
Adjuratoris contempsit murmura serpens.
Hoc quoniam de matre trahunt et origine prima,
Anguineæ fraudis quod sic linguæque periti,
Mutua per speciem reddunt commercia fandi."—
Alcimus Avitus, De Mosaic Hist. Gest. lib. ii. v. 303.

§ Vairus, De Fascino. p. 24.

afraid this is one of Pliny's stories. Plutarch, however, agrees with him in this belief.*

Tibullus, however, goes farther than this, and affirms that not only angry serpents can be stopped and calmed by incantation, but that fruits and grain can by the same means be charmed away out of the fields into the possession of the enchanter:—

> "Cantus vicinis fruges traducit ab agris,
> Cantus et iratæ detinet anguis iter."†

And in this statement he is upheld by Ovid.‡

These are, however, but the utterances of poets, which are not to be taken in a literal sense, as proving any personal faith on their part in the magical powers they therein attribute to magicians, however they may indicate a general belief among the public. But what shall we say to the simple prose record by Pliny, of a fact occurring in his own time, and to which he apparently gives entire credit, when, as he says, a whole olive orchard belonging to a certain Vectius Marcellus, a Roman knight, was drawn across the public way, so as to take its place, ground and all, on the opposite side, while the land on the opposite side went over and took the place formerly occupied by the olive orchard.§ This same fact is also alluded to by Tibullus, and by Virgil

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* Plut. Præcepta Conjugialia.

† Eleg. lib. i. el. viii. v. 19. Scaliger, in commenting on this passage, says: "*Excantare fruges* is not the same as *incantare*, but means to remove them from place to place by incantations."

‡ "Carmine læsa Ceres sterilem vanescit in herbam.
Deficiunt læsi carmine fontis aquæ;
Ilicibus glandes cantalaque vitibus uva
Decidit."

Amor. lib. iii. 7. Metamorph. lib. vii. fab. 2, et lib. xii. fab. 4. See also Bibliotheca Magica Hauberi, e Johan. Nicol. Funcius in Leg. xii. tab. p. 397.

§ Nat. Hist. lib. xvii. ch. 38.

in his Eighth Eclogue on *Pharmaceutria*, where, speaking of certain herbs, he says:—

> "His ego sæpe lupum fieri, et se condere sylvis
> Mœrin, sæpe animas imis excire sepulchris
> Atque satas aliò vidi traducere messes."

Ovid relates even more remarkable stories, and says that, by similar incantations, he has seen the stars distil blood, and the face of the moon assume a bloody purple; but that he believes that these enchantresses fly about by night in the shape of old women covered with feathers, after the fashion of more modern witches.*

Besides these powers, the ancient enchantresses were said to be able to raise the gods of the upper and lower world, and oblige them to answer their questions; and Pliny records certain herbs which they employed for this purpose: "*Magos uti cum velint Deos evocare.*" † Seneca, also, in his Medea, makes the nurse say that she has often seen her mistress raging and drawing the gods with violence from the heavens.‡

The art of evoking the gods by incantation differed from that of raising the dead, which was another power of the

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* "Sanguine, si qua fides, stillantia sidera vidi:
Purpureus lunæ sanguine vultus erat.
Hanc ego nocturnas versam volitare per umbras
Suspicor, et pluma corpus anile tegi.
Suspicor; et fama est."—Amor. lib. i. eleg. viii. v. 11.

† Among the herbs he mentions as used by magicians are the *menaida*, *aproxis*, *cicuta*, *viola*, and *frumenta*. The *aglapholion* was used to call down the gods; the *achemenidon* obliged persons to confess in their sleep; the *thessombrolion* afforded relief from instability of mind and inconveniences of body; the *therionarcha* made beasts go mad; the *ophiusa* gave hideous dreams, and terrors of serpents; the *thallasseglon* made persons see miracles; the *theangelida* was drunk by the Magians, to enable them to divine; the *gelotophyllida* induced laughter; and the *eschynon* enabled the hands to attract leaves. See Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. xxiv. ch. 17.

‡ "Vidi furentem sæpe, et aggressam Deos
Cœlum trahentem."—Medea, act iv. sc. i. v. 673.

Magians, called "Necromantia." "*Proprium est magorum Deos elicere et evocare, sed in alio genere quam necromantiæ*," says Solinus. The method employed in evoking the manes and souls of the dead is thus described by Horace:—

> "I saw Canidia, with her feet all bare,
> Her black cloak girdled up, her streaming hair,
> Mingling with aged Sagana her wails.
> Their pallor made them fearful; with their nails
> They clawed the earth up; tearing with their teeth
> Piece-meal a sucking-lamb, and underneath
> Pouring its blood into the hole they made,
> That thus they might elicit from the shade
> Of parted souls responses to their spells." *

Tibullus also mentions milk as a substance used in these incantations; † and Propertius speaks of the use of water, but how it does not appear.‡

The belief in this necromantic power of evoking the dead is as old as history. The Bible abounds with notices of wizards who possessed familiar spirits. In this connection no one can forget the story of Saul and the witch or enchantress of Endor.

"Then said Saul, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, and that I may go to her, and inquire of her. . . .

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* "Vidi egomet nigra succinctam vadere palla
Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passoque capillo,
Cum Sagana majore ululantem: pallor utrasque
Fecerat horrendas adspectu. Scalpere terram
Unguibus, et pullam divellere mordicus agnam
Cœperunt; cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas."—
Sermon, lib. i. sat. viii. v. 23.

† "Hæc cantu finditque solum, manesque sepulchris
Elicit, et tepido devocat ossa rogo.
Jam tenet infernas magico stridore catervas;
Jam jubet aspersas lacte referre pedem."—
Tibullus, Eleg. lib. i. eleg. ii. v. 43.

‡ "Umbrave hæc magicis mortua prodit aquis."—
Propertius, Eleg. lib. v. eleg. i. v. 106.

And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night: and he said, I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and *bring me him up*, whom I shall name unto thee. . . . Then said the woman, whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel. And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice: and the woman spake to Saul, saying, Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul. And the king said unto her, Be not afraid: for what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth. And he said unto her, What form is *he* of? And she said, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself."*

The same belief continued among the Greeks and Romans, and the method of raising the dead became a science. And though such men as Marcus Aurelius, Galen, Strabo, Lucian, Plutarch, Philo, and even Pliny, professed not to believe in magic, asserting it to be "fraudulentissima artium," and calling those who practised it most skilful in hiding their frauds — "occultandis fraudibus sagax"†— they seem, nevertheless, to have given a certain faith to it, despite their explanations and jeers. Cicero says that you "may place in the same category the errors of poets, the portents effected by Magians, and the madness of the Egyptian enchanters, as well as the opinions of the vulgar, all of which grow out of ignorance."‡ Seneca declares that, "though the twelve tables prohibit the enchanting of fruit, and though in rude antiquity it was believed that storms could be conjured up and allayed by incantations,

* 1 Samuel, ch. xxviii.

† Plinius, Hist. Nat. lib. xxx. ch. 1, 2; lib. xxix. ch. 3.

‡ Cicero, de Nat. Deorum, lib. 1.

yet it is evident that none of these things were possible." * Columella also calls these arts "vain superstitions, leading first to expense and then to crime." † And Plutarch accounts for the belief that the moon and stars could be deflected from their spheres, or blotted out, by supposing that persons learned in astronomy, and knowing the seasons of eclipses, took advantage of their knowledge and the ignorance of the people to claim that they had produced these phenomena by magic. ‡ Suidas, Spartianus, Apuleius, and Ammianus Marcellinus, seem also at least to have doubted the truth of these phenomena, since they make them a subject of ridicule. But there are not wanting passages in the works of most of these men indicating, to say the least, considerable doubt; and these declarations of disbelief are to be taken "cum grano salis," to be applied rather to specific phenomena, such as obliterating the moon and the stars, and to certain fraudulent arts practised on the vulgar, than to all the phenomena of the so-called magic art, and especially to the facts of fascination and the powers of necromantia.

But, whatever was the real opinion of men like these, there can be no doubt that the belief in these arts was very general, even among persons of rank and education. The Emperor Nero, we know from Suetonius, "made incantations with magicians to evoke and lay the manes of the dead:" § Marius, we are told, carried about with him a soothsayer, and one of Juvenal's most striking pictures is of Tiberius sitting at Capri among his astrologers. ‖ Empe-

* Seneca, Natur. Quæst. lib. iv. ch. 7.

† Columella, De Re Rust. lib. i. ch. 8.

‡ Plutarch, Præcept. Conjugatia. Ibid., De Oracula Defectu.

§ "Facto per Magos sacro, evocare manes et exorare tentavit." Suet. in Vit. Neron. ch. xxxiv.

‖ "Angusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis cum grege Chaldæo." Sat. x. v. 93.

docles boasts that he can not only raise and allay the winds, and bring about calm, or rainy, or dry seasons, but also that he can recall dead men to life.* Spartianus also tells us that Didius Julianus was "addicted to these arts, and did many things with the magi:" † Pliny directly admits that the science of the Magians, though detestable, useless, and vain, has yet certain elements of truth, which belong to the poisoning arts (as Fascination was called), and not to the magi:‡ and in the very passage cited above, where he declares it to be "the most fraudulent of arts," he admits that in some things it is worthy of belief.§

Quintilian, in his tenth Declamation, called "The Enchanted Sepulchre," defends against her husband a woman who successfully employed incantations to lay the spirit of her child by which she was haunted, and says that this cost him more labour than plucking the stars from the sky, staying rivers in winter from their course, conquering serpents with a poison stronger than their own, and breaking them upon his instruments. Lactantius also seems to have believed in the power of evoking the dead; and in confuting the opinions of certain philosophers as to the separation of the soul from the body, he says: "The opinions of Democritus, Epicurus, and Dicæarchus, concerning the dissolution of the soul, are therefore false. They would not have dared to assert such doctrines in the presence of any magician, who knew how with his incantations to evoke from the lower regions the spirits of the dead, and bring

* Apud Laertium Diogenem, lib. viii. Segm. 59.

† "Fuit præterea in Juliano hæc amentia, ut per Magos pleraque faceret." —Spart. in Vit. Didii Juliani.

‡ "Intestabilem, irritam, inanem esse, habentem tamen quasdam veritatis umbras: sed in his veneficas artes pollere, non magicas."—His. Nat. lib. xxx. ch. 6.

§ "In paucis tamen digna res est, de qua plura dicuntur."—Ibid. lib. xxx. ch. 1.

them before them so as to be visible to human eyes, and oblige them to speak and to foretell the future; and should they dare to do so, they could be overthrown by facts and documents." * Tertullian, also, though in one passage he calls magic a fallacy, admits in another passage the general belief that the dead can be recalled: "Publica jam littera est, quæ animas etiam justa ætate sopitas, etiam proba morte disjunctas, etiam prompta humatione dispunctas, evocaturam se ab inferum incolatu pollicetur." †

The same belief continued to exist in the Middle Ages, and many are the books written on magic by learned men, in which the rules for raising and laying the dead, and conjuring spirits of every kind, are clearly laid down. Among these may be named the famous Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, Johannes Bodinus, Pietro Abano, Hieronymus Fracastorius, Johannes Mediolanus, Giovanni Zahn, Athanasius Kircherus, who, with a great number of other learned men and philosophers, have written elaborate treatises on magic, full of curious facts and strange receipts, which will well reward the student interested in such matters. But I dare not put my foot into these august domains, lest I should be led too far.

Our ancestors had a short way of dealing with these enchanters. Padre Georgio Gaar gives us an account of an unfortunate person named Maria Renata, who was burned at the stake on the 21st of June, 1749, for possessing and exercising the arts of magic. This Maria was a native of Munich, and as the worthy Padre informs us, was taught witchcraft when only six years of age; but as "the *inferno* cannot suffer the name of Maria," her name was changed to Ema or Mea Renata. At twelve years of age "the prince of darkness had raised her to the first post of honour in the

* Lactantius, Divin. Inst. lib. vii. ch. 13.
† De Anima, ch. lvii.

congress of the wicked;" but none the less she entered the convent of Untercell, renowned for good discipline and religious life. Here she endeavoured to infect the souls of these pious sisters, "partly with poisoning breath, partly with roots and herbs enchanted by her and put into their food." She succeeded in rendering four of them diseased. For this she was arraigned, condemned to death, and burned at the stake; and the worthy Padre Gaar "improved" the occasion to preach an elaborate sermon, in which he cited all sorts of terrible texts at her before the pyre was lighted, at the head of which was this from Exodus xxii. 18: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

In America this text was improved to a very sad extent; and the history of the persecutions of the so-called witches is one of the foulest pages in the history of the New England colonies.

CHAPTER III.

THE EVIL EYE.

WE now come to the consideration of the influence of the Evil Eye (*ὀφθαλμὸς βάσκανος*), or fascination simply exerted by look. From the earliest ages of the world, the potency of the eye in fascination has been recognised. "Nihil oculo nequius creatum," says the Preacher; and the philosopher calls it *alter animus*, "another spirit." "It sends forth its rays," says Vairus, "like spears and arrows, to charm the hearts of men." And it carries disease and death, as well as love and delight, in its course; not only to men, but to brutes, and even trees and fruits. Horace thus alludes to it:—

> "Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
> Limat; non odio obscuro morsuque venenat." *

Giovanni Zahn, in his elaborate work on the secrets of Nature and Art, entitled "Oculus Artificialis Teledroptricus sive Telescopium," devotes a chapter to this subject, which is very curious and interesting. He agrees with Kircherus and Schottus that the eye being merely receptive, and not emissive of rays, cannot *of itself* be possessed of an active power of fascination, but he declares that it may be used as an organ through which the spirits of evil persons may fascinate and send forth contagion, and this fascination he

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* Epist. 1. v. 37.

considers to be transmitted by means of exhalations given forth by evil and poisonous natures, not only from the eye but from other organs, by which the air is infected: all of which he says is excellently explained by Plutarch in the fifth book of his Symposia, who, in describing the fascination of envy, adopts the language of Heliodorus in the first book of his correct Ethiopian History.

Zahn then proceeds to give a rationale of the manner in which the eye infects the air, and declares that though the other organs of the body have the power of fascination, yet the eye is by far the most powerful. "For," he says, citing from Kircherus, "in the concavity of the orbit, there are two *foramina*, one directly opposite the centre of the eye, through which the optic nerve is carried, and another at the side, whence proceeds the motive nerve, drawn from the second conjunction of nerves, and through which *foramen* tears come and go from the brain, to distil moisture around the exterior parts of the eyes, and the eyeballs, and the eyelids;" and these render the eye most efficient in fascination, and explain how the curse of blear eyes could be given, according to the poet, who says:—

> "Dum spectant oculi læsos læduntur et ipsi,
> Multaque corporibus transitione nocent."

Hieronymus Fracastorius took the same view of fascination by the eye: "It is not all persons," he says, "who have this evil power, but those only whose humours and spirits are so removed from the nature of others, that they operate like a poison on them. Such persons looking intently on children to whom they have taken a dislike, ejaculate as it were from their eyes, and their whole face, certain influences which slowly consume their tender spirits like poison." *

* De Antip. et Sympat. ch. 23.

Vairus relates that a friend of his saw a fascinator, simply by means of a look, break in two a precious gem while in the hands of an artist who was engraving it; and both Schottus and Johannes Ildephonsus speak of certain persons who by looking at marble broke it to pieces; and the former reports the story related by Valentinus Equisius of a man who, after a severe disease, fractured a plate which was placed before him by a look. Zahn, however, though he admits, that "a mirror may be soiled, and rendered foul by the look of an indecent woman," in which belief he is borne out by Porta, casts a doubt upon these stories, and says, if they be facts they are effected by the devil: "demonis arte procurata sunt." Still, in the acts of the Academy of Paris, of 1739, an account is given of an old woman who having approached a mirror and stood near it for some time, the mirror absorbed from her a quantity of filth, which, having been collected and experimented upon, was discovered to be poisonous.

Mendoza also relates of a certain servant of the Duke of Breganzio, that he killed a falcon only by looking at him.* L'Abbate Filippo de Martino has written a little Latin poem on the death of a parrot, which was occasioned by the *jettatura* of a grave and reverend professor; and Cicero makes mention of a certain Titinius, in Rome, who by his fascination deprived of speech the orator Curio (distinguished as he was for his splendid copiousness of diction) while he was perorating against him in the senate.† This last phenomenon will not perhaps seem extraordinary to any old member of the House of Commons, when he remembers maiden speeches in which the young orator has suddenly been so affected by the fascination of fear as to lose all power of utterance.

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* In Vendario, lib. iv. prob. 11.

† Cicero de Claris Orat. § 60.

But let those who are not satisfied with this evidence examine the works of Aristoteles,* Paracelsus,† Cornelius Agrippa,‡ Cardanus,§ Pomponatus,‖ Gutierus,¶ Albertus Magnus,** Avicenna †† and Torreblanca,‡‡ all of whom agree upon this subject. And if these authorities be not sufficient, let them consult St. Thomas,§§ where they will read the following words, and be convinced, if they are true Catholics: "By strong imagination the spirit joined with the body is changed, and this change or influence is especially exerted by the eyes, to which the more subtle spirits come; for the eyes infect the air about them in a certain radius, so that mirrors, even when new and clear, draw from them a certain impurity from the gaze of women in a peculiar condition, as Aristotle also affirms. So, therefore, when any spirit is vehemently moved to malice, as peculiarly happens, "in vetulis," its gaze becomes poisonous and noxious."

Montaigne also seems to have believed in this power. In his essay on the power of imagination, he says: "The imagination not only acts upon one's own body, but on the bodies of others, and thus one body inflicts its evil on his neighbour, as is apparent in the plague, the smallpox, and the evil eye, which are sent from one to the other. In like manner the excited imagination emits influences which offend other persons. The ancients held that certain Scythian women excited and enraged against any one could kill them by a single look. Tortoises and ostriches hatch their eggs by simply looking at them—a proof that they have an ejaculatory power. And as to sorcerers, they are also said to have offensive and injurious eyes."

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* Lib. De Insomniis, ch. 11.
‡ De Occult Philosoph. i. 65.
‖ De Incant. cap. 4.
** Lib. De. Mot. Anim. ch. 7.
‡‡ Lib. xi. cap. 37, 49.
† Lib. vi. De Imaginatione.
§ De Venenis, i. 17.
¶ De Fascino.
†† Lib. vi. Natur. sec. iv. ch. 4.
§§ i. p. 2, 117. a. 3, ad. 2.

Among the diseases given by a glance are ophthalmia and jaundice, say the ancients; and in these cases, the fascinator loses the disease as his victim takes it. A similar peculiarity is to be remarked in the superstition of the basilisk and the *catoblepas*, who kill if they see first, but when they are seen first, die. No animals, it is said, can bear the steady gaze of man, and there are some persons who by this means seem to exercise a wonderful power over them. Animals, however, have sometimes their revenge on man. It is an old superstition that he whom the wolf sees first loses his voice.* And Pliny states in his "Natural History" that the same belief was prevalent in Italy in his time.†

Among themselves, also, animals are supposed to use this power of charming—as in the case of the serpent, who thus attracts the bird, and of the toad, who by the "jewel in its head" produces a like magical influence. Dr. Andrew Smith, in his excellent work on "Reptilia," gives the following interesting account of the power of the serpent, and of other animals, to fascinate their prey. Speaking of the *Bucephalus Capensis*, he says:—

"It is generally found upon trees, to which it resorts for the purpose of catching birds, on which it delights to feed. The presence of a specimen in a tree is generally soon discovered by the birds of the neighbourhood, who collect round it and fly to and fro, uttering the most piercing cries, until some one, more terror-struck than the rest, actually scans its lips, and, almost without resistance, becomes a meal for its enemy. During such a proceeding, the snake is generally observed with its head raised about ten or

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* Virgil thus alludes to it in his ninth Eclogue:—

"Vox quoque Mœrin
Jam fugit ipsa: lupi Mœrin videre priores."

† See also Solinus, ch. viii., and Fromman. Tract. de Fascin. pp. 558, 559.

twelve inches above the branch round which its body and tail are entwined, with its mouth open and its neck inflated, as if anxiously endeavouring to increase the terror, which it would almost appear it was aware would sooner or later bring within its grasp some one of the feathered group.

"Whatever may be said in ridicule of fascination, it is nevertheless true that birds, and even quadrupeds, are, under certain circumstances, unable to retire from the presence of certain of their enemies, and, what is even more extraordinary, unable to resist the propensity to advance from a situation of actual safety into one of the most imminent danger. This I have often seen exemplified in the case of birds and snakes; and I have heard of instances equally curious, in which antelopes and other quadrupeds have been so bewildered by the sudden appearance of crocodiles, and by the grimaces and distortions they practised, as to be unable to fly or even move from the spot towards which they were approaching to seize them."

The fascination which fire and flame exercise upon certain insects is well known; and the beautiful moths which so painfully insist on sacrificing themselves in our candle are the commonplaces of poets and lovers. They are generally supposed to be attracted by the light, and ignorantly to rush to their destruction; but this simple explanation does not fully account for all the facts. Dr. Livingstone says, that "fire exercises a fascinating effect upon some kinds of toads. They may be seen rushing into it in the evenings, without even starting back on feeling pain. Contact with the hot embers rather increases the energy with which they strive to gain the hottest parts, and they never cease their struggles for the centre even when their juices are coagulating and their limbs stiffening in the roasting heat. Various insects also are thus fasci-

nated; but the scorpions may be seen coming away from the fire in fierce disgust, and they are so irritated as to inflict at that time their most painful stings."

May it not be that flame exercises upon certain insects and animals an influence similar to that produced upon man by the moon, rendering them mad when subjected too long to its influence? Is not the moon the Evil Eye of the night?

A curious story, bearing upon this subject, is told in one of a series of interesting articles in "Household Words," called "Wanderings in India." The author is talking with an old soldier about a cobra-capello, which had been known to the latter for thirteen years.

"This cobra," says the soldier. "has never offered to do me any harm; and when I sing, as I sometimes do when I am alone here at work on some tomb or other, he will crawl up and listen for two or three hours together. One morning while he was listening, he came in for a good meal, which lasted him some days."

"How was that?"

"I will tell you, sir. A minar was chased by a small hawk, and, in despair, came and perched itself on the top of a most lofty tomb at which I was at work. The hawk, with his eyes fixed intently on his prey, did not, I fancy, see the snake lying motionless in the grass; or, if he did see him, he did not think he was a snake, but something else,—my crowbar, perhaps. After a little while, the hawk pounced down, and was just about to give the minar a blow and a grip, when the snake suddenly lifted his head, raised his hood, and hissed. The hawk gave a shriek, fluttered, flapped his wings with all his might, and tried very hard to fly away. But it would not do. Strong as the eye of the hawk was, the eye of the snake was stronger. The hawk, for a time, seemed suspended in the air; but at last

he was obliged to come down and sit opposite the old gentleman (the snake), who commenced with his forked tongue, and keeping his eyes on him all the while, to slime his victim all over. This occupied him for at least forty minutes, and by the time the process was over the hawk was perfectly motionless. I don't think he was dead,—but he was very soon, however, for the old gentleman put him into a coil or two and crackled up every bone in the hawk's body. He then gave him another sliming, made a big mouth, distended his neck till it was as big round as the thickest part of my arm, and down went the hawk like a shin of beef into a beggar-man's bag." *

This fatal power of fascination was supposed by the ancients to be possessed by other animals besides the serpent; and, according to Ælian, there are birds which keep certain stones and plants in their nests to protect themselves therefrom. Doves, also, says Athenæus, spit into the mouths of their young for the same purpose.† There was a little house-cricket, called *mantis*, which was considered to have this power of the eye over all other animals, and Peisistratus is said to have hung one of them up in the Acropolis as an amulet against fascination (Hesych. *καταχηνη*). Stones were also worn with the figure of the mantis and of the lizard engraved upon them as charms ‡

The author of "Wanderings in India," in another paper, relates a case in which he was cured of a violent attack of *tic-douloureux*, from which he "suffered extreme agonies," by the steady gaze of a native doctor, who was called in

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* "Household Words," Jan. 23, 1858, vol. xvii. p. 139.

† Athen. ix. c. 50 ; Ælian Var. Hist. i. 15.

‡ On one of these is the following inscription :—

ΑΥΡΙΣΕΧΕΠΟΙΑΝΝΥΞΤΕΚΡΑΤΟΝ,

which Panofka, in his "Antiken Schau" (p. 20), thus interprets : *Αὔρις ἔχε πειαν νυξ τε κρατον.*

for the purpose. He used no other method than a fixed, steady gaze, making no mesmeric passes; and in this way he cured his patients by "locking up their eyes," as he termed it. His power seemed to have been very great; and what is curious is, that, "with one exception, and that was in the case of a Keranu, a half-cast, no patient had ever fallen asleep or had become '*beehosh*' (unconscious) under his gaze." He related several cases, one of which was of "a sahib who had gone mad," drink-delirious. "His wife would not suffer him to be strapped down, and he was so violent that it took four or five other sahibs to hold him. I was sent for, and at first had great difficulty with him, and much trembling. At last, however, I locked his eyes up as soon as I got him to look at me, and kept him, for several hours, as quiet as a mouse. I stayed with him two days, and whatever I told him to do he did immediately. When I got his eyes fixed on mine, he could not take them away,—could not move."

The antipathies of animals to each other are also remarkable. Cardanus, in his work "De Subtilitate," says, that "the tortoise fears and hates the ape, and that plants, animals, and even stones, have among them distinct aversions." So, also, Lucretius speaks of the power which cocks have of infecting lions with certain seeds or influences sent by them out of their eyes. *

Similarly, according to the superstitions of the ancients, the basilisk, the wolf, the torpedo, the toad, and the stryx, issued poisonous rays from their eyes; and the bird *galgalus* affected with the "*ittericus morbus*" those whom it looked

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* "Nimirum quia sunt gallorum in corpore quædam
Semina, quæ quom sunt oculeis immissa leonum,
Pupillas interfodiunt, acremque dolorem
Præbent, ut nequeant contra durare feroceis."

Lib. iv. v. 716. See also Avenzoar, lib. i.; Torreblanca, lib. ii. ch. 49.

upon. The hyena was also believed to be rendered dumb by the shadow of the dog.*

Among plants this antipathy is also curious. Thus, it is said that the rosemary will not live with the laurel, nor the laurel with the vine, nor the vine with the cabbage, nor the cabbage with the olive, nor the olive with the oak;—while, on the contrary, the vine delights in the poplar, the fig in the rue, the mushroom in the chestnut. Dr. Carlo Taglini, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Pisa, also says, "that garlic planted near the rose gives it a richer fragrance." So also the orobanca, if planted near the bean, will prevent it from bearing fruit. For all this I cannot vouch, but so I am told by learned authors; and if this be true, who shall affirm that there is not a vegetable *jettatura?*

As to antipathies between men and animals, they are well known. One of the most common is the antipathy to the cat, which affects some persons with convulsions merely by its presence, although it be out of sight. The grave physician Antonio Vallisneri also relates the case of a man who was similarly affected by the bat. Doubting whether this impression was not rather imaginative than physical, he shut one up in a box, and laid it in the room of his patient. But, to his surprise, the person, though wholly ignorant of the trick, was at once seized on entering the room with convulsions, which continued until the bat was carried away.

The antipathy among men is not to be accounted for on the ground of prejudice, but is the result of a far more occult law. Martial has an epigram on this subject, which asserts the fact, but gives no philosophical reason :—

> "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
> Hoc tantum possum dicere—non amo te!" †

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* Torreblanca de Magia, lib. ii. ch. 49. † Lib. i. Ep. xxxiii.

Which is better in the English version we all of us learn as children in the nursery :—

> "I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell ;
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

Plato, Aristoteles, and Descartes, among others, have treated this subject philosophically; and to their refined discourses I must refer the reader who wishes to arrive at the metaphysical root of the matter. A curious paper was also written on this subject by William Hazlitt, called "Hot and Cold," which contains a number of singular facts, is very ingenious in its speculations, and is well worth the reading. To do more than refer to this branch of the subject would lead too far.

All these different kinds of fascination have now become united together and go under the general name of *Jettatura*, in Italy, though the eye is considered as the most potent and terrible charmer. The superstition is universal, and pervades all modes of thought among the ignorant classes, but its sanctuary is Naples. There it is as much a matter of faith as the Madonna and San Gennaro. Every coral-shop is filled with amulets, and everybody wears a counter-charm—ladies on their arms or at their belts, gentlemen on their watch-chains, lazzaroni on their necks. If you are going to Italy,—and as all the world now goes to Italy, you will join the endless caravan, of course,—it becomes a matter of no small importance for you to know the signs by which you may recognise the fascinator, and the means by which you may avert his evil influence ; for, should you fall in his way and be unprotected, direful, indeed, might be the consequences. Sudden disease, like a pestilence at mid-day, might seize you, and on those lovely shores you might pine

away and die. Dreadful accidents might overwhelm you and bury all your happiness for ever. Therefore be wise in time. And first, as to the indications by which a *jettatore* may be recognized.

Hieronymus Vida thus describes an old *jettatore*, who must have been a fearful individual :—

"I remember," he says, in Latin verses, which may here be given in English prose, "to have seen at Viterbo an old man with a harsh wicked face, heavy eyes extravasated with blood, an ugly forehead, and eyebrows going up to a point, who, with his savage look, killed all sorts of creeping as well as little delicate flying creatures, and who, if he went into a garden, when all the trees were white with blossoms, ruined at once the gardens and the trees, and caused the peasants to mourn for the lost hopes of the year's produce; for wherever he turned his horrible gaze there all the flowers were at once seen to languish."

"Women," says Vairus,* "have more power to fascinate than men;" but the reason he gives will not, I fear, recommend itself to the sex,—for the worthy *padre* feared women as devils. According to him, their evil influence results from their unbridled passions.† But it will be some consolation to know that the young and beautiful have far less power for evil than "little old women" (*aniculæ*), and for these you must specially look out. But most of all to be dreaded, male or female, are those who are lean and melancholy by temperament ("lean and hungry Cassiuses"), and who have double pupils in their eyes, or in one eye a double pupil and in the other the figure of a horse. Those, too, are dangerous, according to Didymus, who have hollow pit-like eyes, sunken under concave orbits, with great pro-

* De Fascino, lib. i. cap. xii.

† "Quia irascendi et concupiscendi animi vim adeo effrenatam habent, ut nullo modo ab irâ et cupiditate sese temperare valeant."

jecting eyebrows,—as well as those who emit a disagreeable odour from their armpits (*con rispetto*), and are remarkable for a general squalor of complexion and appearance. Persons also are greatly to be suspected who squint, or have sea-green, shining, terrible eyes. "One of these," says Didymus, "I knew,—a certain Spaniard, whose name it is not permitted me to mention,—who, with black and angry countenance and truculent eyes, having reprimanded his servant for something or other, the latter was so overcome by fear and terror, that he was not only affected with fascination, but even deprived of his reason, and a melancholic humour attacking his whole body, he became utterly insane, and, in the very house of his master, next the Church of St. James, committed suicide, by hanging himself with a rope." *

In this connection, the reader will recall the similar power of Vathek, in Beckford's romance, who killed with his eye,—and the story of Racine, whom a look of Louis XIV. sent to his grave.

The famous Albertus Magnus, master of medicine and magic, devotes a long chapter to the subject of eyes, giving us, at length, descriptions of those which we may trust and those which we must fear, some of them terrible and

* The passage from Didymus is this: "Macilenti et melancholici, qui binas pupillas in oculis habent, aut in uno oculo geminam pupillam, in altero effigiem equi,—quique oculos concavos ac veluti quibusdam quasi foveis reconditos gerunt, exhaustoque adeo universo humore ut ossa,—quibus palpebræ coherent, eminere, hirquique sordibus scatere cernuntur,—quibus in tota cute quæ faciem obducit squalor et situs immoderatus conspicitur facillime fascinant. Strabones, glaucos, micantes et terribiles oculos habentes quæcumque et iratis oculis aspiciunt fascino inficiunt. Et *ego* hisce oculis Romæ quondam Hispanum genere vidi, quem nominare non licet, qui cum truculentis oculis tetro et irato vultu servum ob nescio quod objurgâsset, adeo servus ille timore ac terrore perterritus fuit, ut non modo fascino affectus, sed rationis usu privatus fuerit, et melancholico humore totum ejus corpus invadente, ita ad insaniam redactus fuit, ut in domo sui heri prope ecclesiam Divi Jacobi sibi mortem consciverit et laqueo vitam finiverit."

vigorous enough. From among them I select the following:—"Those who have hollow eyes are noted for evil; and the larger and moister they are, the more they indicate envy. The same eyes, when dry, show the possessors to be faithless, traitorous, and sacrilegious; and if these eyes are also yellow and cold, they argue insanity. For hollow eyes are the sign of craft and malignity: and if they are wanting in darkness, they also show foolishness. But if the eyes are too hollow, and of medium size, dry and rigid, —if, besides this, they have broad, overhanging eyebrows, and livid and pallid circles round them, they indicate impudence and malignity."* If this be not enough to enable you, O my reader, to recognise the Evil Eye at sight, let me refer you to the whole chapter, where you will find ample and very curious rules laid down, showing a singular acuteness of observation.

The eyes with double pupils, mentioned by Didymus and Zahn as existing among the Triballi, Illyrians, and Bithians, and as being peculiarly fatal, are also spoken of by Ovid as belonging to enchanters, who could raise the dead from their graves, and split open the earth.†

Things have, indeed, somewhat changed since the days of Didymus, in this respect, that men are now thought to be more potent for evil *jettatura* than women; but his general views still coincide with those entertained at the present time in Italy. Ever since the establishment, or rather decadence, of the Church in the Middle Ages, monks have been considered as peculiarly open to suspicion of possessing the Evil Eye. As long ago as the ninth cen-

* Albertus Magnus, De Animâ.

† "Oculis quoque pupula duplex
Fulminat, et gemino lumen ab orbe venit.
Evocat antiquis proavos atavosque sepulchris,
Et solidam longo carmine findit humum."—
Ovid, Amor. lib. i. eleg. 8. v. 15.

tury, in the year 842, Erchempert, a *frate* of the celebrated convent of Monte Cassino, writes: "I knew formerly Messer Landulf, Bishop of Capua, a man of singular prudence, who was wont to say, 'Whenever I meet a monk, something unlucky always happens to me during the day.'" And to this day, there are many persons, who, if they meet a monk or priest, on first going out in the morning, will not proceed upon their errand or business until they have returned to their house and waited awhile. In Rome there are certain persons who are noted for this evil power, and marked and avoided in consequence. One of them is a most pleasant and handsome man, attached to the Church, and yet, by odd coincidence, wherever he goes, he carries ill-luck. If he go to a party, the ices do not arrive, the music is late, the lamps go out, a storm comes on, the waiter smashes his tray of refreshments,—something or other is sure to happen. "*Sentite,*" said some one the other day to me. "Yesterday, I was looking out of my window, when I saw ——— coming along. 'Phew!' said I, making the sign of the cross and pointing both fingers, 'what ill-luck will happen now to some poor devil that does not see him?' I watched him all down the street, however, and nothing occurred; but this morning, I hear, that, after turning the corner, he spoke to a poor little boy, who was up in a tree gathering some fruit, and no sooner was out of sight than smash! down fell the boy and broke his arm."

Even the Pope himself has the reputation of possessing the Evil Eye to some extent. Ask a Roman how this is, and he will answer, as one did to me the other day:— "They say so; and as for me, really it seems to me true. If he have not the *jettatura*, it is very odd that everything he blesses makes *fiasco*. We all did very well in the campaign of '48 against the Austrians. We were winning battle after battle, and all was gaiety and hope, when suddenly he

blesses the cause, and everything goes to the bad at once. Nothing succeeds with anybody or anything when he wishes well to them. See, here the other day he went to Santa Agnese to have a great festival, and down goes the floor, and the people are all smashed together. Then he visits the column to the Madonna in the Piazza di Spagna, and blesses it and the workmen, and of course one falls from the scaffolding the same day and kills himself. A week or two ago he arranged to meet the King of Naples at Porto d'Anzo, and up comes a violent storm and gale that lasts a week; then another arrangement was made, and then the fracas about the ex-queen of Spain. Then, again, here was Lord C —— came in the other day from Albano, being rather unwell; so the Pope sends him his special blessing, when pop! he dies right off in a twinkling. There is nothing so fatal as his blessing. We were a great deal better off under Gregory, before he blessed us. Now, if he hasn't the *jettatura*, what is it that makes everything turn out at cross purposes with him? For my part, I don't wonder the workmen at the Column in the Piazza di Spagna refused to work the other day in raising it, unless the Pope stayed away."

No less a person than Rachel seems also to have been affected with this same superstition in regard to the Pope, if we may place confidence in the strange story which Madame de B—— relates in her memoirs of that celebrated daughter of Israel. According to her account, Rachel had been on a visit to her sister, who was quite ill in the Pyrenees, when one day the disease appeared to take so favourable a turn that Rachel left her to visit another sister. There she met several friends, and (to continue the story in Madame de B——'s words), "exhilarated by the good news she had brought, and the hopes all hastened to build on the change, she began to chat and

laugh quite merrily. In the midst of this exuberant gaiety, her maid broke into the room in a state of great excitement; a fit had come on, the patient was in much danger, the physician desired Mdlle. Rachel's immediate presence. Rising with the bound of a wounded tigress, the *tragédienne* seemed to seek, bewildered, some cause for the blow that had fallen thus unexpectedly. Her eye lighted on a rosary blessed by the Pope, and which she had worn round her arm as a bracelet ever since her visit to Rome. Without, perhaps, accounting to herself for the belief, she had attached some talismanic virtue to the beads. Now, however, in the height of her rage and disappointment, she tore them from her wrist, and, dashing them to the ground, exclaimed, 'Oh! fatal gift! 'tis thou hast entailed this curse upon me!' With these words, she sprang out of the room, leaving every one in mute astonishment at her frantic action." On the 23rd of June, immediately after, the sister died.

And yet the Pope does not at all answer to the accredited portraits of those who have the Evil Eye. He is fat, smiling, most pleasant of aspect, and most kindly of manner. But, certainly, nothing has prospered that he has touched. Read Dumas' description, and see if you should have recognised the Pope as a *jettatore*. "Le jettatore," says he, "est ordinairement pâle et maigre. Il a un nez en bec de corbin, de gros yeux qui ont quelque chose de ceux de crapaud, et qu'il recouvre ordinairement pour les dissimuler d'une paire de lunettes." Of all the *jettatori*, however, who have been pointed out to me, not one answers to this description by Dumas. They are, on the contrary, mild, amiable-looking persons, of a very inoffensive appearance, and not one of them wears spectacles. But even supposing Dumas' portrait to be correct, it is the exception that proves the rule, say those who insist on the *jettatura* of Pius IX.

Niccola Valetta, who was not only a graceful poet, but also a professor of the Roman jurisprudence at Naples, and a most honourable deacon of the legal faculty, besides his poems and works on jurisprudence, composed a treatise on this noble subject of the Evil Eye, which he calls "Cicalata sul Fascino, volgarmente detto Jettatura," which is both erudite and amusing.* After having exhausted the subject as far as he was able, both historically and philosophically, he admits that there are certain questions for which he has been unable to find a satisfactory answer, and on which he desires the assistance of every one. He therefore proposes a reward of from ten to twenty *scudi* to any one who will give him information on the following heads, according to the value of the information given:—

"1. If a man inflicts a more terrible *jettautra* than a woman?

"2. If he who wears a peruke is more to be feared than he who wears none?

"3. If he who wears spectacles is not more to be feared than he who wears a peruke?

"4. If he who takes tobacco is not more to be feared than he who wears spectacles? and if spectacles, peruke, and snuff-box combined do not triple the force of the *jettatura?*

* This work, which has now become rare, I had first the good luck to discover in the library of Mr. Kirkup of Florence, which is rich in all works relating to magic; and since then, to purchase at auction. It was printed in 1819 in Naples, and is adorned with a portrait of Prof. Valetta, very slender of person, with a humorous smile on his face, a wig on his head, and spectacles on his nose. Under it is this inscription:—

"Non è Seneca svenato,
Non è Lazaro risorto;
È Valletta in questo stato.
Mezzo vivo e mezzo morto."

"5. If the woman *jettatrice* is more to be feared when she is *enceinte?*

"6. If there is still more to be feared from her when she is certain that she is not *enceinte?*

"7. If monks are more generally *jettatori* than oth er men? and among monks what order is most to be feared?

"8. At what distance can *jettatura* be made?

"9. Must it be made in front, or at the side, or behind?

"10. If there are really gestures, sounds of voice, and particular looks, by which *jettatura* may be recognised?

"11. If there are prayers which can guarantee us against the *jettatura?* and if so, whether there are any special prayers to guarantee us against the *jettatura* of monks.

"12. Lastly, whether the power of modern talismans is equal to the power of ancient talismans? and whether the single or the double horn is most efficacious?"

As to the existence of the *jettatura* the professor entertains not the slightest doubt. Indeed, he relates some remarkable instances as within his own experience and at his own expense. "But why," he exclaims, "should I go about seeking ancient examples, and abuse your intention by transporting you to so many ages and places, as if every day, in our houses in the Piazza, in the Forum, in the Campagna, we were not aware of most fatal '*jettature*' cast upon us and upon others? I omit to detail numberless events not imagined, but known in our country to most trustworthy men—such as the fall of a porcelain box from the hands of one of our most distinguished counsellors because a man, who though learned is still a *jettatore*, had immediately before asked him the price of it and praised it;—or the breaking of a very hard stone upon which an engraver was working, at the very moment that this same *jettatore* was asking him how long it would endure;—or how, at the moment when one of these persons was praising

a cat belonging to a monk, it suddenly leaped upon his neck and embroidered him well with its claws;—or how one by one the blossoms fell from a healthy apple-tree merely at the look of a woman;—or how the little innocent birds of a gentleman were destroyed because a wicked eye looked at them;—or how fortune at play suddenly changed at the approach of a *jettatore*;—and, in a word, how accidents, tempests, pains, dangers, deaths, falling out of teeth, the breaking of carriage-boxes, the death of horses, the drying up of fountains, and numberless other similar facts happened through the influence of powerful *jettatori*. I will even cover with the ashes of silence all the *jettature* which I have felt exerted upon my own person—oh, how many! oh, such *jettature!* that I may not be told that I have been deceived or that I intend to deceive. Yet two cases I cannot refrain from relating. The first was one which happened to an infant child of mine, who was scarcely looked at by a terrible *jettatore*, when it exchanged the most florid health for death. And this is the other:—I had not long ago prepared a memorial for my most excellent sovereign, in which, after setting forth my labours during twenty years as professor of law in the royal university, and my changeful health, which no longer permitted me to give daily lectures, I made certain requests, which had always been granted by the royal munificence to my predecessors in this chair. But, alas! a most excellent friend, whom I long had known to be a terrible *jettatore*, presented himself to me with his ugly face, and having learned what where my pretensions in this matter, just as I was getting into the carriage which was to convey me to the royal villa at Casata, said to me, '*It is difficult.*' And what happened? As much misfortune as could be imagined in a journey. Pouring rain all the way,—a drunken coachman,—a horse falling lame,—and

finally, just as I was approaching the royal presence to present my memorial, I could not find it in my pocket where I had most carefully placed it. The worst is, that every day this accursed *jettatore*, with a laugh, reminds me of this occurrence, and of my hopes thus blasted by him. Is there any man in the world to whom similar facts are unknown?"*

Luckless, indeed, is he who has the misfortune to possess, or the reputation of possessing this fatal power. From that time forward the world flees him, as the water did Thalaba. A curse is on him, and from the very terror at seeing him accidents are most likely to follow. Keep him from your children, or they will break their legs, arms, or necks. Look not at him from your carriage, or it will upset. Let him not see your wife when she is *enciente*, or she will miscarry, or you will have a monster for a son. Never invite him to a ball, unless you wish to see your chandelier fall, or the floor give way. Invite him not to dinner, or your mushrooms will poison you, and your fish will smell. If he wishes you *buon viaggio*, abandon the journey, if you would return alive. Nor be deceived by his good manners and kind heart. It is of no avail that he is amiable and good in all his intentions,—his *jettatura* is without and beyond his will,—nay, worse, is contrary to it; for all *jettatura* goes like dreams, by contraries. Therefore shudder when he wishes you well, for he can do no worse thing.

My amiable acquaintance the Marchese B has the unfortunate reputation of being a *jettatore*, and a short time since he suddenly "popped in" upon a company of friends who were making a visit at a villa in the country. All were gay and in good spirits, and were just on the point of setting off in carriages, and on donkeys and mules, to pass the day in a picnic, when he arrived. "*Si figuri*"—what a confusion

* Cicalata sul Fascino, p. 38, ch. xiii.

there was! Some were for altogether abandoning the picnic; others thought that this would have a very ugly look in his eyes, and that they should better carry it out, after taking all precautions to avert the effects of his *jettatura*—and so at last it was decided. *Ma che volete*—the gaiety was obscured—every one anticipated ill-luck—and they had scarcely gone a mile, when the horses attached to one of the carriages took fright, ran away, overturned it, and those who were in it were so frightened and hurt, that they refused to go on, and the picnic was abandoned.

"Ah, you laugh!" said the friend who told me this story; "you laugh; but it is no less a fact that wherever the Marchese goes he carries ill-luck. *Dio mio!* what a *jettatore* he is! The other day, we were going out into the country to pass the day, when we had the ill-luck to meet him. '*Buon viaggio,*' cried he, as we passed. '*Si divertino.*' We knew at once that it was all up with us, and debated whether we should postpone our journey till another day. But that was such a disappointment—and then we had made all our preparations—so on we went; but within a half-mile off came the front wheel; and *bon gré mal gré,* we were obliged to go back."

If you do not believe what I tell you, read the wonderful story of Count ——, which is told by Dumas in his "Corriccolo," and at least you will be amused, if not convinced. Listen, however, to this one historical incident, and believe it or not, as you please. Ferdinand of Naples died on the night of the 3rd of January, 1825, and was found dead in the morning. The physicians attributed his death to a stroke of apoplexy; but that was in consequence of their pretended science and real ignorance. The actual cause of his death was this,—and if you do not believe it, ask any true Neapolitan, or Alexander Dumas, if you put more faith in him. A certain *canonico,* named Don Ojori, had for many

years desired an audience of Ferdinand, to present him a certain book, of which Don Ojori was the author. The king had his good reasons for refusing, for Don Ojori was well known to be the greatest *jettatore* in Naples. Finally, on the 2nd of January, the king was persuaded to grant him the desired favour the next day, much against his will. The *canonico* came, and after a long audience left his book and many prayers for the king's prosperity. But Ferdinand did not survive the interview a whole day; and if this be not proof that Don Ojori bewitched him to his destruction, what is ?

While these pages are going through the press, a concert took place at the Sala Dante, in Rome, on the 20th of December, 1876, during which one of the main gas-pipes burst. The room was crowded, and the audience were for a time in great alarm and agitation, though fortunately no one was injured. The "Libertà" on the subsequent day, after giving an account of this incident, thus concludes :— "A friend coming out of the Sala Dante, explained the unfortunate scene which had just taken place, attributing it to the presence in the hall of certain individuals well known as *jettatori*. Who knows that our friend is not right ?" Italy may have freed herself from the Pope, but she is still subject to the baleful influence of the *jettatore*, from which it will take many generations to set her free.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the testimony of so many learned men, and after the established belief of all ages, he must, indeed, be rash, who ventures to disbelieve in the existence of this terrible power of fascination, and it becomes therefore most important to know how it may be averted,—by what conjurations, incantations, exorcisms, talismans, charms, and spells, its fatal shafts may be warded off. Fortunately these are legion in number, and a few of the more important shall be here given.

In the first place, incantations, excantations, and conjurations, were considered as very potent both for good and evil, and many are the forms therefor described by the Greek and Latin poets,—too many, in fact, to be here repeated. Among other things used in these ceremonies were milk, frankincense, sulphur, honey, and water; the latter being always employed in lustration. The number *three* was also much relied upon, and the various acts were very commonly performed three times. Thus, according to Ovid, Medea, when she renewed old Eason, after throwing her hair loose, thrice turned herself round, thrice lifted her arms, and thrice bathed herself, before compounding the contents of her mysterious caldron. Into this she then poured the blood of a black ram, honey and warm milk, and various herbs, after

which, thrice with flame, and thrice with water, and thrice with sulphur she lustrated the old man. *

The same use of sulphur is also recommended by Avicenna, and by Tibullus in his fifth elegy :—

> "Ipseque ter circum lustravi sulfure puro,
> Carmine cum magico præcinuisset anus."†

Aurelius Nemesianus recommends the shepherd who is afflicted by amatory fascination to lustrate himself thrice with chaplets, thrice with holy twigs, and thrice with the vapour of frankincense ; then to throw them into the river, to which he turns his back, and afterwards to set on fire laurel leaves, crackling with sulphur, and to pour wine over them.‡

In like manner the shepherd, towards evening, sprinkled his flock with water, placed leaves and branches around the fold, burned sulphur and various herbs, and offered sacrifices to Pales, in order to preserve his flocks from contagion, disease, and fascination.§

In Corsica, when a child is ill, and is supposed to be affected with *Innocchiatura* or the Evil Eye, the mother strips from it some portion of its clothing and carries it to one of the women of the neighbourhood of repute for magic. This woman then takes a bowl, fills it with a decoction of

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* "Terque senem flammâ, ter aquâ, ter sulfure lustrat."—Metaph. lib. vii. v. 261.

† Tibull. Eleg. lib. i. el. v. v. 11.

‡ "Quid prodest, quod me pagani mater Amyntæ
Ter vittis, ter fronde sacra, ter thure vaporo
Lustravit, cineresque aversa effudit in amnem,
Incendens vivo crepitantes sulfure lauros.
Cum sic in Meroën totis miser ignibus arsi."—
Eclog. iv. v. 63.

Cato de Re Rustica, c. 141. See also Virgil, Æneid, vi. 229.

> "Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda,
> Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivæ
> Lustravitque viros."

herbs or substances of which she alone has the secret, and then drops into it three grains of wheat and three drops of oil. If all these go to the bottom it is a sign that the illness of the child is not occasioned by *l'Innocchiatura*, and that it will recover; if, on the contrary, any one floats, the child is struck by the Evil Eye. In this case another decoction is made, in which some portion of the child's garment is dipped. The child is then dressed in it, and the fascination is averted.

If, however, the person be known by whom the *Innocchiatura* is given, another cure is resorted to. He is brought into the presence of the child, who then spits three times into his mouth, and thus avoids all evil consequences.

Of all the methods of averting fascination, none seems to have been considered more effectual than spitting. Pliny devotes a considerable part of one of his chapters* to the virtues of saliva and to the benefits to be derived from expectoration. In the first place, he says, that "the saliva of a fasting man is an antidote to the poison of serpents, Then, by spitting, we drive away apoplexy and contagion. '*Despuimus comitiales morbos, hoc est, contagia regerimus.*' † In like way, we avert fascination when we meet a lame man on the right, and we obtain the indulgence of the gods for any audacious expression of hope by spitting in our bosoms. For the same reason, to spit three times on making a prayer, and on taking medicine is a universal custom and helps the remedy. Boils, when they are coming, are cured by being marked three times by fasting saliva. This is also wonderful, but the experiment is easy; if any one repents of a blow given either at a distance or near by, if he immediately spit into the hand with which he struck, the pain of the blow is

* Lib. xxviii. ch. 47.

† Galenus seems also to have believed in the virtues of saliva. See lib. x. de Fac. Simp. Med. cap. ii. p. 287.

instantly taken away. Some persons increase the force of their blow by spitting on their hand before giving it (just as vulgar persons, even in the present day, spit on their hands before raising a weight or grasping an axe; but whoever thought the act had a magic charm in it!). Blear eyes, cancer, and pains in the neck are relieved by fasting saliva, applied by the right hand to the right knee, and by the left hand to the left knee.* If an insect is in the ear, and it is spit into it will come out. Spitting into the right sandal before it is put on is also an amulet against fascination."

Speaking of this last charm, Gian Leonardo Marugi, in a series of lively poems, entitled "Capricci della Jettatura," thus sings:—

"D' una cosa traggo al gioco
Io vantaggio poco poco,
Ed è questa, l'appaleso;
Di sputar quand' ò del peso
Sulla scarpa del piè dritto
E poi star mi zitto, zitto."

And in a note he adds, "*O questo sì, che ò sperimentato efficace. Lo lessi la prima volta nel tomo* 1 *de M. Thiers, e l' ò praticato con qualche sorta de profitto.*"

But to return to Pliny. After saying that saliva will destroy *scolopendras marinas* and the *rubeta*, as well as other frogs,† he continues, "It will remove the torpor from any limb, if the person spit in his bosom or if he anoint his

* Marcellus Empiric. gives precisely the same formula in cap. xviii. p. 127, for pains in the neck: "Ad cervicem doloris remedium physicum sit; jejunus dextram manum saliva tange, et dextrum poplitum perfrica; deinde sinistra manu sinistrum, et hoc ter per singulos poplites jacito; statim remediabis.

† It also numbs scorpions, says Ælian (lib. ix. Hist. Anim. cap. 4), and kills vipers (lib. ii. c. 24). See also Ætius, lib. ii. de re Med. cap. cvii. p. 65. Albertus Magnus, lib. vii. de Anim. tract ii. cap. 5, p. 236, says it is an antidote to poisons. For its effects against bites of serpents and scorpions, and to relieve tumours, see Habdarrahmani Præceptio interprete Ecchellensi, cap. i. p. 2.

upper eye-lid with saliva. If a stranger come in, or if a sleeping child be gazed at, the nurse should spit three times at it to protect it from fascination—and Fascinus is not only the guardian of infants but also of emperors, and as one of the deities of Rome is worshipped by the Vestal virgins, and his image is hung under the chariots of those who celebrate their triumphs, to defend them from evil."

Thus far Pliny, and his evidence is fully borne out by other authors. In a passage in the "Navigium, sive Vota" of Lucian, Lycinus says to Adimantus, "You get too much excited, Adimantus, and do not spit into your bosom, and do not remember that you are the commander of the ship.*

So, in the incantations, it was the practice to spit as a portion of the ceremony. Thus, in the second Elegy of the first book of Tibullus, he says:—"Sing thrice, and, having sung your songs, spit thrice."†

And again, in the same Elegy, "each one spat in his breast":—

"Despuit in molles et sibi quisque sinus."

And once more, in a complete incantation, when the nurse, after burning cinnamon and sweet-smelling herbs, and binding three times the nine-twisted threads of three colours, cries out, "Spit in my lap, my maid, spit thrice, spit thrice my maid, the gods the unequal numbers love."‡

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* —*ὑπερμαζᾷς γε, ὦ Αδείμαντε, και ἐς τον κολπον οὐ πτυεις, οὐδε οἶσθα, ὁστις ὢν, ναυκληρεις.*"

And again in Plautus:—

"Neque, hercle, ego istuc dico, nec dictum volo.
Teque obsecro, hercle, ut, quæ locutus, despuas."
Asin. Ad. 1, sc. i. v. 26.

† "Ter cane; ter dictis despue carminibus."

‡ "At nutrix patula componens sulfura testa
Narcissum, casiamque, herbas incendit olentes;
Terque novena ligat triplici diversa colore
Fila; Ter in gremium mecum, inquit, despue, virgo;
Depue ter, virgo; numero deus impare gaudet."

So again, Petronius (Sat. 131), in an account of certain rites of incantation to free Encolpius from sorcery, says :— "She then took from her bosom a web twisted of threads of various colours, and bound it upon my neck. Presently she took up, on her middle finger, some dust mixed with saliva, and marked me, resisting her, on the forehead. Having finished her incantation, she ordered me to spit thrice, and thrice to throw some little stones into my bosom, which she had before enchanted and wrapped up, and moving her hands began to try the strength of the groins." *

So, in the sixth Idyll of Theocritus, Damætes, who assumes the character of Polyphemus, after boasting of the impression his own beauty made upon him when he saw his reflection in the water, says that he took care to spit thrice on his breast, lest he should have brought ill-luck upon himself by his self-admiration.†

A similar act is also alluded to by Lucian, in his "Necyomantia,"‡ and by Persius, in his second Satire.§

Apuleius also speaks of it as a cure for epilepsy. || Theophrastus alludes to it in his character of the Superstitious Man, and Plautus ¶ and Seneca,** both refer to it. But perhaps the most remarkable passage upon this subject to be found among the ancient authors is one in Athenæus,

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* See also on this subject Johann Wouwerus ad Petron. ; Johann Meursius ad Theocr. Idyll. vi. Frider Linderbruch in Cirin, v. 368. Casaubonus in Persii Satyr. ii. v. 33. Elias Schedius Syngram 2, de Diis Germanis, c. 44, and Tiraquellus in Sextam Leg. Connub. n. 17.

† "Ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶ δὲ, τρὶς εἰς ἐμον ἔπτυσα κολπον."

‡ "Μετὰ δ'οὖν την ἐπφδὴν τρίς ἄν μου πρὸς το πρόσωπον ἀποπτύσας."

§ "Ecce avia, aut metuens divum matertera, cunis
Exemit puerum ; frontemque atque uda labella
Infami digito et lustralibus ante salivis
Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita."

|| In Apolog.

¶ Asinar, act i. sc. i. v. 25.

** In Consol. ad Marciam, c. 9.

where he says that, as soon as young pigeons are born, the male spits upon them so as to avert evil fascination.*

The reader may also remember in the first novel of the 7th day in the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, the incantation which Nonna Tessa made to Federigo, her lover, behind the door, pretending that he was a ghost in order to deceive her husband: "*E giunta quivi, disse la donna a Gianni: ora sputerai, quando io il ti dirò. Disse Gianni: bene. E la donna cominciò l'orazione, e disse: fantasima, fantasima, che di notte vai, a coda ritta ci venisti, a coda ritta te n' andrai; vai nell' orto a piè del pesco grosso, troverai unto, bisunto e cento cacherelli della gallina mia: pon bocca al fiasco e vatti via, e non far mal nè a me nè a Gianni mio. E cosi detto, disse al marito: sputa Gianni; e Gianni sputò.*"

It was an ancient belief that anxiety of mind could be dispelled by applying saliva with the end of the finger behind the ear.† Vespasian is also said to have had the power of curing diseases by it, and the Dalmatians ‡ and Turks of the present day still believe that the force of fascination can be broken by spitting. It will also be remembered that Christ himself spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes of the blind man whom he healed at the pool of Siloam,—and in our own time the Catholic priest in baptism puts his finger into the mouth of the child, and makes a cross upon it with its own saliva, so as to guard it from evil.

In modern times baptism has taken the place of lustration, and is held to be a powerful protection against demons. But holy water and holy oil, the relics of saints, calling out the name of Christ, making the sign of the holy cross, and

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* "Γενομένων τῶν νεοττῶν, ὁ ἄρρην ἐμπτύει, ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶσι."
Athenæus, lib. xix.

† Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxviii.

‡ Morgenblatt. Ann. 1828, No. 52, p. 205.

certain forms of exorcism, which according to Eusebius have been practised in the Church for thirteen hundred years, are even more efficient; for when these are used, says Torreblanca, they will twist themselves up and be off. But though these are potent against demons they are not equally efficacious against the influence of the Evil Eye, and baptism alone is certainly not a good antidote. Among the ancients the invocation of the goddess Nemesis was thought to have the same effect that is now attributed to the naming of Christ and the sign of the cross.*

Gaetano Moroni, in his learned "Dizionario Storico Ecclesiastico," speaking of the superstitions of the ancients on this subject, and condemning their forms of lustration and exorcism, proceeds to say that "the only true efficacious remedies against infestation by spirits are those which the Church adopts, which are: the venerable sign of the cross —exorcisms—prayer—fasting—charities—the relics of saints —benediction of houses—and sprinkling of blessed water.' To these he adds: "The Agnus Dei, the rosary, the scapulary, and medals which have been blessed, which are also permitted by the Church, are a potent preservative against the deceits of the devil, illusions, and superstitions."

The sprinkling of holy water, the ringing of the bells, the setting of lights, the scattering of salt are charms, all of which, as well as the ceremony of spitting, are thus given in a charm song of Herrick's in the "Hesperides:"—

> "Holy water, come and bring;
> Cast in salt for seasoning;
> Set the brush for sprinkling.

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* Thus Ausonius says: "Ecce ubi se cumulat mea purpura (mitibus audi auribus hoc, Nemesis) post me dignatur oriri Augustus Consul." And Pliny: "Cur et fascinationibus adorationi peculiari occurrimus alii, Græcam Nemesin invocantes: cujus ob id Romæ simulacrum in Capitolio est, quamvis Latinum nomen non sit?" Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xxviii. ch. 3. See also Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. Herodot. Musa. i. Athenæus, lib. ix.

"Sacred spittle, bring ye hither;
Meale and it now mix together,
And a little oil with either.

"Give the tapers here their light,
Ring the saint bells to affright
Far from hence the evil sprite."

As amulets the Church also has given us all the implements of crucifixion—the cross, hammer, mallet, ladder, pincers, and even the cock.

There are also certain magical words and letters which are supposed to have wonderful power as amulets. The phylacteries worn by the Jews were of this character, and were a preservative against all evil influences, and especially nocturnal terrors:—

"Esse phylacterium fixus prohibentur in auro
Contra nocturnos fortis tutela timores."*

These were little rolls of parchment upon which certain words of the Jewish law were written with a peculiar ink made for this purpose, and then rolled up to a point and enclosed in a case of black calf's skin. This case was fastened to a square piece of the same leather, and tied sometimes on the arm or wrist, and sometimes bound across the forehead.† In like manner the Greeks had amulets, called περιαπτα, περιαμματα and ἀποτραπαῖα, among which the most famous were the so-called Ephesian letters,‡ which were written upon bits of leather and worn on the person in the belief that they brought good luck to the wearer. They were considered by some as sacred and by some as magical,

* Thitelm. Judicus, Lib. de Sculptil de Aureo Sigillo Marbod. i. de Gesum; Mart. Delrio de Mag. Disq. t. i. p. 58; Hierol. Beracoth, fol. 2.

† See Blasius Ugolinus' Treatise on the Phylacteries of the Jews; which is full of curious matter on this subject, and also Laertius, lib. iv.

‡ Athenæus, in his 12th book, quotes Anaxilas, the poet, as saying:—

"Και προς τουτις εν σκυταριοις ῥαπτοῖσι
Φοοῶν Ἐφεσηια γραμματα καλα."

and consisted of these words: *Asci—catasci—aex—damnameneus—aesion;* which Ludovicus Cœlius Rodoginus translates thus: *Tenebræ—lumen—ipse—sol—verum.**

De Lancre relates of a man that he could injure any person he chose by repeating these words: *Tach—stest—sty—stu;* and Thiers, in his "Traité des Superstitions," gives a formula by which any person may make himself beloved, simply by wearing these words and crosses on his neck: + *nuthas* + *a aortoo* + *noxio* + *bay* + *gloy* + *operit* +. Nothing could be more easy and satisfactory than this.

Marcus Servilius Nonianus, who was in fear of being infected with blear eyes, used as an amulet a paper on which the two Greek letters ρ and α were written, and this, tied about by a thread, he wore upon his neck. Mutianus, the third consul, for the same object wore a living fly, enveloped in a little linen rag;† and the emperors in their triumphs wore on their necks a *bulla*, with magic contents, to preserve them against fascination, while behind them constantly a person cried in their ear, "Remember, thou art but a man."

As the Jews wore the words of their law in their phylacteries, and the Greeks the Ephesian letters, so the modern Mahommedans carry about their persons short texts from the Koran enclosed in silver boxes. The early Christians also believed in the virtues of similar amulets, and the practice of wearing them finally became so prevalent that the Church interfered to prohibit it. Many stones and gems were then worn with various devices, but the most efficient were those on which was engraved the Tetragrammaton, or unpronounceable mystic name of Jehovah, formed by four Hebrew letters, or the word Abraxis, which is supposed to have been compounded of the Greek letters signifying the number 365,

* Antiquæ Lectiones, book xvii. ch. 14.
† Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. xxviii. cap 3.

and to have mystically meant the supreme Deity, who presided over the 365 other lesser deities. Upon others of these stones were engraved the figure of Isis with a lotus, or of Apis surrounded by stars, or of Mythras and his attendant animals, and many other devices.

If these amulets do not please you, there is another very efficient and mystical one called the abracadabra, which will not only preserve you against the Evil Eye, but which is a certain cure for fever and ague. Sammonicus gives careful directions how it should be made. The letters of the word abracadabra must be written repeatedly over a paper, one letter being left out each time in such a manner as to form a triangle which may be read in different ways. The paper must then be folded so as to conceal the writing, stitched in the shape of a cross with a white thread, suspended by a linen ribbon, worn in the bosom for nine days, and at last thrown backward over the shoulder into a stream that flows eastward, in complete silence, and before sunrise—should you open it and read it the charm is gone.

If you do not wish to have these letters written on paper or engraved on gems you may instead have a stone fashioned into the shape of a beetle, which animal is in great repute as an antidote to evil, because, says Elian, it has no female and is an image of the sun. Certainly, no more beautiful ornament could be found than a necklace of rare Etruscan scarabæi set by Signor Castellani, and when it is considered that it will undoubtedly ward off from the wearer the evil influence of the Jettatura, what more could be wished? *

Yet it is neither so easy to find this necklace, nor so cheap to buy it after it is found; and, therefore, it is as well

* I have in my possession a curious antique onyx, which was undoubtedly an amulet against the Evil Eye. It has engraved upon it a scarabæus, which is made up of four different heads in front face and profile; the two in profile on the sides being armed with horns, which represent the legs of the animal. It was dug up in a *vigna* on the Campagna of Rome two years ago.

to know, that a frog cut in amber, or in cornelian, or in any stone, or even fashioned in gold, has always been held to be efficacious against the Evil Eye. In coral and amber it doubles its virtues; for both of these substances have an influence in whatever shape they are. Pliny relates that Domitius Nero used to wear the hair of his wife Poppæa on his neck, and thought it beneficial merely because it was amber-coloured;* and the amber hung upon the neck of a child has continued even to this day to be used as an amulet, as it was by the ancient Romans.†

The frog, however, need not be engraved on stone or shaped out of any substance—he is very potent in his original shape, and some of his bones are possessed of peculiar virtues. It is said that if the bones of a green frog which has been eaten by ants are taken, those on the left side will provoke hatred, and those on the right side will excite love.‡ Democritus relates that if the tongue of the living frog be taken out and put in water, and then placed on the heart of a sleeping woman, she will give true answers to every question asked of her. And the magians add, says Pliny, many other things, which, if true, render frogs much more useful than laws to life.§ One species of frog called the *rubeta*, because it lives among brambles, is said to have wonderful powers. Brought into an assembly of people it imposes silence. If the little bone in its right side be thrown into boiling water, it chills it at once, so that it cannot be again boiled until the bone is taken out. It excites love and quarrels when put into a draught. It cures quartan and other fevers when wrapped up in the skin of a young lamb.‖ Hung up over the threshold of a barn by the foot it protects the contents;¶ carried round the farm by night be-

* Hist. Nat. lib. xxxvii. ch. 3.
† Ibid.
‡ Div. Cur. c. 23.
§ Nat. Hist. lib. iii. ch. 5.
‖ Hist. Nat. lib. xxxii. cap. 5; cap. 10.
¶ Ibid. lib. xviii. ch. 30.

fore the crops are in, and buried in the middle of it in a fictile vase, it shields them from the attacks of insects or worms ;* and Archibius, in a letter to Archilochus, king of Syria, says that it also protects the crops from injury by tempests.† Besides all this, it has "a precious jewel in its head," which is of wondrous power as a charm. And if you wish to know how to obtain this stone, you have but to follow the receipt written down by Caterina Sforza in the latter days of her life in the Convent of the Murate at Florence. It is this: "Take a toad of those which have a red head, place him in a cage upon a piece of scarlet cloth, and early in the morning set it in the rays of the rising sun. The toad will look fixedly at the sun, and you must let him remain there three hours, and at the end of that time he will cast forth his stone, which has three virtues: 1st, it is a specific against poison; 2nd, it will staunch blood; 3rd, when a horse is in great pain, grate some of the stone and make him drink it;" and 4th, Madame Caterina, it is an amulet against the Evil Eye.‡

Other amulets there are far more easy to procure, and among them may be mentioned the diamond, which, fastened to the left arm, averts fascination—as Cardanus tells us. Alberto il Grande also says that the stone called Grisolido, if surrounded by gold, has a like effect. But the diamond has this superiority, he says, that it be placed on the head of a woman who is asleep, if she is faithful to her husband, she will embrace him affectionately§—and let us add that the

* Hist. Nat. lib. xviii. ch. 17.

† Ibid. lib. xviii. ch. 29.

‡ This receipt will be found in the appendix to the "Life of Caterina Sforza," on the Decade of Italian women, by T. A. Trollope. It is extracted from a MS. book of receipts in possession of Signor Pietro Bigazzi, which Mr. Trollope states to contain no less than thirteen different specifics against witchcraft.

§ It would be scarcely fair to omit in this connexion certain charms given by Albertus Magnus, in his admirable secrets, which may be of great use—

same result will probably take place if he put it on her head when she is neither asleep nor virtuous, provided he intend it as a gift. Many other virtues has the diamond, too various to relate, which the reader who is interested in such things will find in the books of Alberto il Grande and Alberto il Piccolo. As an amulet against fascination a date-stone is equally as efficacious as a diamond; and Marugi says he has "tried it and found it effectual."* So also is the tail of a wolf: "*Pars caudæ prodesse viris, quos fascinum vexat,*" says Ronsæus; † or the stone Catochites, which Democritus wore; or the skin of the forehead of the hyena, recommended by Pliny: "*Frontis corium fascinationibus resistere;*" ‡ or the hoofs of great beasts. But of all amulets there is none at once more common and more efficient than those which are made in the shape of horns—thus the head of a bull or goat with its horns, a single horn, the horned moon, are among the best of charms. The horn has always had a mystical meaning, and is used throughout the Old Testament as a symbol of power, strength, and dominion: "The Lord exalteth the horn of David, and the horn of his people; he cutteth off the horn of the wicked; he breaketh the horn of the ungodly." Horns are symbolically represented on the forehead of Moses to denote power; and in Daniel § horns represent the power of the Persians, of the Greeks, of Syria,

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according to this learned doctor. If you place under the head of a sleeper the heart of a thrush, or the heart and right foot of the barbagiani owl, or the stone quirim, he will at once truly answer all questions asked of him. And this stone, lest you may not know where to seek it, may, he says, be found in the nest of the pewit, and is called, "La pietra dei Traditori." Lib. ii. p. 103, 110.

* Capriccio, vii.

† In Venan. Torreblanc. de Magia, ii. 52, cap. viii. Many other wonderful virtues hath the hyena, and the reader who wishes to know them is referred to Pliny.

‡ Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxviii.

§ Ch. vii. v. 8.

and of Egypt. The moon was treated as an amulet, on the ground that it was an image of the sun, and a sort of lesser sun, and therefore fructifying: "*Adeo ut nonnulla corpora sub liminus ejus accessu patiantur argumenta, et huic decrescente minuantur,*" says Macrobius.*

The tooth of a wolf hung to the neck of an infant was also held to be an efficient amulet against disease; and a child's tooth caught before it falls to the ground, and enclosed in a bracelet, was considered to be beneficial to women.†

Of stones besides the diamond, much use was made of the jacinth, sapphire, and carbuncle, which were potent charms, and were usually suspended to the necks of children; or if the parents were not rich enough to afford this, a bit of amber was used instead, and served quite as well.

Among plants, the orchis called satyrion, believed to be female, was considered as a preservative against fascination; ‡ so also were the onion and garlic, which were treated with divine honours. Dioscorides says that "Garlic if hung up in a house brings health to it, and averts all fascination from men and sheep; and hung to the neck in a red cloth will protect the flock from disease." §

Among the onions, which were gods, is one called by Homer and Pliny "*moly,*" which is the "*allium aureum*" or golden garlic, and is the most powerful of all charms against enchantment, conjuration, and evil auguries. Few of those in whose gardens it grows are aware that it brings them luck and happiness. Yet Pliny tells us so, and affirms it to be

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* In Somn. Scipion. lib. i. cap. xi. See also Aristot. lib. iv. de Gen. Anim. c. x.

† Plin. lib. xxviii.

‡ Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxvi. cap. 10. For the reason why the satyrion was supposed to have this power, see Dioscorides, lib. iii. c. 135, interprete Marcello Virgilio.

§ De Med. Mater. lib. iii. cap. 97. See the interpretation of this passage b Marcellinus Virgilius.

one of the most precious plants that we possess; while Homer relates that, by virtue of this flower, Ulysses was preserved from being changed by Circe into a "black animal," as the Italians call a pig.*

Sage is, perhaps, still more efficacious; and if we trust the statements of the learned Dr. Johannes de Mediolano, of the Academy of Salerno, it is the saviour of the whole human race:—

"Salvia salvatrix naturæ conciliatrix."

Such is its efficacy, that the School of Salerno could not clearly make out how a man could die who had sage in his garden; and after elaborately discussing the question—"*Cur moriatur homo cui salvia crescit in horto*"—they at last "give it up," and say there is no answer, except that death is necessary.

Rue also is very efficient as a charm, because, as Torreblanca says, it is a sign of the bitter sorrow of Christ. It is the guardian of chastity to a man, clarifies his vision, and increases the *finesse* of his intellect when it is raw; but it produces the opposite effect on a woman, says the learned Dr. Johannes, and inflames their amorous ardours.† It is also well to remember that when cooked it destroys fleas;‡—and that if you take rue and sage together, you may drink what you please with impunity. §

In England rue was anciently called "herb of grace," on account of its healing virtues, and was hung about the neck as an amulet against witchcraft. "There's rue for you," says Ophelia, "and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace on Sundays."

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* Voyage autour de mon Jardin, par Alfonse Karr, lettre 49.

† "Ruta viris minuit venerem—mulieribus addit."

‡ "Cruda comesta * * *
Ruta facit castum, dat lumen et ingerit astum,
Cocta et ruta facit de pulicibus loca tuta."

§ "Salvia cum ruta faciunt tibi pocula tuta."

The bay is also a charm, and "he which weareth the bay-leaf is privileged from the prejudice of thunder," says Greene, in his "Penelope's Web;" and in "The White Devil" of Webster, Cornelia exclaims—

"Reach the bays.
I'll tie a garland here about his head;
'Twill keep my boy from lightning."

For the same purpose Tiberius wore a chaplet or wreath of laurel about his neck whenever the air or weather was in any way troubled; and Augustus carried what he considered a better charm, "a seale's skin or the skin of a sea-calfe, which as Plinie writeth, checketh all lightnings."*

The artemisia also was considered as a specific against fascination; and Albertus Magnus considers it a protection against malignant spirits. Marugi in speaking of it says he has found it very efficacious against the "*Jettatura Fisica o patente,*" and thus sings:—

"Cari miei, s' avete voglia
Di star cheti, e senza doglia,
L' artemisia in quantitate
Di portar non vi scordate,
Che vi salva, e v' assicura
Da potente Jettatura."†

The sweet-smelling baccar, or baccaris, called in modern Italian *Guanto di nostra Signora*, as we have already seen, is also very beneficial against the Jettatura, and is at least a pleasant remedy—pleasanter than the nettle, which is affirmed in the "Trinum Magicum" to have a similar power. So also lilies, orchises, and hyssop were held to be beneficial; and after children had been exposed to the influence of the Evil Eye, their mothers fumigated them with frankincense, adding to it cinnamon, amber, and other things, and then suspended to their neck a jacinth, sapphire, or carbuncle.

* Leigh. Observ. on the First Twelve Cæsars. 1647.
† Capriccio, vii.

The cabbage was also considered a sacred vegetable among the ancients, and worshipped by them. Nicander in his "Iambics" says, "He, falling down, worshipped the seven-leaved cabbage." They also swore by the cabbage, and pledged their love also by this vegetable—"Ay, by the cabbage do I swear I love thee," exclaims Ananius;* just as Zeno swore "by the caper," as the modern Romish priests still continue to do.

Among the modern Greeks the custom exists of counteracting the spell of the Evil Eye by fumigations with burnt olive wood, or by palm branches given in church at Easter and blest by the priest.

One of the most powerful agents in inflicting fascination is the human hand. Pouqueville, in his "Voyage dans la Grèce,"† says that even at the present day, "*si quelqu'un étend la main en présentant les cinq doigts on se croit ensorcelé, et on s'écrie* μη με φασκελωσης." "No greater insult can be given among the modern Greeks," says Ross, "than to extend the five fingers, with the words *νὰ τὰ πέντε 's τα μάτια σοῦ*, or saying only *νὰ τὰ πέντα*, or *'s τα ματια σου* (*εἰς τὰ ὄμματα*); and to avert this the person thus addressed flings out all ten of his fingers, crying *νὰ τὰ δεκα*! The word πεντε (five) is so obnoxious to the Greeks, that no peasant ever says it to one of a higher rank without asking pardon; and often to my question, How many children have you? has the answer been given: 'Εχω πεντε παιδια, με συγχωρησαν.'"

The hand has always been considered as equally efficient in warding off fascination, and carven images of it were worn for that purpose by the ancients on the neck, breast, and around the waist. Various antique amulets of this kind are still preserved in different collections and museums, among which may be mentioned one on the breast of a

* Athenæus, Drip. b. ix. ch. 13. † Vol. iv. p. 409 f.

statue in the Museo Pio Clementino at Rome, and a little bronze hand in the Antiken Cabinet at Vienna.

Hands with inscriptions around them were sometimes cut on monuments and tombstones to avert the influence of the *δαιμων βασκανος*. Several of these have been collected by Professor Jahn, and printed in an interesting paper "On the Superstition of the Evil Eye among the Ancients."* In some cases these hands are accompanied with dedications to the Parcæ, Nemesis, or Lucifer, one of which may be here cited bearing the following inscription :—

ΛΟΥΚΙΦΕΡΙ
(Hands)
ΟΣΙΩ ΚΑΙ ΔΙΚΑΙΩ.

One of the most remarkable of these amulets was found at Avignon. On the outside of the first and second fingers, which are extended, is a bust of Dionysos, crowned with leaves and grapes, and holding his right arm over his head. At the base of the thumb is a head of Cybele, with her crown of towers. On the inside of the hand sits on the third and fourth fingers, which are closed, the figure of a youthful winged Hermes, and inside of the two extended figures is the bust of a naked bearded man in a Phrygian cap.

On another similar hand, which is figured in the paper of Professor Jahn, is to be seen on the inside a bust of Serapis, while the remainder of the hand is covered with symbolical animals belonging to the Egyptian *cultus*, such as the serpent, the tortoise, the frog, and the lizard. On others may be found the symbols of the Phrygian orgiastic *cultus;* namely, the tympanum, crotala, cymbals, bells, scourge and knife.

These hands are often represented with the thumb and

* Published in the "Berichte der Kön. Sächs. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften," for 17th February, 1855.

first two fingers extended so as to form the mystic three, while the other two fingers are shut. From this it is probable that the sign of the Papal benediction is taken. This position of the fingers had always a peculiar cabalistic significance, and what is curious is that the shadow cast by the hand thus placed is that of a horned Satanic head, as any one may see in Eliphas Levi's "Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie," where the hand of benediction with its shadow of malediction is engraved; or if that book is not within reach, he may assure himself of the fact by casting the shadow of his own hand against the wall with a candle.

Another favourite position of the hand, as represented in amulets against fascination, is with the thumb thrust between the first and second finger of the shut hand,—according to Ovid:—

"Signaque dat digitis medio cum pollice junctis
Occurrat tacito ne levis umbra tibi."*

Sometimes also the first and little finger are extended while the others are closed, and this is the usual form of the Neapolitan amulet of the present day. Hands in all these positions are to be found, not only separate, but strung on necklaces, together with other symbolic emblems, such as phalli, bulls' heads, scarabæi, and sometimes alternating with the little shell called "*concha veneris*" by the Romans and χοιριναι by the Greeks, which is still worn at Rhodes by the common people as a charm against the οφθαλμον βασκανον.

It was not considered as of good augury to use the left hand in play or in drinking:—

"Manu sinistra
Non belle uteris in joco atque vino,"

* Fast. lib. v. v. 433.

says Catullus.* It was from *scæva*, which originally meant the left hand, that the phrase "*scæva res*," an ominous or unlucky thing was derived. Thus it was from his having burnt off his left hand that Caius Mutius Scævola received his name. In like manner, we have the phrase sinister from *sinister*, the left hand; and dexterous, from *dexter*, the right hand. So, too, the middle finger was considered as infamous, as appears from the passage already quoted from Persius, in which he applies this term to it.

Bronze nails were also greatly used as amulets, and the driving in or taking out of a nail was an ancient ceremony of the Etruscans to avert evil influences. To this Livy alludes when he says: "*Repetitum ex seniorum memoria dicitur pestilentiam quondam, clavo ab dictatore fixo sedatam.*"† Pliny also says: "*Clavum ferreum defigere in quo loco primum caput defixerit corruens morbo comitiali, absolutorium ejus mali dicitur.*"‡ The meaning "to desorcerize," which the Romans gave to the word "*defigere*," was derived from this custom. Among the Greeks, Pouqueville says that it is still the usage of the people to drive a nail in over the door so as to expel evil spirits.§ A nail which had nailed a person to the cross was also an ancient charm against the quartan fever, as we learn from Alexander Trallianus;‖ and one drawn from a vessel which had suffered shipwreck was an equally good charm against epilepsy.¶ Sometimes on these nails were magical inscriptions, as on one in the possession of Sir W. Temple, given by Herr Jahn, which has been thus interpreted: "*Domna Artemix krne* (*corne* or *crine*, probably)

* Carmen. xii.

† Liv. vii. 3; see also viii. 18, 12, ix. 28, 6.

‡ Pliny, xxviii. c. 17.

§ Voyage dans la Grèce, p. 409.

‖ I. 15, p. 82. See also Lucian Philo. 17; Apul. Met. iii. 17, p. 296.

¶ Alex. Trall. i. 15, p. 84; Noun. Epit. 36, i. p. 158.

aureas solve catenas tuas! En canes tuos silvaticos sive albos, sive quemque (probably *quinque*) *aperta buca, cave ni appetant rura * * * * * in cortem nostram non intrent, pecora nostra non tangant, et asinos nostros non molestent, ter dico ter incanto, in signo dei signo Solomonis et signo domna Artemix.*"

Sarti also gives us another formula inscribed on one of these nails. On one side is a serpent, and on the other the following words :—

ABARAXAS—ASTRA—EL *
AO SABAD * *
SOLOMONO * * *

What the meaning of this is he cannot explain.

On another nail in the museum of the Collegio Romano is inscribed IAΩCABΩΘ, followed by three stars and two marks; and on the other side are figures of animals, among which are a serpent, a bee, a frog, a stag, a tortoise, a scorpion, and a hare. The inscription itself is the same as that of the second line of the inscription given by Sarti.

Other nails, with other inscriptions and figures, are reported and figured by Herr Jahn, to which the reader curious in such matters is referred.

But besides all these there were other methods laid down to avert fascination: 1st, by showing something ridiculous to the fascinator (*quodam ridiculo spectatoribus objecto*); 2nd, by the dissimulation of good fortune (*fortunæ secundæ dissimulatione*); and 3rd, by doing something unpleasant as a penance (*casu aliquo adversa sponte suscepto et contractu*).*

* Vincentius Alsarius de Invid. et Fascin. Vet. Græv. Thesaur. Antiq. Rom. vol. vii. p. 890. See also Gronovius. Thesaur. Græc. Antiq. tom. vii. Mich. Ang. de la Chausse de Mutini Simulacris. Græv. Antiq. Rom. Thes. p. 978.

1st—The first method grew out of the prevalent belief that fascination being a power arising from envy ("*Genus invidiæ est fascinatio*," says Basil), it could be averted by any thing or act which provoked laughter and good-humour; and various were the amulets which were employed for this end,—some of which were excessively indecent. Casaubon, in his readings upon Theocritus says: "Among the Greeks, it was the custom for blacksmiths to fix up before their doors, and over their forges, certain ridiculous things, '*quædam ridicula*' for the purpose of warding off fascination."* So also Turnebus, in his comment on a passage in Varro, where it is said that it was usual to hang upon the necks of children "*turpicula res*," an indecent thing,† adds, that all kinds of other ridiculous amulets were used against fascination, among which he mentions the skull of an ass, the *satyrica signa*, and hellebore; to which may be added the figure of Priapus, the god of gardens.‡ These *satyrica signa* are also spoken of by Pliny as being placed in gardens and over doors, to protect them from evil influences. Many specimens of these amulets may be seen in the private museum at Naples, and they were accounted by the ancient Romans as by far the most efficient of all.

"*Oscilla*," or little masks or heads of Bacchus, were also hung up on the trees and vines, to avert the influence of the *Fascinum* and to render them fruitful. We have a different practice, quite as practical perhaps, but less romantic, and hang scarecrows upon our fruit-bearing trees and among our grain, to avert certain evil birds addicted to fruits and seeds.

When Pliny tells us that the god Fascinus was worshipped by the Vestal virgins as a deity, he merely employs a figura-

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* Ad Idyl. vi., quoting Pollux, lib. vii. ch. 24, who so states.

† "Ne quid obsit bonæ scævæ caussa."

‡ Adriani Turnebi Comment. in Varr. de Ling. Lat. lib. vi. Certain other rites are mentioned by St. Augustine, de Civ. Dei. lib. vi. c. 9.

tive form of speech, and intends to refer to Bacchus, who was worshipped as the god of fertility, and to the festivals of the *Dionysia*, where the *phallus*, or emblem of fertility, was borne in a triumphal procession through the streets, and followed by men disguised as women carrying the *satyrica signa*, and women bearing baskets of figs—all of which were symbolical. These festivals were so excessively licentious as almost to surpass belief; and yet decent women took part in them, if we may believe the accounts given of them by Ludovicus Coelius Rodoginus* and of St. Augustine among others.†

In the same way *Fescennine* songs were recited of a jocose and satirical, and often of an indecent character, on the occasion of weddings, to invoke good fortune.‡ According to some authors, these songs were called *Fescennina*, from a village on the Campagna, or among the Sabine mountains, named Fescennia; while others (Festus, for example), sup-

* Lect. Antiq. lib. iv., cap. 6.

† St. Augustine says: "In Italiæ compitis quædam dicit sacra Liberi celebrata cum tanta licentia turpitudinis, ut in ejus honorem pudenda virilia colerentur; non saltem aliquantum verecundiore secreto, sed in propatulo exsultante nequitia. Nam hoc turpe membrum per Liberi dies festos cum honore magno plostellis impositum, prius rure in compitis, et usque in urbem postea vectabatur. In oppido autem Lavinio uni Libero totus mensis tribuebatur, cujus diebus omnes verbis flagitiossissimis uterentur, donec illud membrum per forum transvectum esset, atque in loco suo quiesceret. Cui membro inhonesto matrem familias honestissimam palam coronam necesse erat imponere. Sic videlicet Liber Deus placandus fuerat proventibus seminum; sic ab agris fascinatio repellenda, ut matrona facere cogeretur in publico, quod nec meretrix, si matronæ spectarent, permitti debuit in theatro."—De Civ. Dei, lib. vii. cap. 21.

‡ Catullus alludes to them in his ode on the marriage of Julia:—

"Nec diu taceat procax
Fescennina locutio."—

Carmen. lxi. v. 126.

Horace thus speaks of them:—

"Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia mormem
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit."—

Lib. ii. Epist. i. v. 145.

poses the term to be derived from *Fascinum*, because they were thought to be a protection against sorcerers and witches, or because the *fascinum* (symbolically speaking, the emblem of fertility), had in early times, or in rural districts, been connected with the amusements of the *Fescennina*. However this may be, they finally came to be considered as effectual against fascination, and were recited to ward off its ill effects by stimulating laughter.

Again, the goddess Cunina was worshipped for a similar purpose, and was supposed to protect infants in their cradle from fascination, as Lactantius tells us: "*Et Cunina, quæ infantes in cunis tuetur, et fascinum summovet;*" and Mutinus was also a god, who was efficient in protecting virgins.*

2nd. The second method was by the dissimulation of good fortune, that is, by concealing it; for as envy was the primal cause of fascination, the surest way of avoiding it was by concealing any good luck, and pretending not to have it; for no one could envy the absence of fortune.

It was also the belief that no fascination produced any effect if the name or number of the thing creating envy was concealed from the fascinator. Therefore it is that Catullus says in his Fifth Song to Lesbia: —†

"Give a thousand kisses, then a hundred,
Then another thousand, second hundred;
Add to them a thousand, then a hundred.
When we've both enjoyed our 'many thousands,'
Then confuse their numbers not to know them,
Lest some evil eye in envy strike us,
When 'tis known how many we have given."

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* Lact., lib. i. c. 11, 20.

† "Da mî basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum,
Dein, cum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum."

In using the general term "many thousands" ("*millia multa*"), without specifying any particular number, he follows the ancient superstition that a stated number is obnoxious to the *fascinum* (*numerum finitum obnoxium Fascino*). So also, when the first urn of wine was poured into the cask, the ancient Romans said "*multa*," for luck. For the same reason the Jews were forbidden to number their flocks. Uneven numbers were also reckoned lucky.—"*Impares numeros ad omnia vehementiores credimus*," says Pliny.

3rd. The third method spoken of is by doing something disagreeable as a penance. The most remarkable illustration of this is to be found in the well-known story of Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, who, fearing on account of his excessive good fortune, sought to extinguish envy in the hearts of men, and to secure the continued favour of the gods, by throwing his most precious ring into the sea. The offering of expiation was not accepted, but was returned to him in

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And again, in Carmen. vii. ad Lesbiam :—

"Quæris, quot mihi basiationes
Tuæ, Lesbia, sint satis superque ?
Quam magnus numerus Libyssæ arenæ.
* * *
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua."

See also Commentaries of Ant. Parthenius to these two songs : "Nam constat veneficia fascinationesque tantum nocere his rebus quarum cognitionem veneficus aut fascinatur habeat ;" and of Jos. Scaliger, who says : "Superstitio veterum qui finitum numerum obnoxium fascino credebant. Illi laudantes aut numerantes dicebant 'Præfiscini,' hoc verbo omnem invidiam se amoliri putabant, ut quum in culleum primam urnam vini indedissent dicebant 'multa,'—nam multum non est numerus præfinitus."

And again, in his Seventh Song :—

"Lesbia, do you know how many kisses
You to me have given ? They outnumber
All the sands upon the Lybian desert.
* * * *
May no curious eye have power to count them,
That no evil tongue may fascinate us."

the belly of a fish; and in consequence, the tyrant was soon after slain. Perhaps the gods thought the expiation too trivial for their great favours. This ring, which held a sardonyx, was, in the time of Pliny, kept in a golden horn, given by Augustus, in the Temple of Concord, and highly esteemed for its history.*

Against amatory fascination, besides the incantations already mentioned in the passage quoted from Nomesianus, Delrio, in his "Disquisitions on Magic," recommends friction with the dust in which mules have rolled, or binding up the *rubeta* in the skin of a young lamb, or procuring a little hair from the tail of a wolf, which, according to Pliny and Pomponatus, contains an amatory poison when taken from a living animal. Still, he prefers the Christian antidotes, viz., sleeping on the ground, dressing in goat's hair, fasting, and flagellation. The Greeks, before a new married couple entered the house, anointed the posts with oil and with fat of swine and wolves, for luck. Another charm was to hang the skin of a black dog over the door or *genitale sub limine defodere*, and a little bone found in the right side of the *rubeta* was also esteemed efficacious. Varius recommends as the only perfect cure the halter (not the altar), "*Remedium extremum amantium laqueus*," being of the opinion of Lucretius:—

> "Nam vitare plagas in Amoris ne jaciamur
> Non ita difficile est, quam captum retibus ipseis
> Exire, et validos Veneris perrumpere nodos."†

And in this connection it may be as well to copy a little charm which is to be found among the "admirable secrets" of Albertus Magnus—to provoke love. "Take," he says, "a little verbena juice and rub it on your hands, and you will have the power to make any one love you whom you touch with this desire. The same effect may be produced by

* Pliny, Hist. Nat., book xxxvii. c. 1.

† Lib. iv. v. 1142.

wearing on your stomach the head of a hawk ; but the charm is not so agreeable."*

Many of these amulets are still in common use among the Greeks and Turks. They have the same superstition as to the powers of garlic, and hang it upon all their best-bearing fruit-trees, to preserve them from the *jettatura* of praise, just as the ancient Greeks and Romans hung on their trees the *oscilla*. So, too, when they are praised, they spit three times, and say σκορδο (garlic). On the necks of their animals, as well as on their own arms, they place an amulet, generally irregular in shape, and made of gold, silver, or tin, according to the wealth of the person, in which is a verse from the Koran. Despite their aversion, as Mahommedans, to the pig, they wear the wild boar's tusks joined together in a semicircular shape.

The Italians have many amulets, the chief of which are the horns. They also hold it to be of the highest efficacy to imitate these horns with the hand by shutting up the two middle fingers, and pointing the others at the person suspected of fascination. Relics and bones of the saints, if they can be procured, are also in high esteem ; and in the absence of these the next best thing is a medal of a saint which has been blessed, or a little picture of the saint enclosed in a little bag. Nor will you see a *lazzarone* without one of the latter hanging on his bosom. Besides these, you will find in the coral shops at Naples many other devices, more or less legitimate ; among which are all the implements used in crucifixion, hands with one or two fingers extended, bulls' heads with horns, and single horns. Besides all these amulets, incantations, and preventives, it was also esteemed proper on all occasions when you were about to praise a person to say *prefiscini*, in order to avert the evil which you might otherwise inflict ; and in case a flatterer did not do

* Ammirab. Segreti de Alberto Magno, lib. ii. p. 116 ; and lib. iii. p. 166.

this, the person fearing the evil influence should do it himself. If, therefore, at the present day, you speak of your good luck and rejoice openly over your happiness, you must take care to add, "God be thanked"—*Grazie a Dio*, in order to avoid a change of luck. And if any one praises you excessively, or compliments you on your health, or your children, or your good looks, be sure to use the same formula in replying. But be sure also to extend your hand, closing the two centre fingers and the thumb—or pointing only with the index fingers—or show your teeth at everybody you suspect; for these are very advantageous things to do—or call out "Garlic."

But it is not only *jettatura* that threatens you in Italy. The air is full of omens and superstition. Read the "Lives of the Emperors," by Suetonius, and you will find that no one ever was born or did any great act, or met with any good luck, or accident, or died, without a warning from omens, auspices, and dreams. Even Augustus was not above being influenced by these. "He believed in certain auguries and auspices," says Suetonius, "as perfectly true. If in the morning he put on his shoes wrong, the right shoe on the left foot, he considered it a bad augury; and if, when he was about to set out on a journey, by sea or land, it began to rain a little, he held it be a good omen, conjecturing from that that his return would be speedy and happy. But above all things, he was affected by signs and extraordinary appearances."—"There were certain days observed by him when he would not go into any public place—one of which was the day after the *nones*; and on the *nones*, when they came on the 5th or 7th of the month, he would not do anything of importance—and this, as he writes to Tiberius, he did for no other reason than that he held them in bad augury." Besides this, he was afraid of thunder, and wore the skin of a sea-calf to

protect him from it, and always went down into a cellar when it thundered.

Read the pages of Pliny, and you will find these superstitions as thick as flies in midsummer. If any one mentions fire during a feast, he tells us, you must immediately throw water under the table. If anything falls from the hands of the *pontifex* at a banquet, it must be sacrificed by burning to the *lar* of the house as an expiation. If anyone leave the table at dinner, the ground must be at once swept. It is ill luck to take away a table or tray when any one is in the act of drinking. It is the direst augury if, having sneezed when you have ordered back a dish, it is not subsequently tasted by any one. If a sudden silence occurs when there is not an even number of guests present, some one of them will have a severe labour to do. If bread or food be dropped on the floor, it must at once be picked up, but the dust must never be blown from it. Medicines, if they be placed on a table before they are taken, lose their virtue. No woman must be allowed to spin or to carry her distaff uncovered while walking on a farm, unless she would injure all about her, and destroy the fruits in particular. Cutting the hair on the 7th and 29th day of the moon is good, he says, for headaches and colds; and he recommends that the nails should be cut on the *nones*. Anyone sneezing should be at once saluted; and if anyone, seeing a scorpion, say "two," the creature cannot sting him.*

You must also be careful never to "sit cross-legged, or with your fingers pectinated or shut together, for this," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is accounted bad, and friends will persuade us from it. The same conceit religiously possessed the ancients, as is observable from Pliny:—'*Poplites alternis genibus imponere nefas olim*,'—and also from

* C. Plinii, Hist. Nat. lib. xxviii. ch. 2.

Athenæus, that it was an old veneficious practice; and Juno was made in this posture to hinder the delivery of Alcmena." *

As it was then it is now. Every dream has its meaning, every path its stumbling-stone. If you meet a hunchback or a monk first on going out in the morning, return at once and set out again on your errand. If you break a mirror, or spill oil, death is imminent in your house. If three candles are accidentally placed on the table, some one of those sitting round it must make his will. Three persons must never make a bed together, for the third represents death. Tremble, too, if the civetta hoots from your roof or under the eaves, for disease or death will be the consequence. If any two things fall together in the shape of a cross, stoop and kiss them and then take them up, unless you wish for ill luck. Never sit with seven or thirteen at table, if you do not wish to tempt fate; but above all, begin no work, set out on no journey, and do not marry on Tuesday or Friday,† nor trust a lock of your hair in the hands of any one, lest you be bewitched or enamoured against your will; and kill all useless insects (if you can find any), lest they go to hell and plague you there.

Unfortunately for those who believe in infaust days, I am sorry to say, that if we accept the traditions of all nations, we shall find none that are lucky. Among the Rabbins, Monday (*dies Lunæ*) was ominous; the Athenians so considered Tuesday (*dies Martis*); the Medes, Wednesday (*dies Mercurii*); the Phrygians Thursday (*dies Jovis*); the Trojans, Friday (*dies Veneris*); and the Persians, Saturday

* Sir T. Browne's Vulgar and Common Errors, book v. s. 9.

† The Italian jingle goes—

Ne di Venerdì, ne di marte,
Non si sposa, e non si parte.

(*dies Saturnii*). No day then remains but Sunday, and on this day, by the Christian interpretation of the Jewish law, work is prohibited, so that Alexander ab Alexandro is strictly correct in saying that there is not a single day which has not been held to be ominous.* The prejudice, however, is so deeply planted that it will be difficult to root it out, despite the counsel of St. Paul in the 4th chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, which many a good Christian has not, perhaps, read with understanding.

Note.—In the "Archæologia," vol. xix. p. 74, is a paper entitled "Some Observations on an Antique Bas-relief on which the Evil Eye, or 'Fascinum,' is represented," by James Millingen, Esq., F.S.A., which deserves notice in this connection. This bas-relief, which is the only one of the kind hitherto discovered, is in marble. In the centre is a human eye, with the lids and brow, upon which, in an indecorous posture, is seated a male figure, on whose head is a Phrygian tunic. On his right is a gladiator (*Myrmillo*), wearing the girdle *subligaculum*, holding in one hand a short sword, and in the other a trident, with which he strikes at the eye. On his left was probably another similar figure, which is now lost. Below are a lion, serpent, scorpion, crane, and crow attacking the eye.

Mr. Millingen is of opinion that this bas-relief represents the Evil Eye; and upon it he founds an interesting paper relating to this subject.

In a letter addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen by the Rev. Stephen Weston, B.D., F.R.S., entitled "Further Observations on the Bas-relief supposed to represent the Evil Eye," to be found in the "Archæologia," vol. xix. p. 99, a different view is taken. Mr. Weston considers that it has no relation to the Evil Eye, but represents Mythras, who was the god of the sun among the Persians. The eye is his symbol, and the figures of animals are the metamorphoses of candidates for initiation into his mysteries. The worship of Mythras was, we know, introduced into Rome under the Roman emperors, and the rites were performed in a cave, in which "were the portentous images under which St. Jerome tell us Corax, Gryphus, Miles, Leo, Perses were initiated;" and the abyss contained lions, hogs, crows, serpents and scorpions; into which, among other animals, the candidates were to be transformed. If we take also into consideration the facts, that the figure here wears a *tiara*, that not only

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* Alex. ab Alexandro, "Dies Geniales," cap. xx. See also Torreblanca de Magia, lib. i. ch. 27, s. 27.

the lion was sacred to Mythras, but the initiated called themselves lions and wore lion-skins. The interpretation of Mr. Weston would seem to have the most weight. But it is difficult to see why the crane, which is the symbol of piety, and not elsewhere found in Mythraic subjects, is here; why Mythras should appear in an indecent attitude; and why the gladiators should be attacking the Eye. All this rather points to the interpretation given by Mr. Millingen.

THE END.

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